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From the picture in the Ashmole Museum.

THE BEST PLAYS OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

PHILIP MA[illegible]

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1869.

THE BEST PLAYS OF THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

PHILIP MASSINGER

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.



"I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine."—*Beaumont.*

II.

UNEXPURGATED EDITION.

LONDON:
VIZETELLY & CO., 16, *HENRIETTA STREET*,
COVENT GARDEN.
1889.



" What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.

" Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Keats.

LONDON:
J. S. VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, PRINTERS, CITY ROAD.



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PREFACE.

 HE text of the five plays contained in this volume is founded directly on the original editions. These have been carefully collated with Gifford's second edition of Massinger. Gifford's notions of textual fidelity were rather lax, notwithstanding his solemn protests to the contrary. Many of his alterations, indeed, are in themselves of little importance; but others, now for the first time corrected back again, are of really serious significance. One or two specimen instances are given in the footnotes to the present edition.

My best thanks are due to Mr. S. W. Orson, who has collated the plays for me from the copies in the British Museum. I am also indebted to him for some useful suggestions, and for reading the proofs.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

JOHN LOWIN.

THE actor whose portrait—originally painted in 1640—is prefixed to this volume enjoyed a high reputation during the first forty years of the seventeenth century. John Lowin, son of Richard Lowin, a carpenter residing in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was born in 1576. Of his early life and education we have no record; but in 1602 he was one of Henslowe's company at the Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane. Soon after his marriage, in 1607, Lowin joined the King's Players, and at once became one of the principal members. In Wright's *Historia Histrionica* (1699) Old Trueman says: "In my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act with mighty applause Falstaff, Morose, Volpone, Mammon in *The Alchemist*, and Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*." Other characters undertaken by him were Eubulus in Massinger's *Picture*, Domitian in *The Roman Actor*, and Flaminius in *Believe as You List;* Bosola in *The Duchess of Malfi*, and Belleur in *The Wild Goose Chase*. He also appeared in many of Shakespeare's plays, his name being included in the list of actors given in the First Folio; and in the induction to Marston's *Malcontent* he and others come upon the stage and speak in their own persons. It is clear from a couplet in Gill's abusive verses on Ben Jonson (see *The Magnetic Lady*) that the two actors there mentioned were reckoned the best performers on the stage in 1632:—

> "Let Lowin cease, and Taylor fear to touch
> The loathèd stage, for thou hast made it such."

On the suppression of stage-plays and interludes by the Puritan party at the time of the breaking out of the great Civil War, Lowin, like many of his fellows, was reduced to poverty. He kept the Three Pigeons inn at Brentford for some years, and, according to Malone, died at the age of eighty-three, being interred in the graveyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, March 18, 1658-9.

S. W. O.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

THE *ROMAN ACTOR* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, October 11, 1626, and printed in quarto in 1629. The title-page of the first and only old edition runs: "The Roman Actor. A Tragædie. As it hath diuers times beene, with good allowance Acted, at the private Play-house in the Black-Friers, by the Kings Majesties Servants. Written by Philip Massinger. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1629." The historical part of the plot is founded upon the life of Domitian in Suetonius, with additional particulars from Dio Cassius, and at least one rectification from Martial. Gifford states that the play was revived by Betterton, who was very successful in the part of Paris; and that it was again brought on the stage, with some alteration, in 1722.



To my much honoured and most true Friends,

SIR PHILIP KNYVET, KNIGHT AND BARONET,
AND TO SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNIGHT,
AND THOMAS BELLINGHAM,
of Newtimber, in Sussex, ESQUIRE.

HOW much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice: I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry (as I presume it will), their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOMITIANUS CÆSAR.
PARIS, the Roman Actor.
ÆLIUS LAMIA,
JUNIUS RUSTICUS,
PALPHURIUS SURA,
FULCINIUS,
} Senators.
PARTHENIUS, CÆSAR'S Freedman.
ARETINUS CLEMENS, CÆSAR'S Spy.
STEPHANOS, DOMITILLA'S Freedman.
ÆSOPUS,
LATINUS,
} Players.
PHILARGUS, a rich Miser; Father of PARTHENIUS.
ASCLETARIO, an Astrologer.
SEJEIUS,
ENTELLUS,
} Conspirators.

DOMITIA, Wife of ÆLIUS LAMIA.
DOMITILLA, Cousin-german to CÆSAR.
JULIA, Daughter of TITUS.
CÆNIS, VESPASIAN'S Concubine.
A Lady.

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen,
Servants, Captives.

SCENE—ROME.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

ÆSOP. What do we act to-day?

Lat. Agave's frenzy,
With Pentheus' bloody end.

Par. It skills not[1] what;
The times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
Both of the buskined scene and humble sock,
That reign in every noble family,
Declaim against us; and our amphitheatre,
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.

Lat. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertained; and they that shun us,
Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at.

[1] Matters not.

A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves,
To buy diseases from a glorious[1] strumpet,
The most censorious of our Roman gentry,
Nay, of the guarded robe,[2] the senators,
Esteem an easy purchase.

Par. Yet grudge us,
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six sestertii.

Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.

Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
To aftertimes.

Lat. And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our ambition.

Æsop. We have enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired,
For being galled in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever.

Par. I expect
No favour from him; my strong Aventine[3] is,
That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheered
In his most sullen moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.

[1] Vain-glorious (Lat., *gloriosus*).
[2] The tunic with purple stripe (laticlave) worn by senators.
[3] Security. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Double Marriage*, v. 2:—

". . . Ferrand fled too,
And with small strength, into the castle's tower,
The only Aventine that now is left him."

Lat. 'Tis frequent[1] in the city, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Joye hasten it! With us?—I now believe
The consul's threats, Æsopus.
1st Lict. You are summoned
To appear to-day in Senate.
2nd Lict. And there to answer
What shall be urged against you.
Par. We obey you.
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
We, that have personated in the scene
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,
With loud applause, being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted confidence.
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport;
And, though condemned, let's hear it without sorrow,
As if we were to live again to-morrow.
1st Lict. 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, *and* PALPHURIUS SURA.

Lam. Whither goes Paris?
1st Lict. He's cited to the Senate.
Lat. I am glad the state is
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
That it has vacant time to look on us.
Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of kings
And provinces were determined, to descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropped from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!
We are glad that you are safe. . . .

[*Exeunt* Lictors, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Lam. What times are these!

[1] Currently reported.

To what is Rome fallen! may we, being alone,
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
And not fear the informer?

Rust. Noble Lamia,
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions
Are called in question; to be nobly born
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only safe
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
And serve his lusts.

Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,
That two sons of so different a nature
Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a Titus,
Styled justly "the Delight of all Mankind,"
Who did esteem that day lost in his life
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties; one that had
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The death of an offender; and so far
From pride that he disdained not the converse
Even of the poorest Roman.

Lam. Yet his brother,
Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
Is so inclined to blood that no day passes
In which some are not fastened to the hook,
Or thrown down from the Gemonies.[1] His freedmen[2]
Scorn the nobility, and he himself,

[1] The Scalæ Gemoniæ, a precipice on the Aventine, where the bodies of state criminals were flung.

[2] The quarto edition invariably prints *freeman* and *freemen* throughout the play. *Freeman* and *freedman* were formerly interchangeable terms for *libertus;* both are given in Coles' Latin Dictionary; I have, therefore, followed Gifford in using the modern term.

As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
Forgets he is a man.

Rust. In his young years,
He showed what he would be when grown to ripeness:
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god: and, in his edicts,
He does not blush, or start, to style himself
(As if the name of emperor were base)
Great Lord and God Domitian.

Sura. I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering Senate
Decrees him divine honours; and to cross it,
Were death with studied torments:—for my part,
I will obey the time; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.

Rust. Let's to the Curia,
And, though unwillingly, give[1] our suffrages,
Before we are compelled.

Lam. And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,—
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LAMIA'S *House.*

Enter DOMITIA *and* PARTHENIUS.

Dom. To me this reverence!

Parth. I pay it, lady,

[1] The quarto has "grieue."

As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress:
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to is your servant;
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name
Ere long comes to you:—still you doubt your vassal—
[*Presents a letter.*
But, when you've read this letter, writ and signed
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet; [*Kneels.*
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,
Think on Parthenius.

Dom. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth. What but your beauty?
When Nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar
Was fired with the relation of your story:
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prospered.

Dom. You are modest;
And, were it in my power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was mistress of myself,

And, in my way of youth,[1] pure and untainted,
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,
At the first summons, to his soft embraces;
But I am now another's, not mine own.
You know I have a husband:—for my honour,
I would not be his strumpet; and how law
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,
To me's a riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it:
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.
The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,
And, as his rule is infinite, his pleasures
Are unconfined; this syllable, his will,
Stands for a thousand reasons.

Dom. But with safety,—
Suppose I should consent,—how can I do it?
My husband is a senator, of a temper
Not to be jested with.

Enter LAMIA.

Parth. As if he durst
Be Cæsar's rival!—here he comes; with ease
I will remove this scruple.

Lam. [*Aside.*] How! so private!
My own house made a brothel! Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your power in court, and greatness,
Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,
I shall hereafter treat—

Parth. You are rude and saucy
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine, i' faith![2]

[1] *i.e.* In my youth. Compare *A Very Woman*, iv. 2:—

"In way of youth I did enjoy one friend."

[2] Gifford, without note or warning, adds, "Is she not my wife?" This is a needless addition. Parthenius' expression, "Your wife!" refers to "Hold conference with my wife?" just above.

Parth. Your wife! But touch her, that respect forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,
She's Cæsar's choice: it is sufficient honour
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar,
But now must quit the office.

Lam. This is rare!
Cannot a man be master of his wife,
Because she's young and fair, without a patent?
I in mine own house am an emperor,
And will defend what's mine. Where are my knaves?
If such an insolence escape unpunished—

Parth. In yourself, Lamia.—Cæsar hath forgot
To use his power, and I, his instrument,
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,
Have lost my faculties! [*Stamps.*

Enter a Centurion *with* Soldiers.

Lam. The guard! why, am I
Designed for death?

Dom. As you desire my favour,
Take not so rough a course.

Parth. All your desires
Are absolute commands. Yet give me leave
To put the will of Cæsar into act.
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship
And this great lady: if you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompelled,
Won to't by reasons that concern yourself,
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lam. Is this legal?

Parth. Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things,
Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.
Will you dispute?

Lam. I know not what to urge

Against myself, but too much dotage on her,
Love, and observance.

Parth. Set it under your hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband; or that you are mad;
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.
Dispatch, you know the danger else;—deliver it,—
Nay, on your knee.—Madam, you are now free,
And mistress of yourself.

Lam. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?

Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's: and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me, Parthenius;
And now farewell, poor Lamia! [*Exeunt all but* LAMIA.

Lam. To the gods
I bend my knees (for tyranny hath banished
Justice from men), and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravished wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy,
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy. [*Exit.*



SCENE III.—*The Curia or Senate-house.*

Enter Lictors, ARETINUS, FULCINIUS, RUSTICUS, SURA, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Aret. Fathers conscript, may this our meeting be
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth!

Lict. Silence!

Aret. The purpose of this frequent Senate[1]
Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,
That, for the propagation of the empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.
In height of courage, depth of understanding,
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian
Transcends the ancient Romans: I can never
Bring his praise to a period. What good man
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage
Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave
The style[2] of Target, and the Sword of Rome?
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,
With Cato's resolution. I am lost
In the ocean of his virtues: in a word,
All excellencies of good men in him meet,
But no part of their vices.

Rust. This is no flattery!

Sura. Take heed, you'll be observed.

Aret. 'Tis then most fit
That we, (as[3] to the father of our country,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence owe
Themselves and being.

Par. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.

Par. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

[1] *i.e. Senatus frequens*, a full house.
[2] Title.
[3] *i.e.* "Who, as," &c.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality[1] of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.

Par. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord:
In what are we delinquents?

Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feigned names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.

Par. If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too,
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.

Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?

Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted: and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.
If to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts

[1] Quality, meaning profession, was at this time the technical word for players—as, I believe, the modern equivalent still is.

Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemned unto the fire?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
To endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers:
They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver[1] what an honourable thing
The active virtue is; but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Show great Alcides honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

Rust. He has put
The consuls to their whisper.

[1] State, express.

Par. But 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—we cannot help it.[1]
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,
Cry out, 'Tis writ by[2] me,—we cannot help it.
Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships

[1] Here, and lower down, Gifford eked out the emphasis with small capitals, a device for which he had no authority in the original quarto.

[2] Gifford reads "for," but compare *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 9:—

". . . That many may be meant
By the fool multitude."

And Ben Jonson, *Poetaster*, v. 1:—

"Is not that eagle meant *by* Cæsar?"

See Abbott's *Shak. Gram.*, under "By."

A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician,
(Though honoured with a consulship,) find himself
Touched to the quick in this,—we cannot help it.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, e'en yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
That puts you in remembrance of things past,
Or things intended,—'tis not in us to help it.
I have said, my lord: and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause delivered worse. [*A shout within.*

Enter PARTHENIUS.

Aret. What shout is that?

Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Returned in triumph.

Ful. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the court; we will reserve to him
The censure of this cause

All. Long life to Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Approach to the Capitol.*

Enter JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, *and* DOMITIA.

Cænis. Stand back—the place is mine.
Jul. Yours! Am I not
Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?
Dares any claim precedence?
Cænis. I was more,—
The mistress of your father, and, in his right,
Claim duty from you.
Jul. I confess you were useful
To please his appetite.
Dom. To end the controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the way myself.
Domitil. You, minion!
Dom. Yes;
And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.
Jul. Whence springs this flood of greatness?
Dom. You shall know
Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with envy, when
You see whom Cæsar favours.
Jul. Observe the sequel.

Enter Captains *with laurels*, DOMITIAN *in his triumphant chariot*, PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS, *met by* ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers *and* Captives.

Cæs. As we now touch the height of human glory,
Riding in triumph to the Capitol,
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off
To the common prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our axes are.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers *with* Captives.

Rust. A bloody entrance! [*Aside.*

Cæs. To tell you you are happy in your prince,
Were to distrust your love, or my desert;
And either were distasteful: or to boast
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,
I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,
Than the adorèd monarch of the world.

Sura. This is no boast! [*Aside.*

Cæs. When I but name the Daci,
And gray-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,
(Truth must take place of father and of brother,)
Will be no more remembered. I am above
All honours you can give me; and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.

Aret. At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.

Cæs. Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Banished from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace
Whose sword hath ploughed the ground, and reaped the harvest
Of your prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest
Too good for Cæsar's use.

Sura. All we possess—

Lam. Our liberties—

Ful. Our children—

Parth. Wealth—
Aret. And throats,
Fall willingly beneath his feet.
Rust. [*Aside.*] Base flattery!
What Roman can endure this!
Cæs. This calls on
My love to all, which spreads itself among you.
The beauties of the time! [*Seeing the ladies.*] Receive the honour
To kiss the hand which, reared up thus, holds thunder;
To you 'tis an assurance of a calm.
Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight
Of old Vespasian; Domitilla, too,
A princess of our blood.
Rust. 'Tis strange his pride
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies
Of such high birth and rank.
Sura. Your wife's forgotten.
Lam. No, she will be remembered, fear it not;
She will be graced, and greased.
Cæs. But, when I look on
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead
On the Phlegræan plain, embraced his Juno.
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.
Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid.
Cæs. Let all
That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)
With the title of Augusta.
Dom. Still your servant.
All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!
Cæs. Paris, my hand.
Par. [*Kissing it.*] The gods still honour Cæsar!
Cæs. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,



We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action: we'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond.—On to the Capitol:
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*An Inner Court in the Palace.*[1]

Enter PHILARGUS *in rags, and* PARTHENIUS.

PHIL. My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,
And question not my will.
Parth. Sir, were I one
Whom want compelled to wish a full possession
Of what is yours; or had I ever numbered
Your years,[2] or thought you lived too long, with reason
You then might nourish ill opinions of me:
Or did the suit that I prefer to you
Concern myself, and aimed not at your good,
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,
And after never press you.
Phil. I' the name of Pluto,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Path. Right to yourself;
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tattered cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,

[1] Gifford has "A State Room in the Palace." But it is a place overlooked by windows, to one of which Domitia presently comes and sings.

[2] Gifford compares Ovid's *patrios inquirere in annos*, and the speech of Paris above, p. 17.

The spoils of provinces, and every day
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.
Phil. Out upon thee!
My moneys in my coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer
Or tailor my heir, or see my jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.
Parth. Yet decency would do well.
Though, for your outside, you will not be altered,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your belly nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis crammed
With mouldy barley-bread, onions and leeks,
And the drink of bondmen, water.
Phil. Wouldst thou have me
Be an Apicius or a Lucullus,
And riot out my state in curious sauces?
Wise nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.
Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer—
Frighted with the charge of physic—rheums, catarrhs,
The scurf, ache in your bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing:
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet,
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send
The emperor's doctor to you.
Phil. I'll be borne first,
Half-rotten, to the fire that must consume me!
His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,[1]
His syrups, juleps, bezoar stone,[2] nor his
Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly;
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved.

[1] A syrupy medicine.
[2] "Bezoar, a precious stone, very cordial."—Coles' *Latin Dictionary*. It is the concretion sometimes found in the intestines of ruminant animals.

No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour; but, if lessened, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er 't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteemed, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit.*

Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! What man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is cracked with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles? Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to inquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.

Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.

Par. I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,
(Without boast I may say so much,) was never
Employed to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.

Parth. 'Tis confessed: many men owe you

For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.

Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?

Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?

Parth. O, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,
May see his own deformity, and loathe it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomized in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.

Parth. There's your fee;

I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, *and* Guard.

Cæs. Repine at us!

Aret. 'Tis more, or my informers,
That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived
In their intelligence: there is a list
Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,
Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia,
That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;
And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice,
(For so I style what they call tyranny,)
For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him
Virtue herself were murdered: nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his service done
In the reducing Britain to obedience,
They dare affirm to be removed with poison;
And he compelled to write you a coheir
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,
Which else you had made void. Then your much love
To Julia your niece, censured as incest,
And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother:
But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but, in you,
The lust of Tarquin.

Cæs. Yes, his fire, and scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend
An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,

That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.
[*Exit* Guard.
I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name than e'er mentioned hers.
Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees,
Or laws confirmed by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should else take from
The dignity of Cæsar.

Cæs. Am I master
Of two and thirty legions, that awe
All nations of the triumphèd world,
Yet tremble at our frown!—yield an account
Of what's our pleasure to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall (the sun, the moon, the stars
Losing their light and comfortable heat),
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!

Aret. So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here
With Jupiter's above.
[PARTHENIUS *kneeling, whispers* CÆSAR.

Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta.——Only so? a trifle:
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself.

Parth. May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious! [*Exit.*

Cæs. We are resolved

What course to take; and, therefore, Aretinus,
Inquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend
[*Exit* ARETINUS.
My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost;
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not
Prepared to meet it.—

Re-enter Guard *with* LAMIA.

Our good Lamia, welcome.
So much we owe you for a benefit,
With willingness on your part conferred upon us,
That 'tis our study, we that would not live
Engaged to any for a courtesy,
How to return it.

Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp
The means to be magnificent.

Cæs. Well put off;
But yet it must not do: the empire, Lamia,
Divided equally, can hold no weight,
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia—
You, that could part with all delights at once,
The magazine of rich pleasures being contained
In her perfections,—uncompelled, delivered
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,
With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirmed
You glory in your act.

Lam. Derided too!
Sir, this is more—

Cæs. More than I can requite;

It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,
But yields a touch of immortality
To the blest receiver; every grace and feature,
Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse
So ravishing, and her action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other senses,
Provided I might ever see and hear her.
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust
The winds or air with; for that would draw down,
In envy of my happiness, a war
From all the gods, upon me.

Lam. Your compassion
To me, in your forbearing to insult
On my calamity, which you make your sport,
Would more appease those gods you have provoked
Than all the blasphemous comparisons
You sing unto her praise.

DOMITIA *appears at the window.*

Cæs. I sing her praise!
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it;
It being a debt she only can lay down,
And no tongue else discharge.
[*He raises his hand. Music above.*
Hark! I think, prompted
With my consent that you once more should hear her,
She does begin. An universal silence
Dwell on this place! 'Tis death, with lingering torments,
To all that dare disturb her.— [*A song by* DOMITIA.
Who can hear this,
And falls not down and worships? In my fancy,
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill
Fair-haired Calliope, on her ivory lute,
But something short of this.) sung Ceres' praises,

And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.
The motion of the spheres are out of time,
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,
Is not her voice angelical?
Lam. To your ear:
But I, alas! am silent.
Cæs. Be so ever,
That without admiration canst hear her!
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason.—Off with his head! Do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!
[*The* Guard *leads off* LAMIA, *stopping his mouth.*
My fears of him are freed now;
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,
For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts or jealousies in you: [*Exit* DOMITIA *above.*]
'tis dispatched,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had killed a fly.

Enter DOMITIA, *ushered in by* ARETINUS, *her train with all state borne up by* JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honoured!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,

That wait on Phœbe[1] in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
Were the adorèd glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.
Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS *with* PHILARGUS.

Parth. Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.
Phil. Lose time to see an interlude! must I-pay too
For my vexation?
Parth. Not in the court:
It is the emperor's charge.
Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.
Cæs. Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him: I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act—there where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee
From my embraces: my desires increasing
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me;—again:
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,

[1] The moon.

In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen blood,
Enabling him to get a second Hector
For the defence of Troy.

Dom. You are wanton!
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.

Cæs. Begin there.

Enter PARIS, *like a doctor of physic, and* ÆSOPUS; LATINUS *is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth.*

Æsop. O master doctor, he is past recovery;
A lethargy hath seized him; and, however
His sleep resembles death, his watchful care
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of
Works strongly in his soul.

Par. What's that he holds
So fast between his teeth?

Æsop. The key that opens
His iron chests, crammed with accursèd gold,
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.

Phil. He is the wiser:
We were fashioned in one mould.

Æsop. He eats with it;
And when devotion calls him to the temple
Of Mammon, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,
That held thus still, his orisons are paid:
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawned
For the restoring of't, for one short hour
Be won to part with it.

Phil. Still, still myself!
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn
Is good security.

Par. I'll try if I can force it——
It will not be. His avaricious mind,
Like men in rivers drowned, makes him gripe fast
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;

And, if that it were possible in nature,
Would carry it with him to the other world.

Phil. As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

Æsop. Is he not dead?

Par. Long since to all good actions,
Or to himself or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious fear to lose what his soul dotes on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet,
And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose;
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:—
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.

Æsop. What is it?

Par. I will cause a fearful dream
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His body's organs.

Dom. 'Tis a cunning fellow;
If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says,
He should be sworn my servant; govern my slumbers,
And minister to me waking. [*A chest brought in.*

Par. If this fail,
I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet!
—'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir; mark with what trouble.

[LATINUS *stretches himself.*

Phil. As you are Cæsar,
Defend this honest, thrifty man! they are thieves,
And come to rob him.

Parth. Peace! the emperor frowns.

Par. So; now pour out the bags upon the table;

Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,
And were turned marble.—Once more.

Lat. Murder! murder!
Thieves! murder! murder! My son in the plot?
Thou worse than parricide! if it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The Furies in hell practise be sufficient
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul?—
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy
My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?

Par. Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,
The Lydian Crœsus had appeared to him
Poor as the beggar Irus? And yet I,
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails
Were clemmed[1] with keeping a perpetual fast,
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one penny to their use,
My heir might curse me. And, to save expense
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,
By hasting on my fate, than to diminish
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.

Æsop. Would you'd dispatch and die once!
Your ghost should feel in hell, that is my slave
Which was your master.

Phil. Out upon thee, varlet!

[1] "Clemmed," which is frequently met with in the old dramatists, is still used in many parts of the country for starved with cold or hunger.

Par. And what then follows all your cark and caring,
And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is
Turned to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering
How much for him you suffered; and then tells,
To the companions of his lusts and riots,
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happiness
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,
That quaff damnations to your memory,
For living so long here.

Lat. 'Twill be so; I see it—
O, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself; and make true use
Of what my industry purchased.

Par. Covetous men,
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:
But grant that I by art could yet recover
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life
A dozen of years; as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour
To rectify your mind?

Lat. I should so live then,
As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself.

Par. Have your desires.
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruined building of your health; and think not
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you
To this good end: it being a device,
In you to show the Cure of Avarice.

[*Exeunt* PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Phil. An old fool, to be gulled thus! had he died
As I resolve to do, not to be altered,
It had gone off twanging.

Cæs. How approve you, sweetest,
Of the matter, and the actors?
Dom. For the subject,
I like it not; it was filched out of Horace.
—Nay, I have read the poets:—but the fellow
That played the doctor did it well, by Venus!
He had a tuneable tongue and neat delivery:
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform
A lover's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,
For I grow weary, let us see, to-morrow,
Iphis and Anaxarete.
Cæs. Anything
For thy delight, Domitia; to your rest,
Till I come to disquiet you. Wait upon her.
There is a business that I must dispatch,
And I will straight be with you,
[*Exeunt* ARET., DOM., JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.
Parth. Now, my dread sir,
Endeavour to prevail.
Cæs. One way or other
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid baseness,
And but observed what a contemptible creature
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true compunction, with a resolution
To be a new man?
Phil. This crazed body's Cæsar's;
But for my mind—
Cæs. Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good use of what was now presented,
And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,
The miserable rich man that expressed
What thou art to the life?
Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold; it is my life: I am past cure.
Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more

Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully will hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter JULIA, DOMITILLA, *and* STEPHANOS.

JUL. No, Domitilla; if you but compare
What I have suffered with your injuries,
(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear
Like molehills to Olympus.
Domitil. You are tender
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling
And sense of mine. The incest he committed
With you, and publicly professed, in scorn
Of what the world durst censure, may admit
Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it,
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties:
Besides, won by his perjuries that he would
Salute you with the title of Augusta,
Your faint denial showed a full consent
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,
That would not yield, but was with violence forced
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius
At Capreæ never practised, have not here
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser,
I, in my will, being innocent.
Steph. Pardon me,
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from:
For there is something more in Rome expected

From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian
Hath ready swords[1] at his command, as well
As islands to confine you, to remove
His doubts and fears, did he but entertain
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted
Against his person.

Jul. 'Tis true, Stephanos;
The legions that sacked Jerusalem,
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,
And I no more remembered.

Domitil. And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madness.

Steph. You conclude too fast.
One single arm, whose master does contemn
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman, lady,
And you my gracious patroness; my wealth
And liberty your gift; and, though no soldier,
To whom or custom or example makes
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die
To do you service in a fair revenge;
And it will better suit your births and honours
To fall at once than to live ever slaves
To his proud empress, that insults upon
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, "Go on!"
And I will reach his heart, or perish in
The noble undertaking.

Domitil. Your free offer
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge
A satisfaction for a greater debt

[1] The quarto has "words."

Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not,
Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful
And good a servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,
And seem to slumber, till his roaring crimes
Awake their justice; but then, looking down,
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt
Of all religion and moral goodness,
They, in their secret judgments, do determine
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him
When he is most secure.

Ful. His cruelty
Increasing daily, of necessity
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done
Already to the Senate: then, forsaken
Of his supporters, and grown terrible
Even to himself, and her he now so dotes on,
We may put into act what now with safety
We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepared
To execute, when you please to command me:
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates [1] his country from a tyranny
Than he that saves a citizen.

Enter CÆNIS.

Ful. O, here's Cænis.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Cænis. From the empress, who seems moved
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown
To such a height that she disdains the service
Of her own women, and esteems herself
Neglected when the princesses of the blood,
On every coarse employment, are not ready
To stoop to her commands.

[1] Used like Latin *vindico* for saves, sets free.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?
Cænis. Where you would little think she could descend
To grace the room or persons.
Jul. Speak, where is she?
Cænis. Among the players: where, all state laid by,
She does inquire who plays this part, who that,
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,[1]
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.
Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?
Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemned,
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life; no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.
Steph. Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!
Domitil. Nero and Caligula
Commanded only mischiefs; but our Cæsar
Delights to see them.
Jul. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.
Cænis. We are called for
By our proud mistress.
Domitil. We awhile must suffer.
Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against

[1] Stage-dress.

All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. They are then in fetters?
Parth. Yes, sir, but—
Cæs. But what?
I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.
Parth. I shall, sir:
But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed—
Cæs. To the point.
Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal, that with dry eyes looked upon
His father dragged to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.
Cæs. Well; forward.
Parth. 'Tis my zeal
Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Tempered with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures; yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn
To the Degrees[1] in public; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion

[1] The Scalæ Gemoniæ. See note *ante*, p. 8.

In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As or to court the people's love, or fear
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
Add any moment[1] to us? or thou think,
If there are gods above, or goddesses,
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
That they have vacant hours to take into
Their serious protection, or care,
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
In few, as potent monarchs and their peers;
And all those glorious constellations
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend
The actions of kings and emperors,
They being the greater wheels that move the less.
Bring forth those condemned wretches;—[*Exit* PARTHENIUS.]—let me see
One man so lost as but to pity them,
And, though there lay a million of souls
Imprisoned in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks
Should rend it off and give them liberty.
Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS, *with* ARETINUS, *and* Guard; Hangmen *dragging in* JUNIUS RUSTICUS *and* PALPHURIUS SURA, *bound back to back.*

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
That with fixed eyes you carefully observe
The people's looks. Charge upon any man
That with a sigh or murmur does express
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
You know his will, perform it.

[1] Importance; as in the phrase, a thing of moment.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,
And fit for my employments.
Sura. Give us leave
To die, fell tyrant.
Rust. For, beyond our bodies,
Thou hast no power.
Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,
Prepared for such to howl in that blaspheme
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
After this sleep of death.[1]
Rust. To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
Above yon crystal canopy.
Cæs. Do, invoke him
With all the aids his sanctity of life
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment them.

[*The* Hangmen *torment them, they still smiling.*

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan!—
Is my rage lost? What cursèd charms defend them!

[1] This is of course a reminiscence of Hamlet's soliloquy, and is a good instance of Massinger's success in spoiling Shakespeare.

Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?
Aret. Over-merciful:
'Tis all your weakness, sir.
Parth. [*Aside.*] I dare not show
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
The spectacle is so horrid.
Cæs. I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turned
Aerial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning chirurgeons ripped his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.
Sura. No; we live.
Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangmen's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them.
Cæs. We will hear no more.
Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth

As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense :—
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape ;
For I'll appear in horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are Furies to me.
Away with them ! first show them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock Fate.

[*Exeunt* Hangmen *with* RUSTICUS *and* SURA.

Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
No, no ; the fever doth begin to leave me ;

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, *and* CÆNIS; STEPHANOS *following.*

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius.[1] O my glory !
My life ! command ! my all !

Dom. As you to me are.

[*Embracing and kissing mutually.*

I heard you were sad ; I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,
(I hug myself for't), I have been instructing
The players how to act ; and to cut off
All tedious impertinency, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have but of thy love.

[1] The name taken by Hippolytus after his second coming to life. See Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. 776. *Johnsonus Virbius* was the name given to a collection of verses to the memory of Ben Johnson.

Cæs. Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest—
Dom. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me
(Howe'er she is your cousin), I have forced her
To play the part of Anaxarete—
You are not offended with it?
Cæs. Any thing
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.
Dom. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

After a short flourish, enter PARIS *as* IPHIS.

How do you like
That shape? methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.
Cæs. And all was excellent.
Dom. Now hear him speak.

Iphis.[1] That she is fair (and that an epithet
Too foul to express her), or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other virgin found,
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxarete,
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolved
Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steepy rock,
Offered to Œdipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,

[1] This interlude is founded on Ovid's story of Iphis and Anaxarete (*Met.*, xiv., 698 *et seq.*)

Thy never-tired votary, hath presented,
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compelled
By thy unevitable[1] shafts to yield,
And fight under thy ensigns), be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!

Dom. Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.

Iphis. And from thy never-emptied quiver take
A golden arrow,[2] to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol—
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy;
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumbed with cold, I oft have washed,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.

Dom. By Cæsar's life he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.

Iphis. Blest ground, thy pardon,
If I profane it with forbidden steps.

[1] This was an alternative, though less common, spelling of "inevitable." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders "unevitable" by *inevitabilis* (unavoidable).

[2] See Ovid, *Met.*, i. 468. Massinger is never tired of referring to the golden and leaden-tipped arrows of Cupid.

I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands [were now] held up for expiation
To the incensèd gods to spare a kingdom.
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressèd mortal.

Enter LATINUS *as a* Porter.

Port. Ha! Who knocks there?

Dom. What a churlish look this knave has!

Port. Is't you, sirrah?
Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips shall drive you hence else.

Dom. Churlish devil!
But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.

Cæs. 'Tis in jest, Domitia.

Dom. I do not like such jesting; if he were not
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!

Cæs. 'Tis his part:
Let them proceed.

Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.

Iphis. As you have, gentle sir, the happiness
When you please to behold the figure of
The masterpiece of nature, limned to the life,
In more than human Anaxarete,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious, sir?

Port. Though I lose my place for't,
I can hold out no longer.

Dom. Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.
Port. Madam!

Enter DOMITILLA *as* ANAXARETE.

Anax. Who calls? What object have we here?

Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I think I have fitted her for a part.

Anax. Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this thing more!
Iphis. I am, indeed,
What thing you please; a worm that you may tread on:
Lower I cannot fall to show my duty,
Till your disdain hath digged a grave to cover
This body with forgotten dust; and, when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women!
I'll, by a willing death, remove the object
That is an eyesore to you.
Anax. Wretch, thou dar'st not:
That were the last and greatest service to me
Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,
Much less consent to make my lord of one
I'd not accept, though offered for my slave?
My thoughts stoop not so low.

Dom. There's her true nature:
No personated scorn.

Anax. I wrong my worth,
Or to exchange a syllable or look
With one so far beneath me.
Iphis. Yet take heed,
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider
How brittle the foundation is on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen; but what followed?

She was left a childless mother, and mourned to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness
Can change to loathed deformity; your wealth
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,
Ulysses' bondwoman: but the love I bring you
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,
Can ravish from you.

Dom. Could the oracle
Give better counsel!

Iphis. Say, will you relent yet,
Revoking your decree that I should die?
Or shall I do what you command? Resolve;[1]
I am impatient of delay.

Anax. Dispatch then:
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A comedy to me.

Dom. O devil! devil!

Iphis. Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses
Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,
When any man, like me contemned, shall study,
In the anguish of his soul, to give a name
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only
Say, "This most bloody woman is to me
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!"——
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter
For ever shall divorce us; at your gate,
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,
I'll presently hang myself.

Dom. Not for the world— [*Starts from her seat.*
Restrain him, as you love your lives!

Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits
This passion[2] in you.

[1] Decide. [2] Emotion.

Par. I ne'er purposed, madam,
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow
To your care and tenderness of me.
Dom. Let me, sir,
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,
Carried me beyond myself.
Cæs. To your place again,
And see what follows.
Dom. No, I am familiar
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indisposed.
Cæs. To bed then;
I'll be thy doctor.
Aret. There is something more
In this than passion,—which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.
Dom. Come to me, Paris,
To-morrow, for your reward.
[*Exeunt all but* DOMITILLA *and* STEPHANOS.
Steph. Patroness, hear me;
Will you not call for your share?[1] Sit down with this,[2]
And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,[3]
I shall look to see you tumble!
Domitil. Prithee be patient.
I, that have suffered greater wrongs, bear this:
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The actors in Shakespeare's time always performed on "sharing terms," *i.e.* the whole takings of the company were divided among the members according to their share.

[2] *i.e.* "Stand this," as we should say now. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives, as an English idiom, "He is contented to sit down and rest satisfied with it."

[3] See Juvenal, *Sat.* xi., 162.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, *and* CÆNIS.

PARTH. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris!

Jul. You observed not,
As it appears, the violence of her passion,
When, personating Iphis, he pretended,
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,
To hang himself.

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange intemperance of affection
As to dote on him.

Domitil. By my hopes, I think not
That she respects,[1] though all here saw and marked it;
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we, and all
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.

Cæn. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging
The want of health and rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her!

Domitil. Who no sooner absent,
But she calls, "Dwarf!" (so in her scorn she styles me,)
"Put on my pantofles[2]; fetch pen and paper,
I am to write":—and with distracted looks,

[1] **Cares.** Compare Taylor (quoted by Nares): "**And he that cares not for his soule, I thinke, *Respects* not if his country swim or sinke.**"

[2] Slippers.

In her smock, impatient of so short delay
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
She sealed—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed,
"To my loved Paris."

Jul. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, "Let him wait me,
And carefully, in the walk called our Retreat,
Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,
Unsent for, never enters."

Parth. This being certain,
(For these are more than jealous suppositions,)
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
Discover it?

Domitil. Alas! you know we dare not.
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,[1]
To free us from that slavery which her pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.

Parth. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in[2] Ascletario the Chaldæan;
Who, in his absence, is condemned of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Aretinus, as you have
To me delivered: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
(With which he never yet held correspondence,)
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little

[1] Conspiracy. [2] Arrest.

To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That crossed him in the senate-house.—

Enter ARETINUS.

Here he comes,
His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave
My wishes with you. [*Exit.*

Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta!

Domitil. What is't raps[1] him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so?
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of!
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in
This rare discovery: but the rewards
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power
To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome,
Disposing offices and provinces
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.

Domitil. This is more
Than usual with him.

Jul. Aretinus!

Aret. How!
No more respect and reverence tendered to me,
But Aretinus! 'Tis confessed that title,
When you were princesses, and commanded all,
Had been a favour; but being, as you are,
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,
You stand obliged with as much adoration
To entertain him that comes armed with strength
To break your fetters as tanned galley-slaves

[1] "Raps" is the rarely-found third person singular of the verb familiar to us in the past participle "rapt." It is used once by Shakespeare, in *Cymbeline*, i., 6, 51, "What, dear sir, thus raps you?"

Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.
I come not to entrap you; but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumized: and to make
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
This empress,—this Domitia,—what you will,—
That triumphed in your miseries.

Domitil. Were you serious,
To prove your accusation I could lend
Some help.

Cæn. And I.

Jul. And I.

Aret. No atom to me.—
My eyes and ears are everywhere; I know all,
To the line and action in the play that took her:
Her quick dissimulation to excuse
Her being transported, with her morning passion.
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,
And, having perused it, made it up again:
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar;—
That Paris is brought to her, and how far
He shall be tempted.

Domitil. This is above wonder.

Aret. My gold can work much stranger miracles
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me—
[*Takes out a petition.*
'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that
Shall ruin her and raise you. Have you set your hands
To the accusation?

Jul. And will justify
What we've subscribed to.

Cæn. And with vehemency.

Domitil. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter CÆSAR, *with his* Guard.

Cæs. Let our lieutenants bring us victory,
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home;

And, being secured from our intestine foes
(Far worse than foreign enemies), doubts and fears,
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,
Which fond[1] astrologers give out to be
Assured presages of the change of empires
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance
To them and fate, we being too strongly armed
For them to wound us.

Aret. Cæsar!

Jul. As thou art
More than a man——

Cæn. Let not thy passions be
Rebellious to thy reason——

Domitil. But receive [*Delivers the petition.*
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved
As you go to or from the Capitol,
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.

Cæs. Ha!

Domitil. Vouchsafe
Awhile to stay the lightning of your eyes,
Poor mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no vein
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is
An earthquake to us.

Domitil. And, if not kept closed
With more than human patience, in a moment
Will swallow us to the centre.

Cæn. Not that we
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.

Jul. But that she's fallen so low.

Aret. Which on sure proofs
We can make good.

Domitil. And show she is unworthy
Of the least spark of that diviner fire
You have conferred upon her.

[1] Foolish.

Cæs. I stand doubtful,
And unresolved what to determine of you.
In this malicious violence you have offered
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,
You have but fruitlessly laboured to sully
A white robe of perfection, black-mouthed envy
Could belch no spot on.—But I will put off
The deity you labour to take from me,
And argue out of probabilities with you,
As if I were a man. Can I believe
That she, that borrows all her light from me,
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness
To your intelligence; and make that apparent
Which, by her perturbations in a play,
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her?
Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key
Of Cæsar's secrets? Could her beauty raise her
To this unequalled height, to make her fall
The more remarkable? or must my desires
To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged
By her, and on herself, that drew on both?
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court
A public actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
These more than human reasons, that have power
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape
Of innocence?

Domitil. Too well she knew the strength
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,
And, thereupon presuming, fell securely;
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth
Produced against her, which your love and favour
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

Cæs. I'll not hear

A syllable more that may invite a change
In my opinion of her. You have raised
A fiercer war within me by this fable,
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,
Than if, and at one instant, all my legions
Revolted from me, and came armed against me.
Here in this paper are the swords predestined
For my destruction; here the fatal stars,
That threaten more than ruin; this the death's head
That does assure me, if she can prove false,
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,
In that, from any witness but myself,
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm
She is all excellence, as you all baseness;
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace.*

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, *and* Servants.

Dom. Say we command, that none presume to dare,
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt* Servants.
And, sirrah,
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Par. With my humblest service

I but obey your summons, and should blush else,
To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.

Par. That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.

Dom. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.

Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.

Dom. And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?

Par. Though it raged within me
Till I turned cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,[1]
Or actuate[2] what you command to me,
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetual happiness.

Dom. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful, and gainsome,[3] and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with,

[1] Secret, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2, 141:
"Their several counsels they unbosom shall."
We still use the expression, "to keep counsel."
[2] Put into action.
[3] Meaning, probably, "gainly," or, perhaps, "winsome."

But that (as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained [1])
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume in which all
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with
Are curiously bound up.

Par. The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force [2] I must be such. O, gracious madam,
How glorious soever, or deformed,
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less, than what I was
Before I entered.

Dom. Come, you would put on
A wilful ignorance, and not understand
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,
Against the decent modesty of our sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee;
Or that in our desires thou art preferred,
And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice,
If from the height of majesty we can
Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it,
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

Par. O, madam! hear me with a patient ear,
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,

[1] Not a bad rendering of Horace, *Ep.* i. 2, 69:
"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."

[2] Necessarily.

Beyond my hopes or merits, showered upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood and treason! Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.

Dom. You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must—thou shalt:
The violence of my passions knows no mean,
And in my punishments and my rewards
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me: threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy sudden answer.

Par. In what a strait am I brought in![1]
Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discovered, threaten more.
Yet to die innocent, and have the glory
For all posterity to report that I
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
To my great master, in true judgment must
Show fairer than to buy a guilty life
With wealth and honours. 'Tis the base I build on:
I dare not, must not, will not.

Dom. How! contemned?
[*Aside.*] Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,

[1] Compare p. 66, "*Of* which, if again I could be ignorant *of*."

I must use a mean.—Think who 'tis sues to thee.
Deny not that yet, which a brother may
Grant to a sister: as a testimony

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, *and a* Guard, *behind.*

I am not scorned, kiss me;—kiss me again;—
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
And I thy Helen.
Par. Since it is your will.
Cæs. And I am Menelaus: but I shall be
Something I know not yet.
Dom. Why lose we time
And opportunity? These are but salads
To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast,
[*Courting* PARIS *wantonly.*
Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
And I Alcmena; and that I had power
To lengthen out one short night into three,
And so beget a Hercules.
Cæs. [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
Stands by, and draws the curtains.
Par. Oh!—— [*Falls on his face.*[1]
Dom. Betrayed!
Cæs. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
To witness, with a smile, he does desire
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
Wronged men have breathed out against wicked women,

[1] This stage-direction being in the quarto, I have preserved it in the text, as it would seem to have been followed by the actors of the time: but surely nothing could be more preposterous than such an action on the part of such a man.

Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
Command, and majesty, in one base act
To render me, that was, before I hugged thee,
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,
A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee,
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
Break, stubborn silence: what canst thou allege
To stay my vengeance?

Dom. This. Thy lust compelled me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath returned it
In my intent and will, though not in act,
To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O, impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell,
By leaving life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
If I look on her longer, I shall melt,
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
Again to be received into her favour;
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her chamber;
Be that her prison, till in cooler blood
I shall determine of her. [*Exit* Guard *with* DOMITIA.

Aret. Now step I in,
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.—
Sir, if my service hath deserved——

Cæs. Yes, yes:
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robbed me of

All rest and peace, and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it
With the loss of empire. [*Re-enter* Guard.] Strangle him; take these hence too,
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
That this discovery, that hath showered upon me
Perpetual vexation, should not fall
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their mouths;
I will hear no reply.

[*Exit* Guard *with* ARETINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.

O, Paris, Paris!
How shall I argue with thee? how begin
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
Yet, in respect I have favoured thee, I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
As I might bury the remembrance of it.
Look up: we stand attentive.

Par. O, dread Cæsar!
To hope for life, or plead in the defence
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,
When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
Fly that which followed me, and Cæsar sued for?
This is all. And now your sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been
But such as I might pardon! If thou hadst

In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
Betrayed an army, butchered the whole Senate,
Committed sacrilege, or any crime
The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
I had prevented any intercession,
And freely signed thy pardon.

Par. But for this,
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffered a wrong
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him.

Cæs. With such true feeling
Thou arguest against thyself that it
Works more upon me than if my Minerva,
The grand protectress of my life and empire,
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
"Cæsar, show mercy!" and, I know not how,
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
What we must do, we shall do: we remember
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
Called *The False Servant.*

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Cæs. In which a great lord takes to his protection
A man forlorn, giving him ample power
To order and dispose of his estate
In's absence, he pretending then a journey;
But yet with this restraint, that, on no terms,
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
She having played false to a former husband)
The servant, though solicited, should consent,
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Cæs. And what
Didst thou play in it?

Par. The false servant, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait without?

Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
Your majesty mentioned.

Cæs. Call them in. Who presents
The injured lord?

Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, *and a* Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst not
Do it to the life; we can perform it better.
Off with my robe and wreath: since Nero scorned not
The public theatre, we in private may
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
Wearing a beard or other property,
Will fit the person.

Æsop. Only, sir, a foil,
The point and edge rebated,[1] when you act,
To do the murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own sword.

Cæs. By no means:
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me,
We'll have but one short scene—that where the lady
In an imperious way commands the servant
To be unthankful to his patron: when
My cue's to enter, prompt me.—Nay, begin,
And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,
When I come to execution, you shall find
No cause to laugh at me.

Lat. In the name of wonder,
What's Cæsar's purpose!

Æsop. There is no contending.

[1] The quarto reads "rebutted," an obvious misprint. **Rebated** (from the French *rabattre*) means blunted, as in the single instance of it in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, i., 4, 60:

"But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge."

Cæs. Why, when[1]?
Par. I am armed:
And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
Unevitable[2] dart aimed at my breast,
His cold embraces should not bring an ague
To any of my faculties, till his pleasures
Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years
To me would be unwelcome.

Lady. Must we entreat,
That were born to command? or court a servant,
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
For that which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged
For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.
Par. As you may me,
In what his reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
To the height of happiness.
Lady. Can my love-sick heart
Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded plea
In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
The least delay; and therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I shall trust to:
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
Those ravishing pleasures from thee I run mad for,
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return,
(Making what I deliver good with tears,)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die, with these words, "slave and traitor,"

[1] A common exclamation of impatience, implying "when will it be done?"
[2] See note, p. 49.

With burning corsives[1] writ upon thy forehead,
And live prepared for't.
Par. [*Aside*] This he will believe
Upon her information, 'tis apparent;
And then I'm nothing; and of two extremes,
Wisdom says, choose the less.—Rather than fall
Under your indignation, I will yield:
This kiss, and this, confirms it.

Æsop. Now, sir, now.
Cæs. I must take them at it?
Æsop. Yes, sir; be but perfect. [now;
Cæs. "O villain! thankless villain!"—I should talk
But I've forgot my part. But I can do:
Thus, thus, and thus! [*Stabs* PARIS.
Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest.
Cæs. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris:
And yet, before life leaves thee, let the honour
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
His dignity preserved, he had pardoned thee:
But cruelty of honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study
To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
My Paris from all others; and in that
Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however
Thy crime deserved it; but, as thou didst live
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
Shouldst die in action, and, to crown it, die,
With an applause enduring to all times,
By our imperial hand.[2]—His soul is freed

[1] "Corsive" is a frequent, almost constant, contraction of "corrosive."

[2] Compare *Une Mort Héroïque*, the twenty-seventh of Baudelaire's *Petits Poèmes en Prose*—an exquisite little masterpiece, the story of which has a di-tinct resemblance to Massinger's effective device here.

From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
For ever mourn him, and all such as were
His glad spectators weep his sudden death,
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[*Sad music; the* Players *bear off* PARIS' *body*, CÆSAR *and the rest following.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an image of Minerva.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, *and* Guard.

PARTH. Keep a strong guard upon him,[1] and admit not
Access to any, to exchange a word
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases
To call him to his presence.—[*Exit* Guard.]—The relation
That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.
The informer Aretinus put to death
For yielding him a true discovery
Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris killed first,
And now lamented; and the princesses
Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,
The machine on which all this mischief moved,
Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it:
Such is the impotence[2] of his affection!
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed,
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
You lend or furtherance or favour to
The plot contrived against her: should she prove it,

[1] *i.e.* Ascletario.
[2] Uncontrollableness (Lat., *impotens*).

Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,
Her power o'er doting Cæsar being now
Greater than ever.
Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at;
And, when there's opportunity——
Steph. Say but, Do,
I am yours, and sure.
Parth. I'll stand one trial more,
And then you shall hear from me.
Steph. Now observe
The fondness[1] of this tyrant, and her pride.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* DOMITIA.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.
Dom. It may be, on your part.
Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,
That did the injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose guilt is washed off by his mercy,
Only to entertain it?
Dom. I asked none:
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission for what I hold no crime,
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers
Persuade thee that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false belief that thou
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,

[1] Folly.

Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to
His violent passions, and in that my slave;
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me
To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know
The strength that you hold on me; do not use it
With too much cruelty; for, though 'tis granted
That Lydian Omphale had less command
O'er Hercules than you usurp o'er me,
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
Of my fond dotage.

Dom. Never; do not hope it:
It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,
And not to be redeemed, my empire's larger
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury,
To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,
I know thy fervour such to my embraces,
Which shall be, though still kneeled for, still denied thee,
That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second
To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated.

Cæs. O my Minerva!

Dom. There she is, [*Points to the statue*] invoke her:
She cannot arm thee with ability
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater:
Or only say to thy centurions,
"Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,
And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies
That every hour afflict me?"—Lamia's wrongs,
When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me,
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris,
But that thy love, increasing with my hate,
May add unto thy torments; so, with all
Contempt I can, I leave thee. [*Exit.*

Cæs. I am lost;
Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betrayed
The freedom of my faculties and will
To this imperious siren, I laid down
The empire of the world, and of myself,
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers?
Or is the magic of my dotage such,
That I must still make suit to hear those charms
That do increase my thraldom? Wake, my anger!
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, "Let her die,"
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,
[*Pulls out a table-book.*
To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,
And vindicate thy votary! [*Writes.*] So; she's now
Among the list of those I have proscribed,
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,
To die to-morrow.
Steph. That same fatal book
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
Were marked out for destruction. [*Exit.*
Parth. I begin
To doubt myself.
Cæs. Who waits there?
Parth. [*Coming forward.*] Cæsar.
Cæs. So!
These that command armed troops, quake at my frowns,
And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard
We charged you to fetch in?
Parth. Ready to suffer
What death you please to appoint him.
Cæs. Bring him in.
We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, *and* Guard *with* ASCLETARIO.

Now, you, that hold
Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix
The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent end;
As you would purchase credit to your art,
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since
A certain knowledge, and, as sure as thou
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The kalends of October, the hour five,
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be
Torn and devoured by dogs;—and let that stand
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, we cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;
And, having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursèd trunk
Be burned to ashes: upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,

[*The* Tribunes *and* Guard *bear off* ASCLETARIO.

And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love,) I rest unmoved:
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,

Chaldæans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors
The soldier's doubted faith, or people's rage,
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am armed.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is seared up,
And I insensible of all my actions,
For which, by moral and religious fools,
I stand condemned, as they had never been.
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,
I will not deify pale captive fear,
Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou,
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,
Not Junius Rusticus' threatened apparition,
Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,
Being things impossible to human reason,
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch there;
A sudden but a secure[1] drowsiness
Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch brought in.*] Let music,
With some choice ditty, second it.—[*Exit* PARTHENIUS.]
—I' the mean time,
Rest there, dear book, which opened, when I wake,
[*Lays the book under his pillow.*
Shall make some sleep for ever.
[*Music and a song.* CÆSAR *sleeps.*

Re-enter PARTHENIUS *and* DOMITIA.

Dom. Write my name
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:
He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing;
But I observed, when you departed from him,

[1] "Secure" is accented on the first syllable. Compare *Hamlet*, i., 5, 61:

"Upon my secure hour your uncle stole."

After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out: whose death he signed, I know not;
But in his looks appeared a resolution
Of what before he staggered at. What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to inquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if, out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it.

Dom. I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!
No motion!—you lie uneasy, sir,
Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes away the book.*

Parth. Have you it?

Dom. 'Tis here.

Cæs. Oh!

Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious madam,
While we are unknown[1]; and then consult at leisure.
[*Exeunt.*

Dreadful music. The apparitions of JUNIUS RUSTICUS *and* PALPHURIUS SURA *rise, with bloody swords in their hands; they wave them over the head of* CÆSAR, *who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of* Minerva, *which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it.*

Cæs. [*Starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream
Will force me to distraction! whither have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.

[1] *i.e.* Till we are out of his sight. For "while," in the sense of "till," compare *Macbeth*, iii. 1, 44: "While then, God be with you!"

I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,
And am deprived of organs to pursue
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once
Robbed of my hopes and being? No, I live—
[*Rises distractedly.*
Yes, live, and have discourse[1], to know myself
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor?
He that hath been a traitor to himself,
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?
Where is my goddess? vanished! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
Were by their innocence made up again,
And in corporeal forms but now appeared,
Waving their bloody swords above my head,
As at their deaths they threatened. And methought
Minerva, ravished hence, whispered that she
Was, for my blasphemies, disarmed by Jove,
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so.
[*Thunder and lightning.*
His thunder does confirm it, against which,
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance.—Ha! come you resolved
To be my executioners?
1*st Trib.* Allegiance

Reason. More precisely, "range of reasoning faculty."

And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
Against your sacred head.
2nd Trib. We rather sue
For mercy.
3rd Trib. And acknowledge that in justice
Our lives are forfeited for not performing
What Cæsar charged us.
1st Trib. Nor did we transgress it
In our want of will or care; for, being but men,
It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.
Cæs. Speak, in what
Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted.
1st Trib. In brief thus, sir:
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
For the astrologer Ascletario's death,
With speed was put in execution.
Cæs. Well.
1st Trib. For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his arms
Pinioned behind his back, the breathless trunk
Was with all scorn dragged to the Field of Mars,
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
Smeared o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
The carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
But suddenly, to the amazement of
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
Of lightning, breaking through the scattered clouds,
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
And as disdaining all heat but itself,
In a moment quenched the artificial fire:
And, before we could kindle it again,
A clap of thunder followed, with such noise
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,

Had in his secret purposes determined
An universal ruin to the world.
This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen:
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
Or that the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry Orc,[1] endangering tall ships
But sailing near it, so falls down again.
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we laboured to consume
The witch's[2] body, all the dogs of Rome,
Howling and yelling like to famished wolves,
Brake in upon us; and, though thousands were
Killed in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.

Cæs. But have they torn it?

1st Trib. Torn it, and devoured it.

Cæs. I then am a dead man, since all predictions
Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,
Your emperor must leave you! yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning
By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
You e'er must see me living.

1st Trib. Jove avert it!

[1] An indeterminate sea-monster. Compare Ben Jonson, *Masque of Neptune* (quoted by Nares):

> "Now turn and view the wonders of the deep,
> Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orcs do keep."

[2] From Coxeter to Cunningham, every editor has altered the "witches" of the original into the modern term "wizard's." But in Massinger's time witch was used of men as well as of women (see *Cymbeline*, i. 6, 166). Reginald Scot, giving a tale from *Danæus* in the Epistle "To the Readers" of the *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, says: "I will requite Danæus his tale of a manwitch (as he termeth him) with another witch of the same sex or gender."

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.
Cæs. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no strengths[1] here to be altered.
Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
Compassed of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a god,
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sinking with mine own weight.
1st Trib. Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you.
2nd Trib. We'll draw up
More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.
Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods,
That now sit judges on me, from their envy
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.
1st Trib. Endeavour to appease them.
Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:
I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I
Decline[2] this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me——
1st Trib. Yes, sir;
Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
In which we'll mix our ashes.
Cæs. 'Tis said nobly:
I am something comforted: howe'er, to die
Is the full period of calamity. [*Exeunt.*

[1] "Strengths" in the plural often occurs in Massinger. Compare Prologue to *The Guardian.*
[2] Avoid. One of the equivalents given by Coles in his Latin Dictionary is *evito;* Boyer translates *fuir, éviter, éluder.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, STEPHANOS, SEJEIUS, *and* ENTELLUS.

Parth. You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion;
We must do, or suffer.
Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least delay is mortal.
Dom. Would I were
A man, to give it action!
Domitil. Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.
Steph. I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.
Sej. You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.
Ent. I will put in
For a part, myself.
Parth. Be resolute, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.
Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not:
A dead dog never bites.
Parth. Thus then at all.[1]

[*Exit; the rest conceal themselves.*

[1] A gaming term, meaning that the player will take up any stakes.

Enter CÆSAR *and the* Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-paced are these minutes! in extremes,
How miserable is the least delay!
Could I imp feathers to the wings of time,
Or with as little ease command the sun
To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour I tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six;
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?

1st Trib. Think not of him;
There is no danger: all these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.

Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me? Perish all
Predictions! I grow constant[1] they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.

1st Trib. This is right;
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.

Cæs. We will to
The camp, and having there confirmed the soldier
With a large donative, and increase of pay,
Some shall——I say no more.

Re-enter PARTHENIUS.

Parth. All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world!

Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.

Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,

[1] Assured.

My lord, neglected, the feared hour being past,
In which your life was threatened?
Cæs. Is't past five?
Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in justice,
Your clock-master should die, that hath deferred
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,
That brings assured intelligence that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day,
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Concealed, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the Senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.
Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then!
Lead me, Parthenius.
1st Trib. Shall we wait you?
Cæs. No.
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.
[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS.
2nd Trib. How strangely hopes delude men! as I live,
The hour is not yet come.
1st Trib. Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.
[*Exeunt* Tribunes. DOMITIA *and the rest come forward.*
Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger?
Steph. Make the door fast.—Here;
A messenger of horror.
Cæs. How! betrayed?
Dom. No; taken, tyrant.
Cæs. My Domitia
In the conspiracy!
Parth. Behold this book.
Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarmed,
I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows* STEPHANOS.

Steph. Help me.
Ent. Thus, and thus! } *They stab him.*
Sej. Are you so long a-falling? }
Cæs. 'Tis done basely. [*Falls and dies.*
Parth. This for my father's death.
Dom. This for my Paris.
Jul. This for thy incest.
Domitil. This for thy abuse
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*
Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors!

Re-enter Tribunes.

O Mars!
What have you done?
Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.
Steph. Dispatched a monster.
1*st Trib.* Yet he was our prince,
However wicked; and, in you, this' murder,[1]—
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that served under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself, [*To* DOMITIA.
(For in thy wickedness Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunished.
Lay hands on her and drag her to her[2] sentence.—
We will refer the hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body: he in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference:
Good kings are mourned for after life; but ill,
And such as governed only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall;
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.
[*Exeunt; the* Tribunes *bearing the body of* CÆSAR.

[1] *i.e.* This *is* murder. The contraction occurs several times in Shakespeare.
[2] "Her" is not in the quarto.



THE FATAL DOWRY.





THE *Fatal Dowry* was first printed, in quarto, in 1632. The title-page runs: "The Fatall Dowry: A Tragedy. As it hath beene often Acted at the Priuate House in Blackefryers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by P. M. and N. F. London, Printed by John Norton, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop at the Crane, in Pauls Church-yard. 1632." It is a badly printed book, the type is old and battered, and the general execution is very careless. None of the plays given in this volume (except *Believe as You List*) has its text in so corrupt a state.

The share of Massinger in this play is assigned by Mr. Robert Boyle, in a paper read before the New Shakspere Society, as follows: Act I.; Act III. i. to "Enter Novall, jun."; Act IV. ii., iii., iv.; Act V., with the exception of ii. 80—120, which were interpolated by Field. This division seems at least as reasonable as any other.

The Fatal Dowry was revived at Sadler's Wells, August 27th, 1845, Phelps playing Romont; Marston, Charalois; George Bennett, Rochfort; and Miss Cooper, Beaumelle.

It is well known that Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, formerly one of the most popular and extravagantly lauded plays on the stage, is founded on *The Fatal Dowry*. An elaborate comparison of the two plays was published by Richard Cumberland in the *Observer*, Nos. lxxvii.—lxxix. It is reprinted in Gifford's edition of Massinger.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROCHFORT, Ex-Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.

CHARALOIS, a noble Gentleman, Son of the deceased Marshal.

ROMONT, a brave Officer, friend to CHARALOIS.

NOVALL, senior, Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.

NOVALL, junior, his Son, in love with BEAUMELLE.

DU CROY, President of the Parliament of Dijon.

CHARMI, an Advocate.

BEAUMONT, Secretary to ROCHFORT.

PONTALIER, MALOTIN, } Friends of NOVALL, junior.

LILADAM, a Parasite, dependent on NOVALL, junior.

AYMER, a Singer and Keeper of a Music-house, also dependent on NOVALL, junior.

Advocates.

Three Creditors.

A Priest.

Tailor.

Barber.

Perfumer.

Page.

Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaolers, Bailiffs, Servants.

BEAUMELLE, Daughter of ROCHFORT.

FLORIMEL, BELLAPERT, } Servants to BEAUMELLE; the latter the secret agent of NOVALL, jun.

SCENE—DIJON.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a paper*, ROMONT, *and* CHARMI.

CHARMI. Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.
Rom. Why think you so, sir?
Charmi. 'Cause I am familiar
With what will be their answer: they will say,
'Tis against law; and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion.
Rom. You know not, sir,
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law;
And therefore frame not you their answer for them,
But do your parts.
Charmi. I love the cause so well,
As I could run the hazard of a check for't.
Rom. From whom?
Charmi. Some of the bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the office that they sit for:
But give me, sir, my fee.
Rom. Now you are noble. [*Gives him his purse.*
Charmi. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it,

Than I shall do with pleading.

Rom. What may it be, sir?

Charmi. That it would please his lordship, as the presidents
And counsellors of court come by, to stand
Here, and but show himself, and to some one
Or two, make his request:—there is a minute,
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.

Rom. I have urged that.

Enter ROCHFORT *and* DU CROY.

Charmi. Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit.*

Rom. Now, put on [1] your spirits.

Du Croy. The ease that you prepare yourself, my lord,
In giving up the place you hold in court,
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,
And that no slight one.

Roch. Pray you, sir, no more.

Rom. Now, sir, lose not this offered means; their looks,
Fixed on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose:—this is such a dulness,
So foolish and untimely, as——

Du Croy. You know him?

Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden fall
Of his brave house. It is young Charalois,
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.

Rom. Ha! they name you.

Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.

Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble, and so highly meriting

[1] Rouse.

From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sums he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.

Rom. Dare you ever
Hope for like opportunity?

Du Croy. My good lord!

[*They salute him as they pass by.*

Roch. My wish bring comfort to you!

Du Croy. The time calls us.

Roch. Good morrow, colonel![1]

[*Exeunt* ROCHFORT *and* DU CROY.

Rom. This obstinate spleen,
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits; but, grant me wit or judgment,
And, by the freedom of an honest man,
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,
No, though the ribands help, have power to work them
To what you would: for those that had no eyes
To see the great acts of your father will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their duties.

Charal. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel; since, if they partake
The understanding and the hearts of men,
They will prevent[2] my words and tears: if not,
What can persuasion, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever

[1] **Pronounce "colonel" as a trisyllable. Compare Hudibras, i. 13, 14:**

> **"Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,**
> **And out he rode a-colonelling."**

[2] **Anticipate.**

The memory of that happy age, when justice
Had no guards to keep off wronged innocence
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of redress! where now, Romont,
The damned with more ease may ascend from hell,
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats
Must hope for no accèss: why should I, then,
Attempt impossibilities; you, friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means
To make my entrance that way?

Rom. Would I were not!
But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,
Of such necessity, not to be deferred,
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within
The house where she was born ever spake word
Which was not ushered with pure virgin blushes,
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,
And force corruption to give back the hire
It took against her. Let examples move you.
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,
They would disdain for servants.

Charal. And to these
Can I become a suitor?

Rom. Without loss,
Would you consider that, to gain their favours,
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness.
Be therefore won to use the means that may
Advance your pious ends.

Charal. You shall o'ercome.
Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you now practise.
Charal. 'Tis well.

Enter NOVALL, senior, Advocates, LILADAM, *and three* Creditors.

[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me!
Rom. You must have patience—
Offer it again.
Charal. And be again contemned!
Nov. sen. I know what's to be done.
1*st Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.
Nov. sen. One word more of this,
I am your enemy. Am I a man
Your bribes can work on? ha?
Lilad. [*Aside to* Creditors,] Friends, you mistake
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,
But I, as one in favour, in his sight
May hearken to you for my profit.—Sir!
I pray hear them.
Nov. sen. 'Tis well.
Lilad. Observe him now.
Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.
2*nd Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged unto us three
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death,
We are defeated of: for which great loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh;
Nor is that cruelty.
1*st Cred.* I have a son
That talks of nothing but of guns and armours,
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour

I would divert him from; and I am told
That if I minister to him, in his drink,
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.

Nov. sen. You show in it
A father's care. I have a son myself,
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;
And, but I am assured he's not so given,
He should take of it too.—Sir, what are you?

Charal. A gentleman.

Nov. sen. So are many that rake dunghills.
If you have any suit, move it in court:
I take no papers in corners. [*Exit.*

Rom. Yes,
As the matter may be carried—and hereby
To manage the conveyance——Follow him.

Lilad. You are rude: I say he shall not pass.

[*Exeunt* CHARALOIS *and* Advocates.

Rom. You say so!
On what assurance?
For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,
Picking his toes, or any office else
Nearer to baseness!

Lilad. Look upon me better;
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?
Be well advised.

Rom. Out, rogue! do not I know
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dunghill
Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,
I would do more than this,—[*Kicks him.*]—more, you court-spider!

Lilad. But that this man is lawless, he should find
That I am valiant.

1st Cred. If your ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.

2nd Cred. These chastisements as useful are as frequent
To such as would grow rich.
Rom. Are they so, rascals?
I will befriend you, then. [*Kicks them.*
1st Cred. Bear witness, sirs!
Lilad. Truth, I have borne my part already, friends:
In the court you shall have more. [*Exit.*
Rom. I know you for
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er prayed,
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils,
And then the devil your father's called upon,
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room
Upon your forehead for your horns to sprout on—
Without a murmur, or I will undo you;
For I will beat you honest.
1st Cred. Thrift forbid!
We will bear this, rather than hazard that.
[*Exeunt* Creditors.

Re-enter CHARALOIS.

Rom. I am somewhat eased in this yet.
Charal. Only friend,
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride, from my humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determined
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the glory they expect
From my submiss[1] entreaties.
Rom. Think not so, sir:

[1] Submissive. Nares quotes Du Bartas—"submiss voice," &c.

The difficulties that you encounter with
Will crown the undertaking—Heaven! you weep;
And I could do so too, but that I know
There's more expected from the son and friend
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,
Or cunning strumpet when her knave is hanged,
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,
Let us not do like women. To the court,
And there speak like your birth: wake sleeping justice,
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
That sudden fire of anger shows in you!
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf[1]
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROCHFORT, NOVALL, senior, Presidents, CHARMI, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, Advocates, *three* Creditors, *and* Officers.

Du Croy. Your lordships seated, may this meeting
Prosperous to us, and to the general good [prove
Of Burgundy!

Nov. sen. Speak to the point.

Du Croy. Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,
Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,
In which he hath with such integrity

[1] Sandbank.

Performed the first and best parts of a judge
That, as his life transcends all fair examples
Of such as were before him in Dijon,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.
Roch. I may not sit to hear this.
Du Croy. Let the love
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
In this o'ercome your modesty.
Roch. My thanks
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.
The honourable trust that was imposed
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of
The little strength I had to govern well
The province that I undertook, forsake it.
Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our years!
Du Croy. Or strength!
Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!
Roch. That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness,
Since your employments have conferred upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:
And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,
Feeds no affection in them but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches,
In me it is not so. I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess:
And, that I may have liberty to use
What Heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so.

Enter ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS.

Rom. See, sir, our advocate.
Du Croy. The court entreats
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man
Which you would have your successor,[1] and, in me,
All promise to confirm it.
Roch. I embrace it
As an assurance of their favour to me,
And name my Lord Novall.
Du Croy. The court allows it.
Roch. But there are suitors wait here, and their causes
May be of more necessity to be heard;
I therefore wish that mine may be deferred,
And theirs have hearing.
Du Croy. [*To* Nov. sen.] If your lordship please
To take the place, we will proceed.
Charmi. The cause
We come to offer to your lordships' censure
Is in itself so noble that it needs not
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;
Since to the praise of your impartial justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemned men dare not scandal[2]),
It will erect a trophy of your mercy,
With, married to that justice——
Nov. sen. Speak to the cause.
Charmi. I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,
The father of this young lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service,
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits
By giving them the attributes they now merit,)

[1] Accented on the first syllable.
[2] Scandal, *v.a.* to slander, or defame.—Boyer, *Fr. Dict.*

And failing, by the fortune of the wars,
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,
Imprisoned at their suit; and not long after,
With loss of liberty, ended his life.
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on;
Denying him the decent rites of burial,
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,
That what their cruelty doth forbid your pity
May give allowance to.

Nov. sen. How long have you, sir,
Practised in court?

Charmi. Some twenty years, my lord.

Nov. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty days.

Charmi. I hope I have given no cause
In this, my lord——

Nov. sen. How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act, confirmed
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes:
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,
Over the place you plead at.

Charmi. I foresaw this.

Rom. Why, does your lordship think the moving of
A cause more honest than this court had ever
The honour to determine, can deserve
A check like this?

Nov. sen. Strange boldness!

Rom. 'Tis fit freedom:
Or do you conclude an advocate cannot hold
His credit with the judge, unless he study

His face more than the cause for which he pleads?
Charmi. Forbear.
Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power
To qualify the rigour of the laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditors,
Against the o'erthrown debtor?
Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?
Rom. Why, I'll tell you,
Thou purple-coloured man! I am one to whom
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sittting there,
A corrupt elder.
Charmi. Forbear.
Rom. The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and those eyes,
That meet no object so base as their master,
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better
Than, in thy prayers, thou e'er didst thy tongue.
Nov. sen. Shall such an insolence pass unpunished!
Charmi. Hear me.
Rom. Yet I, that, in my service done my country,
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,
Confess myself unworthy to be valued
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,
Make choice of any one; and that the meanest,
Performed against the subtle fox of France,
The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised,
Nov. sen. Away with him to prison.
Rom. If that curses,
Urged justly, and breathed forth so, ever fell
On those that did deserve them, let not mine

Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them;
And for denying of a little earth
To cover what remains of our great soldier,
May all your wives prove whores, your factors thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,
Which men and all the elements keep from thee!—
[*To* CHARALOIS.] I have begun well; imitate; exceed.

Roch. Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* ROMONT.

Du Croy. Remember what we are.

Charal. Thus low my duty
Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,
In the few words with which I am to trouble
Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me;
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,
And with a liberty beyond Romont;
But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end
Would seem to most rather a willingness
To quit the burthen of a hopeless life
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise
To your severity, and commend the justice
That will not, for the many services
That any man hath done the commonwealth,
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father
Writ man before he was so, and confirmed it,
By numbering that day no part of his life

In which he did not service to his country;
Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws
And ceremonious form in your decrees?
Or else, because he did as much as man,
In those three memorable overthrows
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,
The warlike Charalois,[1] (with whose misfortunes
I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life,
To be excused from payment of those sums
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
To serve his country forced him to take up?

Nov. sen. The precedent were ill.

Charal. And yet. my lord, this much,
I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,[2]
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace;
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison.

Du Croy. 'Twas his fault
To be so prodigal.

Nov. sen. He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.

Charal. Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,
Are thrifty in the charges of the war——
But your wills be obeyed. To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know,

[1] Charles, Duke of Burgundy.
[2] Defeat. In Coles' *Lat. Dict.* "defeat" and "defeature" a bracketed.

They're only good men[1] that pay what they owe.
2nd Cred. And so they are.
1st Cred. It is the city doctrine:
We stand bound to maintain it.
Charal. Be constant in it;
And since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or wish one good thought
In you, to mend their disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison;
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famished orphans, are the feasts that take you;
That to be in your danger,[2] with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—
Yet, rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument
In which our noble ancestors lie entombed,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life; in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be released.
1st Cred. What mean you, sir?
2nd Advo. Only your fee again: there's so much said
Already in this cause, and said so well,

[1] Compare *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3, 12—17:
"*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.
"*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
"*Shy.* Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient."

[2] *i.e.* In your power. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, 180. The expression is a term of feudal law.

That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should or not be heard, or laughed at for it.
1st Cred. 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave back,
Though he said nothing.
Roch. Be advised, young lord,
And well considerate; you throw away
Your liberty and joys of life together:
Your bounty is employed upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man
Never abused his goodness. The great virtnes
Of your dead father vindicate themselves
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
Though it contain his body.
Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them;
Provided these consent.
Charal. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,
And curses, for their barbarous cruelties.
3rd Cred. What think you of the offer?
2nd Cred. Very well.
1st Cred. Accept it by all means. Let's shut him up:
He is well shaped, and has a villainous tongue,
And, should he study that way of revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,
We have no wives, nor never shall get daughters,
That will hold out against him.
Du Croy. What's your answer?
2nd Cred. Speak you for all.
1st Cred. Why, let our executions,
That lie upon the father, be returned
Upon the son, and we release the body.
Nov. sen. The court must grant you that.
Charal. I thank your lordships.

They have in it confirmed on me such glory
As no time can take from me: I am ready,
Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

[*Exeunt* CHARALOIS, CHARMI, Officers, *and* Creditors.

Nov. sen. Strange rashness!

Roch. A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no further.

Du Croy. There is nothing
The court can grant, but with assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.

Roch. You encourage
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't has been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon, that parted with it; and, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract[1] my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.

Du Croy. Speak it freely.

Roch. I then desire the liberty of Romont,
And that my Lord Novall, whose private wrong
Was equal to the injury that was done
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,
And now sign his enlargement.

Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The moiety of my estate, or any thing
Within my power, but this.

Roch. Am I denied then
My first and last request?

[1] Slander.

Du Croy. It must not be.
2nd Pre. I have a voice to give in it.
3rd Pre. And I.
And if persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our power.
Nov. sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my consent: but would you had
Made trial of my love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—but it skills not;[1]
You have what you desire.
Roch. I thank your lordships.
Du Croy. The court is up. Make way.
[*Exeunt all but* ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.
Roch. I follow you.
Beaumont!
Beau. My lord.
Roch. You are a scholar, Beaumont;
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appeared
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois, to you?
Beau. It is my wonder,
Since I want language to express it fully:
And sure the colonel——
Roch. Fie! he was faulty.
What present money have I?
Beau. There's no want
Of any sum a private man has use for.
Roch. 'Tis well:
I am strangely taken with this Charalois.
Methinks, from his example the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness,
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Matters not.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Prison.*

Enter PONTALIER, MALOTIN, *and* BEAUMONT.



AL. 'Tis strange.

Beau. Methinks so.

Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic
In all humanity,[1] and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier; that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.

Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?

Beau. Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appeared his father's father,
And never less than 's son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,

[1] *i.e.* In the humanities, polite literature.

And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than he should
Rob him of sepulture; considering
These moneys borrowed bought the lenders peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?

Beau. True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads[1] with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free-will, as in his, to shun it.

Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:
For, in this partial avaricious age,
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago,
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days,
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.

Mal. This morning is the funeral?

Pont. Certainly,
And from this prison,—'twas the son's request
That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son entered a lively grave!

Beau. They come:—observe their order.

Solemn music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, *and* Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c., *and very good order.* ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS, *followed by the* Gaolers *and* Officers, *with* Creditors, *meet it.*

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly, with our windy sighs,

[1] Cuckolds.

Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks[1] filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe
[*To the* Bearers, *who set down the Coffin.*
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love.
[*To the* Soldiers.
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath,
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Sir.

Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine.
What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not. — Romont weeps!——
Ha! let me see!—my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves!
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanished,

[1] Mourning garb.

The golden calf, that was an idol decked
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, cerecloth, and perfume!
1st Cred. Sir.
Charal. What? away, for shame! you, profane rogues,
Must not be mingled with these holy relics;
This is a sacrifice: our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;
Your tears would spring but weeds.
1st Cred. Would they? Not so;
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.
Rom. No, keep them
For your own sins, you rogue, till you repent;
You'll die else, and be damned.
2nd Cred. Damned!—ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh ye?
3rd Cred. Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad
To please you either way.
1st Cred. You are ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a birth, ye rogues?
2nd Cred. Our wives, sir, taught us.
Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust[1] these floods, and not his father's death.
1st Cred. 'Slid, sir! what would ye? ye're so choleric.
2nd Cred. Most soldiers are so, i'faith?—let him alone.
They have little else to live on. We've not had
A penny of him, have we?
3rd Cred. 'Slight! would you have our hearts?
1st Cred. We have nothing but his body here in durance,
For all our money.

[1] Draw out. A word not used, I believe, by Massinger. It is given in Coles' *Lat. Dict.*

Priest. On.

Charal. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together!
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew
Among the poor; 'tis all I have. Romont——
Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves:
Wounded and hacked ye were, but never felled.
For me, my portion provide in Heaven!——
My root is earthed, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scattered in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolished house.
This[1] would I wear as my inheritance——
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep, or redeem, me from all infamy.

A DIRGE (*to solemn music*).

Fie! cease to wonder,
Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute
Move trees and rocks,
Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;
Weak foolish singer, here is one
Would have transformed thyself to stone.

[1] His father's sword,—*Monck Mason.*

1st Cred. No farther; look to them at your own peril.

2nd Cred. No, as they please: their master's a good man [1]——

I would they were at the Bermudas!

Gaol. You must no further.

The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.

Rom. Out, you wolvish mongrels!
Whose brains should be knocked out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poison a whole town.

Charal. They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills perforce
Turn now to charity. They would not have us
Walk too far mourning; usurer's relief
Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* ROCHFORT'S *House.*

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do women marry?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with their husbands.

Bell. You are a fool. She lies, madam; women marry husbands, to lie with other men.

Flor. 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, madam, this wagtail [2] will spoil you, if you take delight in her licence.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, Florimel; and thou wilt make me too good for a young lady. What an electuary [3] found my father out for his daughter, when he compounded you

[1] See note *ante*, p. 105.
[2] Loose woman.
[3] A medicinal composition.

two my women! for thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting-gentlewoman——

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bell. Well, go thy ways, Goody Wisdom, whom nobody regards.[1] I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out,[2] you know——

Flor. Well said, whirligig.

Bell. You are deceived; I want a peg in the middle. —Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids[3] here, and mortify them with proverbs; go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a day, and, as I take it, you have performed your function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bell. Hark! the court's broke up. Go, help my old lord out of his caroch,[4] and scratch his head till dinner time.

Flor. Well. [*Exit.*

Bell. Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maidenhead, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why, there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause
That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

Bell. Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live,
One way or other you shall crown your will.
Would you have him your husband that you love,
And can it not be? he is your servant,[5] though,

[1] See *Proverbs* i. 24.

[2] A pip is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of "One-and-Thirty;" it was once a favourite diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's *Art of Coney-catching.—Gifford.*

[3] The chief of the ladies of honour.

[4] Coach. [5] Lover.

And may perform the office of a husband.

Beaumel. But there is honour, wench.

Bell. Such a disease
There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

Beaumel. Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

Bell. 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bell. Physic, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he please; the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet love and marriage both at once.

Bell. Why, then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemned: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you you would have further off, is he you love the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed than in your bed.

Beaumel. Humph!

Bell. Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

Enter NOVALL, junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER.

Nov. jun. Best day to Nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!——
See! Flora trimmed in her varieties.

Bell. O, divine lord!

Nov. jun. No autumn nor no age ever approach
This heavenly piece; which Nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair!

Lilad. Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls[1] of your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

Nov. jun. How! I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bell. Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed[2] that could deny thee anything.

Beaumel. Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but blow the fire,
That flames too much already.

[LILADAM *and* AYMER *trim* NOVALL, *while* BELLAPERT *dresses her lady.*

Aym. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest tailor of Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

Pont. This is a three-legged lord; there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry[3] of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music-house. The other is his dressing-block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galleyfoist, at noon in the Bullion,[4] in the evening in Querpo[5] and all night in——

[1] Edgings of lace.
[2] Garment.
[3] A mixture or jumble. Boyer (*Fr. Dict.*) has "Gallimawfrey *v.* Hotchpotch."
[4] Fashionably dressed.
[5] Without a cloak, *en déshabillé.*

Malot. A bawdyhouse.

Pont. If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they lie to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

Malot. Good sir, tell me one thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

Pont. Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

Nov. jun. Mistress, you hear the news? your father has resigned his presidentship to my lord my father.

Malot. And Lord Charalois
Undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir.
A braver hope of so assured a father
Did never comfort France.

Lilad. A good dumb mourner.

Aym. A silent black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,
To see his friends, and returned after Twelfth-tide.

Lilad. His colonel looks finely like a drover—

Nov. jun. That had a winter lain perdu in the rain.

Aym. What, he that wears a clout about his neck,
His cuffs in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my hand.

[NOVALL jun. *kisses her hand.*

How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; [*Kisses her.*] yet now your hand looks white,
Because your lips robbed it of such a right.
Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress.

Aym. [*Sings.*] [*Music.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN.[1]

Man. Set, Phœbus, set; a fairer sun doth rise
From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes
Than ever thou begatt'st: I dare not look;
Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,
The more I strive, the more still I am took.
Wom. Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend
To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend;
Come, strangle breath.
Man. What note so sweet as this,
That calls the spirits to a further bliss?
Wom. Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.
Man. Let's die; I languish, I consume.

Enter ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.

Beau. Romont will come, sir, straight.
Roch. 'Tis well.
Beaumel. My father!
Nov. jun. My honourable lord.
Roch. My Lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;
So early up and ready before noon,
That are the map[2] of dressing through all France!
Nov. jun. I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.
Roch. 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give me leave,—
I have some private conference with my daughter;
Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.
Lilal. We'll wait on you,
Nov. jun. Good morn unto your lordship!
Remember what you have vowed—[*Aside to* BEAUMELLE.
Beaumel. Perform I must.
[*Exeunt all but* ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMELLE.
Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle[3]? thou look'st not well.

[1] The quarto has "between Novall and Beaumelle."
[2] Compare *Richard II.* v. 1, 12: "Thou map of honour."
[3] Here, and generally, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have found
A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits:
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.
Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk; I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaumel. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,
Fate hath wronged love, and will destroy me too.
[*Aside and exit.*

Enter ROMONT *and* Gaoler.

Rom. Sent you for me, sir?

Roch. Yes.

Rom. Your lordship's pleasure?

Roch. Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,
Upon my word.—Sit down, good colonel. [*Exit* Gaoler.
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which so affectedly, Romont, you wear;
To pity, and to counsel you submit
With expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly.

Rom. Hum, hum—reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall,
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments and shame.
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!——
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,

Is high-fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,
And bears as rich caparisons. I know
This elephant carries on his back not only
Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,
And never stoops for't; with his strong-breathed trunk,
Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;
And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings
(For so they would be understood by a man)
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
Sweeten the eager [1] relish of the law,
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor,
In a just business? nay, does he not cross
Every deservèd soldier and scholar,
As if, when Nature made him, she had made
The general antipathy of all virtue?
How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Touching the general, the brave general dead!
I must weep when I think on't.

Roch. Sir.

Rom. My lord,
I am not stubborn; I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life:
For, though I be not learned, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file
To polish roughest customs; and, in you,
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep.
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary!

Roch. Oh! be temperate.
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:
Each man's opinion freely is his own

[1] Eager [in taste], *acer, acutus, acerbus, acidus.*—Coles' *Lat. Dict.*

Concerning any thing, or any body;
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Beau. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take
Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness.
Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid;
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plain.

Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends. [*Exeunt* ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois.
No man but has or must bury a father.

Charal. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,
Should die alike.

Roch. They do not.

Charal. In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,
And therein differ not:—but I have done.
I spied the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes. See,—foolish that I am,
To let it do so!

Roch. Sweet and gentle nature!

How silken is this well,[1] comparatively
To other men ! [*Aside.*] I have a suit to you, sir.
Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.
Roch. What ?
Charal. Nothing, my lord.
Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.
Charal. Faith, my lord,
That nothing granted is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.
Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant
You something, anything.
Charal. Nay, surely, I that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No man will grant me anything I sue for,
But begging nothing, every man will give it.
Roch. Sir !
The love I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you :—and tender here,
[*Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with money and jewels upon it.*
Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have ;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.—
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,
Or send your servants : nor, sir, shall you use,
In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.
Charal. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to mock !
Roch. Mock ! thunder strike me then !
Charal. You do amaze me :

[1] One may hope there is some corruption of the text here, for a silken well would be something quite new under the sun.

But you shall wonder too. I will not take
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have not means to pay? nay, am
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging,
Is Romont's liberty.

Re-enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT, *with* Creditors.

Roch. Here is your friend,
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you;
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
As free a man as he. Your father's debts
Are taken off.

Charal. How!

Rom. Sir, it is most true;
I am the witness.

1st Cred. Yes, faith, we are paid.

2nd Cred. Heaven bless his lordship! I did think him wiser.

3rd Cred. He a statesman! he an ass. Pay other men's debts!

1st Cred. That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more such
Would save the rest of pleaders.

Charal. Honoured Rochfort——
Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,
That offer thanks in words, for such great deeds.

Roch. Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you,
[*Exit* BEAUMONT.
Would you requite me.

Rom. With his life, assure you.

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your debtor, sir——

Re-enter BEAUMONT *with* BEAUMELLE.

This is my only child; what she appears,
Your lordship well may see: her education

Follows not[1] any; for her mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope
It will continue so. If now her birth
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her,
This virgin by the hand, and call her wife,
Endowed with all my fortunes. Bless me so;
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty name to yours,
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

Charal. Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!
Why, you precipitate[2] me more in debt,
That nothing but my life can ever pay.
This beauty being your daughter, in which "yours"
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless I
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,
That I may know I dreamed, and find this vanished.

Rom. Sure, I sleep not.

Roch. Your sentence—life or death.

Charal. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

Beaumel. Yes, my lord.

Enter NOVALL, junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER. *They all salute.*

Charal. You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.

Nov. jun. [*Aside.*] What's this change?

Roch. You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

Rom. What make
These dogs in doublets here?

Beau. A visitation, sir.

Charal. Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,

[1] *i.e.* Is not inferior to.

[2] I suppose Gifford is right in changing the "participate" of the original into "precipitate."

Thus seal it in the sight of Heaven and men!
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall loose.
And let these tears, an emblem of our loves,
Like crystal rivers individually
Flow into one another, make one source,
Which never man distinguish, less divide!
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future life shall be a wooing time,
And every day new as the bridal one.
O, sir! I groan under your courtesies,
More than my father's bones under his wrongs:
You, Curtius-like, have thrown into the gulf
Of this his country's foul ingratitude
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

Roch. No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten
This celebration.

Rom., Mal., Pont., Beau. All fair bliss upon it!

[*Exeunt* ROCHFORT, CHARALOIS, ROMONT, BEAUMONT, *and* MALOTIN.

Nov. jun. [*As* BEAUMELLE *is going out.*] Mistress!

Beaumel. O, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—
You will undo me, if you speak again. [*Exit.*

Lilad., Aym. Here will be sport for you! this works.

[*Exeunt.*

Nov. jun. Peace! peace!

Pont. One word, my Lord Novall.

Nov. jun. What, thou wouldst money?—there!

Pont. No, I will none; I'll not be bought a slave,
A pander, or a parasite, for all
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies: that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—

Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's,—
And such a man's, so good, so popular!—
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
The benefits you have done me are not lost,
Nor cast away, they are pursed here in my heart;
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way
Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?—
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit.*

Pont. No more but scorn!
Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will:
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

[*Hautboys. Here a passage, over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of* CHARALOIS *with* BEAUMELLE, *&c.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter NOVALL, junior, *and* BELLAPERT.



OV. *jun.* Fly not to these excuses; thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said
Ungrateful, all is spoken.

Bell. Good my lord,
But hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what purpose, trifler?
Can anything that thou canst say make void
The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream,
Which Charalois, O Venus! hath enjoyed?

Bell. I yet could say that you receive advantage
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me;
That you were never in the way, till now,
With safety to arrive at your desires;
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended
By danger or repentance.

Nov. jun. That I could
But apprehend one reason how this might be!
Hope would not then forsake me.

Bell. The enjoying
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.

Nov. jun. Give some relish
How this may appear possible.

Bell. I will,
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married,—I confess it;
That Charalois hath enjoyed her;—'tis most true:
That, with her, he's already master of
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.
But, that the first or last should be your hindrance,
I utterly deny; for, but observe me;
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,
What courtesy could she, with her honour, give,
Or you receive with safety?—take me with you[1]:
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at
The sport direct, where not alone the lover
Brings his artillery, but uses it;
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy
Do you expect, and sudden.
Nov. jun. But he tasted
The first sweets, Bellapert,
Bell. He wronged you shrewdly!
He toiled to climb up to the phœnix' nest,
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.
I do not know, you that are perfect critics
In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—
Nov. jun. But for her marriage!
Bell. 'Tis a fair protection
'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,
To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale;
This only—is not the contentment more
To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?
More I could say—but briefly, she dotes on you;

[1] Understand me.

If it prove otherwise, spare not; poison me,
With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. How's this, servant!
Courting my woman?
Bell. As an entrance to
The favour of the mistress. You are together;
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*
Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.
Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.
Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without,
And stay my counsel and direction for
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice lord will find
So fit employment for you! [*Exit.*
Beaumel. I shall grow angry.
Nov. jun. Not so; you have a jewel in her, madam.

Re-enter BELLAPERT.

Bell. I had forgot to tell your ladyship
The closet is private, and your couch there ready:
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,
But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit.*
Beaumel. You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soon; yet, if you please
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to his liking, you will grant
That, though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.
Nov. jun. With too much fervour
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,
To esteem that an injury to me,

Which was to you convenient:—that is past
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,
In recompense of all my duteous service,
(Provided that your will answer your power,)
Become my creditress.

Beaumel. I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit;
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My passions are much fitter to desire
Than to be sued to.

Enter ROMONT *and* FLORIMEL *behind.*

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive
Of this discovery; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.

Rom. So I conceive it.

Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence
Prevent the remedy:——Yonder they are;
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The office of a faithful and tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit.*

Rom. This is no vision: ha!

Nov. jun. With the next opportunity?

Beaumel. By this kiss,
And this, and this.

Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus!

Rom. [*Comes forward.*] If I seem rude, your pardon, lady;—yours
I do not ask: come; do not dare to show me
A face of anger, or the least dislike;
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,
I shall grow rough else.

Nov. jun. What have I done, sir,

To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?
Rom. Done, popinjay! why, dost thou think that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?
Beaumel. This is something more
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.
Nov. jun. Your presence and the place make him presume
Upon my patience.
Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man
Than can be hoped from thee: thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some testimony, under good men's hands,
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied; till which time, keep from me.—
The entertainment of your visitation
Has made what I intended one, a business.
Nov. jun. So! we shall meet.—Madam.
Rom. Use that leg again
And I'll cut off the other.
Nov. jun. Very good. [*Exit.*
Rom. What a perfume the muskcat leaves behind him!
Do you admit him for a property,
To save you charges, lady?
Beaumel. 'Tis not useless,
Now you are to succeed him.
Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to understand
Your nasty scoff than——
Beaumel. What, you will not beat me

If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant
Spares neither man nor woman!
Rom. My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such coloured stuff. In me, there now speaks to you
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness:—but then, lady,
You must endeavour not alone to be,
But to appear, worthy such love and service.
Beaumel. To what tends this?
Rom. Why, to this purpose, lady:
I do desire you should prove such a wife
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at
Not only innocent from crime, but free
From all taint and suspicion.
Beaumel. They are base
That judge me otherwise.
Rom. But yet be careful:
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people
Been learned to speak but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment; you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.

Beaumel. This pretty rag [1] about your neck shows well,
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam!
Beaumel. Yes:
And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,
Will outlast twenty scarfs.
Rom. What mean you, lady?
Beaumel. And then all else about you cap-à-pié,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shows such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer [2]
Grew mad with love of you.
Rom. Is my free counsel
Answered with this ridiculous scorn?
Beaumel. These objects
Stole very much of my attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,
Delivered gravely, but to little purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some curate
Had stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of Goodwife Honesty,
Had read an homily.
Rom. By this hand——
Beaumel. And sword;
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the camp, which affords only
The conversation of cast suburb whores,
To set down, to a lady of my rank,
Limits of entertainment?
Rom. Sure a legion
Has possessed this woman!
Beaumel. One stamp more would do well; yet I desir
not
You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.

[1] See *ante*, p. 118. [2] Camp. The quarto has "league."

You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen;
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;
Yet such as live upon my means shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:
You have something to inform him. [*Exit.*

Rom. And I will;
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, Heaven,
But, hearing, pardon me!—if these fruits grow
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,
And I will rather choose a spittle[1] sinner
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather than
Be fettered to the hellish slavery
Of such an impudence.

Enter BEAUMONT *with writings.*

Beau. Colonel, good fortune
To meet you thus! You look sad; but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy
Is my Lord Charalois in his fair bride!

Rom. A happy man, indeed!—pray you, in what?

Beau. I dare swear, you would think so good a lady
A dower sufficient.

Rom. No doubt. But on.

Beau. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,
All that is excellent!

1 Hospital, from which the word is contracted. Coles (*Lat. Dict.*) has "A spittle beggar, *valetudinarius è nosocomio.*"

Rom. [*Aside.*] Women have no cunning
To gull the world!
Beau. Yet, to all these, my lord,
Her father, gives the full addition of
All he does now possess in Burgundy:
These writings, to confirm it, are new sealed,
And I most fortunate to present him with them;
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me?
Rom. You'll find him breaking a young horse.
Beau. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Rom. I must do something worthy Charalois' friendship.
If she were well inclined, to keep her so
Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a woman
Spurred headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,
Is harder than to prop a falling tower
With a deceiving reed.

Enter ROCHFORT, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Roch. Some one seek for me
As soon as he returns.
Rom. Her father? ha!—
How if I break this to him? sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction; his wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.
It shall be so.—My lord!
Roch. Your friend, Romont.
Would you aught with me?
Rom. I stand so engaged
To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some imputation to myself,
All doubts that may concern you.
Roch. The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
Rom. Then, with your patience, lend me your attention:

For what I must deliver, whispered only,
You will with too much grief receive.

Re-enter BEAUMELLE *and* BELLAPERT, *behind.*

Beaumel. See, wench!
Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bell. Fear not me; pox on him!
A captain turn informer against kissing!
Would he were hanged up in his rusty armour!—
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion [1] on itself,
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,
With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us?
Roch. This is my daughter! do not wrong her.
Bell. Now
Begin: the game's afoot, and we in distance.
Beaumel. [*Comes forward.*] 'Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil,
I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
Already matched beyond my hopes? yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a suitor.
Bell. 'Tis the course
That our great ladies take.
Beaumel. A weak excuse! [2]
Those that are better seen in what concerns
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
You wait well! in your absence my lord's friend,
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont——
Rom. Must I be still her sport?
Beaumel. Reproved me for it;
And he has travelled to bring home a judgment

[1] Morion, helmet. They were sometimes of leather.
[2] The quarto gives these words, "A weak excuse!" to Romont. Gifford rightly, I think, assigned them to Beaumelle.

Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to years than he,
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,
And I must use them: true; but not to offend,
Or render me suspected.

Roch. Does your fine story
Begin from this?

Beaumel. I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such favours now; look, therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour
Shall call my fame in question.

Rom. Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?

Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a nature.

Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.

Roch. And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it!
I have that confidence in your goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a recluse in a cloister: go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry
Use all fit liberty.

Bell. Blessing on you!
If this new preacher with his sword and feather
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world. [*Exit.*

Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service; but, if not,

Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence
Will not be much lamented. [*Exit.*
Rom. If this be
The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton giglet[1] honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new change have you next?
Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, sir;
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will
Convert your heresy.
Rom. What heresy? speak.
Beaumel. Of keeping a lady that is marrièd,
From entertaining servants——

Enter NOVALL, junior, MALOTIN, LILADAM, AYMER, *and* PONTALIER.

——O, you are welcome!
Use any means to vex him,
And then with welcome follow me. [*Aside to them, and exit.*
Nov. jun. You are tired
With your grave exhortations, colonel!
Lilad. How is it? faith, your lordship may do well
To help him to some church preferment: 'tis
The fashion now for men of all conditions,
However they have lived, to end that way.
Aym. That face would do well in a surplice.
Rom. Rogues,
Be silent—or—
Pont. 'Sdeath! will you suffer this?
Rom. And you, the master-rogue, the coward rascal,
I shall be with you suddenly.
Nov. jun. Pontalier,
If I should strike him, I know I should kill him;

[1] Coles renders "giglet," *fœmina petulans*, which in turn he translates "abusive, saucy, malapert, bold and lustful."

And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing else.
Lilad. His back
Appears to me as it would tire a beadle;
And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise
A courtlike hand to touch it.
Aym. He looks like
A currier when his hides grow dear.
Pont. Take heed
He curry not some of you.
Nov. jun. Gods me! he's angry.
Rom. I break no jests; but I can break my sword
About your pates.

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Lilad. Here's more.
Aym. Come, let's begone:
We are beleaguered.
Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their troops.
Pont. Will you sit down[1]
With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.
Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are; and you would have us
Stay, and be more abused.
Nov. jun. My lord, I'm sorry
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.
[*Exeunt all but* CHARALOIS *and* ROMONT.
Charal. Prithee, Romont, what caused this uproar?
Rom. Nothing;
They laughed, and used their scurvy wits upon me.
Charal. Come, 'tis thy jealous[2] nature: but I wonder
That you, which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.

[1] *i.e.* Put up. [2] Suspicious.

Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. Well, sir.
Charal. Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it; not a brabbler,
A swearer——
Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf
I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.
Charal. In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demeaned himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They are fools that judge me by my outward seeming.
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep.
For God's sake, speak the cause.
Rom. Not for the world.
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physic; drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,
"Would I had perished in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeemed"—'twill wear you old
Before you have experience in that art

That causes your affliction.
Charal. Thou dost strike
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,
And shrink'st my liver like the calenture.[1]
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like
A man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such effect in me
As thou denouncest: with a soldier's arm,
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.
Speak, though it make me monstrous.
Rom. I'll die first.
Farewell; continue merry, and high Heaven
Keep your wife chaste!
Charal. Hum! Stay, and take this wolf
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or
For ever lose me.
Rom. Lose not, sir, yourself,
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast. [*Locks the door.*
Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength
That can belong to man; sift passion
From every vein, and, whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know
This secret that I burn with?
Charal. Devil on't,
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish
My wife's continuance of chastity.
Rom. There was no hurt in that.
Charal. Why, do you know
A likelihood, or possibility,
Unto the contrary?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the grounds:

[1] A burning fever.

The servant of your wife now, young Novall,
The son unto your father's enemy,
(Which aggravates presumption the more,)
I have been warned of, touching her:—nay, seen them
Tie heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms
Glued, as if love had locked them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phœnix, methought, burned,
But left the world nor ashes nor an heir.—
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm,
As if you had no drop of choler mixed
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?

Charal. You did not see him[1] on my couch within,
Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?

Rom. No.

Charal. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you! even so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.

Charal. They were wise:
Wouldst have me be a fool?

Rom. No, but a man.

Charal. There is no dram of manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy circumstance as this;
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale
The hideous monster which you so concealed?
Away, thou curious impertinent,[2]
And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!
Go, thou seditious sower of debate,
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts
He holds not worth enough to countervail

[1] The quarto has "'em."

[2] See *Don Quixote*, book vi. Pissension,

The virtue and the beauty of his wife!
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable
To put Novall in balance against me;
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man!
Sweet-tempered lord, adieu! What apoplexy
Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward?
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,
With what a healthful hope I did administer
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers[1] point
At Charalois, as a lamented story!
An emperor put away his wife for touching
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,
And keep her, I think—Puff! I am a fire,
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
Bleed[2]—what a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a cuckold? here, I show
A sword's point to thee; this side you may shun,
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.

Charal. Didst thou never see me

[1] Alluding to the ancient custom of placing an index (☞) in the margin of books to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages.—*Gifford.*

[2] This is perhaps a misprint for "'sblood!" but it may, as Gifford supposes, be the interrupted commencement of a new sentence.

Angry, Romont?
Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightning.
Charal. Prithee, see me so no more:
I can be so again. Put up thy sword,
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.
Rom. Come, fright your foes with this, sir! I'm your friend,
And dare stand by you thus.
Charal. Thou art not my friend,
Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil[1] man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That opened mine to me? yes! if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [*Exit.*
Rom. A dull Dutch rather. Fall and cool, my blood!
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!
Now wealth I see change manners and the man.
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,
And note my friendship to an after-age. [*Exit.*

[1] Unmannerly.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* NOVALL'S *House.*

NOVALL, junior, *discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a* Barber *and* Perfumer *dressing his hair, while a* Tailor *adjusts a new suit which he wears.* LILADAM, AYMER, *and a* Page *attending.*

NOV. *jun.* Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O Lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber. Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tail. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his tailor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow[1] you the model of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants; here I hear nothing all day but—"Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!"

Aym. I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an

[1] Approve.

expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

Page. That were a miracle.

Lilad. With a hair's-breadth error, there's a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille [1] *in puncto.*

Aym. You are right, monsieur; his vestaments [2] sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deep read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephemerides.

Tail. I am bound t'ye, gentlemen.

Page. You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none.

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite, punctual [3] queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my lord! as if anything your lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted [4] and incongruently accoutred? or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells

[1] Piccadilles; the several divisions or pieces fastened together about the brim of the collar of a doublet, &c.—Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.* The word is preserved in "Piccadilly."

[2] This variation on "vestment" is used by Browning in *Christmas Eve* as a rhyme for "testament."

[3] Precise.

[4] Dressed, or decked.

us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin)[1] all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding than rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

Aym. By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

Page. O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of a whole kingdom.

Nov. jun. Pox o' this glass! it flatters. I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;
They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

Aym. Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by,
Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, shouldst dote
Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world
Of Nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. Oh that I were the infanta queen of Europe!
Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

Nov. jun. I marry! were there a queen o' the world not I.
Wedlock! no; padlock, horselock:—I wear spurs
[*He capers*
To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbours' pastures, pick my choice
Of all their fair-maned mares; but, married once,

[1] See note, *ante*, p. 144.

A man is staked or pound,[1] and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

Enter PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Pont. I have waited, sir,
'hree hours to speak wi' ye, and not take it well
uch magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
ttendance.
Lilad. Magpies! what d'ye take me for?
Pont. A long thing with a most unpromising face.
Aym. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.
Malot. Do not, sir,
For he'll go near to tell you.
Pont. Art not thou
A barber-surgeon?
Barb. Yes, sirrah; why?
Pont. My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.
Lilad., Aym. Hum——
Pont. I prithee cure him of them.
Nov. jun. Pish! no more,
Thy gall sure's overflown; these are my council,
And we were now in serious discourse.
Pont. Of perfume and apparel! Can you rise,
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?
Nov. jun. Thou'ldst have me be a dog: up, stretch,
and shake,
And ready for all day.
Pont. Sir, would you be
More curious in preserving of your honour
Trim, 'twere more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid on you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.

[1] Impounded.

'Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorned and baffled
By every lacquey: season now your youth
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,
Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine;
I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it:
I tender you the service of my sword,
To bear your challenge; if you'll write, your fate
I'll make mine own; whate'er betide you, I,
That have lived by you, by your side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont?—
Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not:
Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant;
But valour shall not make me such an ass.
What use is there of valour now-a-days?
'Tis sure or to be killed or to be hanged.
Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade:
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont!
No; I'll not fight, under a lord.

Pont. Farewell, sir!
I pity you.
Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves,
For no companions fit but fools and knaves.
Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt* PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Enter ROMONT.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!

Aym. He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

Page. Colbrand,[1] d'ye call him? he'll make some of you
Smoke, I believe.

[1] Gifford is very much shocked at the pun evidently intended here upon "Colbrand," the Danish giant," and "cold-brand."

Rom. By your leave, sirs!

Aym. Are you a consort?[1]

Rom. Do you take me for
A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you.
[*Kicks them.*

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?

Aym. A rascal.

Lilad. A most uncivil groom.

Aym. Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! a pox o' your manners!

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kicked, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape. [*Going.*

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

Nov. jun. Hark you!

Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!

Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

[*Exeunt all but* NOVALL, junior, *and* ROMONT.

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!

Rom. Your boy's gone, [*Locks the door.*
And your door's locked; yet for no hurt to you, sir,
But privacy. Call up your blood again:——
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;
And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,[2]
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and by my hope of Heaven,

[1] A band of musicians. [2] Detail.

It never shall go further.

Nov. jun. Tell you! why, sir, are you my confessor?

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do not.

[*Draws a pocket dag.*[1]

Stir not, nor spend your voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir, with lead,
If you not satisfy me suddenly:
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to Heaven, and you,
She's yet untouched, more than her face and hands.
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing,[2] she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests.

Rom. But may I build
On this assurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your faith.

Rom. Write this, sir; nay, you must.

[*Draws inkhorn and paper.*

Nov. jun. Pox of this gun!

Rom. Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your oath
Under your hand—shake not—ne'er to frequent
This lady's company, nor ever send
Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This too much prone already, yielding lady.

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, sir.

Rom. Let me see this first is right: [*Reading.*
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Upon your body, and hell take your soul,
If ever more you see her, but by chance;
Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand.

[1] A pocket pistol.

[2] The quarto has "wrongs," which Monck Mason changed, with great probability, to "wooing." Possibly this should be in the plural.

Nov. jun. My hand to this!
Rom. Your heart else, I assure you.
Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.
Rom. So! keep this last article
Of your faith given, and, 'stead of threatenings, sir,
The service of my sword and life is yours.
But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,
Which but revealed, brings on the blabber's ruin.
Use your youth better, and this excellent form
Heaven hath bestowed upon you. So, good morrow
To your lordship! [*Exit.*
Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogueship! No man's safe——
I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,
Against such roaring rogues.

Enter BELLAPERT, *hastily.*

Bell. My lord, away!
The caroch[1] stays: now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.
Nov. jun. Hah!
Bell. Do you stand
Humming and hahing now? [*Exit.*
Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come.
Hence, fear!
I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove[2] himself laugh at it, so will I. [*Exit.*

[1] The quarto has "coach." The alteration was made by Gifford for the sake of the metre.
[2] The quarto has "love." The context shows the right reading, the passage being of course one of the innumerable references to Ovid's famous lines. See *Nero and other Plays*, p. 313.

SCENE II.—*An outer Room in* AYMER'S *House.*

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Beau. I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners
Not to inquire the cause, fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont.

Charal. I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far on what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty.
But speak of something else, this is a theme
I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of music, yoube stow
Such praises on?

Beau. He is a gentleman
(For so his quality[1] speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependence from the young Lord Novall.
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,
I may presume your lordship so will like him
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.

Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains that thought nothing musical
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and trumpets;
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord,
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:

[1] Profession.

I love it to the worth of't, and no further.——
But let us see this wonder.
Beau. He prevents[1]
My calling of him.

Enter AYMER, *speaking to one within.*

Aym. Let the coach be brought
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.——
My good Lord Charalois! I think my house
Much honoured in your presence.
Charal. To have means
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome
In making me a witness to your skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.
Aym. Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted
With your intent, my lord, you should have found me
Better provided: now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your acceptance.
Beau. You are modest.
Aym. [*To the* Musicians *within.*] Begin the last new
Charal. Shall we not see them? [air.
Aym. This little distance from the instruments
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.
Charal. I'll not contend.[2]
Aym. [*To the* Musicians.] You are tedious.
[*Aside.*] By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within and these gulls here. [*Music.*

CITIZENS' SONG OF THE COURTIER.

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this lesson learn to thrive:
If thou match a lady that
Passes thee in birth and state,

[1] Anticipates.
[2] The quarto has "consent." The emendation in the text is due to Coxeter.

Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree;
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honour.

Beaumel. [*Within.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Charal. [*Aside.*] How's this! it is my lady's laugh, most certain.
When I first pleased her, in this merry language
She gave me thanks.

Beau. How like you this?

Charal. 'Tis rare——
[*Aside.*] Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black list of those
I have declaimed against, and to Romont.

Aym. I would he were well off!——Perhaps your lordship
Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis called "The Happy Husband."

Charal. Pray sing it.

Aym. [*Sings.*]

COURTIER'S SONG OF THE CITIZENS.

Poor citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me
To set thy wife first in thy shop;
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man u
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare?
A woman still is current ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But, whilst thou art at t'other end,
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;
And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:

What though the gallants call thee mome![1]
Yet with thy lantern light her home;
Then look into the town, and tell
If no such tradesmen there do well.

Beaumel. [*Within.*] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

Charal. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [*Rushes into the house.*

Aym. Stay him—I am undone,
And they discovered.

Beau. What's the matter?

Aym. Ah!
That women, when they're well pleased, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

Re-enter CHARALOIS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* NOVALL, junior, BEAUMELLE, *and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! murder! murder!

Beaumel. Undone for ever!

Charal. Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little—do not hope to scape
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might
On all advantage take thy life, and justly,
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble purpose, shall not now
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!

Nov. jun. I dare not:
I have already done you too much wrong,
To fight in such a cause.

Charal. Why, darest thou neither
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave,
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself:

[1] A gull, a ninny, a mome, a sot.—*Florio.*

Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to themselves,[1]
Could never heat, are yet in the defence
Of their whores daring. Look on her again:
You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel, to
Venture your body.

Beau. No, he fears his clothes,
More than his flesh.

Charal. Keep from me! guard thy life,
Or, as thou hast livèd like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.

Nov. jun. Since there's no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!

[*They fight;* NOVALL *is slain.*

Charal. How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown! Lend me your hand:
Bear this to the caroch[2]—come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall!

[*Exeunt* BEAUMONT *and* BELLAPERT, *with the Body of* NOVALL; *followed by* BEAUMELLE.

I wrong you not,
You are but to keep him company you love.—

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

Beau. No, sir.

Charal. My griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMONT *and* PONTALIER.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, sir.

Rom. And, had you found me

[1] Unintelligible. [2] Coach.

In any place but in the street, I should
Have done,—not talked to you. Are you, the captain,
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen
Do, in the field, such service as then made you
Their envy that commanded, here, at home,
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pander?

Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to account for what
Is past already. I, by your example
Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good Lord Novall, by whom I live;
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offered,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy: you understand
The right I look for, and must have?

Rom. I do;
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a casket*, BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT.

Charal. Pray bear this to my father, at his leisure
He may peruse it: but with your best language
Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.

Beau. Nor will I—
But——

Charal. Doubt me not; by Heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me
[*Exit* BEAUMONT.
To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise:
[BEAUMELLE *kneels.*
I am not worth the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused it,
Were too much cruelty.

Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning.

Charal. Can you, Beaumelle,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope again
To get belief? No, no: if you look on me
With pity, or dare practise any means
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause
To all the world to think what I must do
Was called upon by you, use other ways:
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sin with impudence;
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,
You have done merely but what's warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,
Or want in me of merit; tell me how
Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty,

Weighed up my fortunes to what now they are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely; that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers[1] ever;—
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance,

Beaumel. O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!
While I was good, I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wandered
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.——
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget.

Charal. O Beaumelle,
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste: see, how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.

Beaumel. In this life
It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,

[1] Servants.

That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Charal. How pity steals upon me! should I hear her
[*Knocking within.*
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in.
[*Exit* BEAUMELLE.
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHFORT.

O, sir, most welcome!—Let me take your cloak,
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness:
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;
I will be for you presently. [*Exit.*

Roch. Angels guard me!
To what strange tragedy does this induction
Serve for a prologue?

Re-enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT, *with* Servants *bearing the body of* NOVALL, junior.

Charal. So, set it down before
The judgment-seat—[*Exeunt* Servants.]—and stand you
at the bar: [*To* BEAUMELLE.
For me, I am the accuser.

Roch. Novall slain!
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraigned!

Charal. O, are you touched!

I find that I must take another course.
Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes;
[*He binds his eyes.*
For Justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An object that may sway her equal doom
From what it should be aimed at.—Good my lord,
A day of hearing.
Roch. It is granted, speak—
You shall have justice.
Charal. I then here accuse,
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,
For whom I owed so much to you,—your daughter,
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the place of service
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,—
To be a false adulteress.
Roch. With whom?
Charal. With this Novall here dead.
Roch. Be well advised;
And ere you say adulteress again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.
Charal. I took them in the act:
I know no proof beyond it.
Roch. O my heart!
Charal. A judge should feel no passions.
Roch. Yet remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answer makes the prisoner?
Beaumel. I confess
The fact I am chargèd with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
Roch. Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,
[CHARALOIS *unbinds his eyes.*

And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.
Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were locked up,
Which thy foul[1] lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore——

Charal. Stay, just judge:—may not what's lost
By her one fault, (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many,) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?

Roch. Never, sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed,
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured,—to pardon such a sin,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

Charal. I may not then forgive her?

Roch. Nor she hope it.
Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,
But, ere it set, shall show her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid.
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble fervour,
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out
Of all the courts of mercy.

Charal. Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*
Better prepared, I am sure, I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father, as a judge
Partial against her.

Beaumel. I approve his sentence,

[1] A word is missing here in the quarto. I have inserted "foul," which is at least not inappropriate.

And kiss the executioner. My lust
Is now run from me in that blood in which
It was begot and nourished. [*Dies.*

Roch. Is she dead, then?

Charal. Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it not?
I think it be.

Roch. And you have killed her?

Charal. True,
And did it by your doom.

Roch. But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;
And, zealous in defence of your wronged honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red-dyed cruelty; but in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I looked on you as a wronged husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!

Charal. This is madness.

Roch. Keep from me!—Could not one good thought rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,
Flint-hearted Charalois!

Charal. Nature does prevail
Above your virtue.

Roch. No; it gives me eyes
To pierce the heart of your design against me:
I find it now, it was my state was aimed at.
A nobler match was sought for, and the hours
I lived grew tedious to you: my compassion

Towards you hath rendered me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself.
But there's a Heaven above, from whose just wreak[1]
No mists of policy can hide offenders.

Nov. sen. [*Within.*] Force ope the doors!

Enter NOVALL, senior, *with* Officers.

O monster! cannibal!
Lay hold on him. My son, my son!—O Rochfort,
'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf
To worry all our comforts:——but this is
No time to quarrel; now give your assistance
For the revenge——

Roch. Call it a fitter name,
Justice for innocent blood.

Charal. Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To show, in spite of malice and their laws,
His plea must speed that hath an honest cause.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Vengeance.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Tailor, *and two* Bailiffs *with* LILADAM.



ILAD. Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and untimely,
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before
He has worn them out: besides, you said you asked
My name in my lord's bond but for form only,
And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think
The taking measure of a customer
By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.

Tail. There I believe you.
But, sir, I must have present moneys, or
Assurance to secure me when I shall;
Or I will see to your coming forth.

Lilad. Plague on't!
You have provided for my entrance in;
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace
In the arrest, but more in giving cause
To all the street to think I cannot stand
Without these two supporters for my arms.
Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfaction,
I will not run away.

Tail. For theirs, you will not;

But for your own, you would. Look to him, fellows.

Lilad. Why, do you call them fellows? do not wrong
Your reputation so. As you are merely
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper,
For cloth of bodkin, and may, with one lark,
Eat up three manchets,[1] and no man observe you,
Or call your trade in question for't. But, when
You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence
With officers of the hanger, and leave swordmen,
The learned conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,
In the expression of a knave and thief,
To be synonyma.[2] Look, therefore, to it,
And let us part in peace; I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

Enter NOVALL, senior, *and* PONTALIER.

Tail. To let you go,
Were the next way. But see! here's your old lord;
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,
And you are free.

Lilad. 'Slid! I will put him to't.
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His lordship owing me three times your debt,
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the action entered:—
'Twould be a witty jest!

Tail. I must have earnest:
I cannot pay my debts so.

Pont. Can your lordship
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

Nov. sen. I know not
One reason why you should not do like others:

[1] Small loaves of fine bread.
[2] Synonima: a word having the same signification which another hath.—Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*

I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign
Of sorrow for him.

Pont. All his bounties yet
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis true,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;
And, though none soothed them less than I, (for now,
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,)
I yet could wish the justice that you seek for,
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.
It has robbed me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,
My forfeit life redeemed by him, though dead,
Shall do him service.

Nov. sen. As far as my grief
Will give me leave, I thank you.

Lilad. O my lord!
O my good lord! deliver me from these Furies.

Pont. Arrested! this is one of them, whose base
And abject flattery helped to dig his grave:
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.—
Go to the basket,[1] and repent.

Nov. sen. Away!
I only know thee now to hate thee deadly:
I will do nothing for thee.

Lilad. Nor you, captain?

Pont. No; to your trade again; put off this case;
It may be, the discovering what you were,
When your unfortunate master took you up,
May move compassion in your creditor.
Confess the truth.

[*Exeunt* NOVALL, senior, *and* PONTALIER.

[1] The sheriff's basket, in which broken meat was collected for the use of prisoners for debt.—*Gifford.*

Lilad. And now I think on't better,
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet brother;
I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions
Against my will have waked me. This rich sword,
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
These hangers,[1] from my vails[2] and fees in hell;[3]
And where as now this beaver sits, full often
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat,
Cross-legged, and yet ungartered, hath been seen:
Our breakfasts, famous for the buttered loaves,
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me, that, as I have been, will again
Be of the brotherhood.

1st Bail. I know him now;
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.

Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead,
Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,
Hath been received here for a complete monsieur:
Nor wonder at it; for but tithe our gallants,
Even those of the first rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,
The pantofle[4] or pressing-iron:[5]—but hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My suits again, there cannot be much loss;
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants,
I will work out.

[1] Straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle. See *Hamlet*, v. 11. [2] Perquisites.
[3] A tailor's hell was a place where he deposited his cabbage.—*Halliwell.*
[4] Slipper. [5] Used for smoothing linen.

Tail. Then here our quarrel ends:
The gallant is turned tailor, and all friends.

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Rom. You have them ready?
Beau. Yes, and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit
To have them called upon.
Rom. 'Tis well; and something
I can add to their evidence, to prove
This brave revenge, which they would have called murder,
A noble justice.
Beau. In this you express
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made up)
A faithful friend.
Rom. That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—but do you know
Who are to sit on him?
Beau. Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.
Rom. The advocate
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was checked for it by Novall?
Beau. The same.
Rom. How fortunes[1] that?
Beau. Why, sir, my Lord Novall,
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort but Lord Charalois,

[1] Coles (*Lat. Dict.*) renders "To fortune" by *evenio*, which he translates "to come to pass."

However he might wrong him by his power,
Should have an equal hearing.
Rom. By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.
Beau. Had you seen him,
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred; and then curse his daughter,
But with more frequent violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him:—but here comes the prisoner;

Enter Officers *with* CHARALOIS.

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service, keeps you company.
Rom. It is not doubted. [*Exit* BEAUMONT
Charal. Why, yet as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppressed, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them:
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbare
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer; they rather all put on,
As for great losses the old Romans used,
A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence:
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could

Discern a face made up with scorn against me.
Why should I, then, though, for unusual wrongs,
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over-partial
In my own cause?—Romont!
Rom. Best friend, well met!
By my heart's love to you, and join to that
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,[1]
I look upon you now with more true joy
Than when I saw you married.
Charal. You have reason
To give you warrant for't: my falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate which justly
I have deserved from you.
Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?
Charal. You are not.
I am conscious I have wronged you; and, allow me
Only a moral man,—to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any death the judges can pronounce
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.
Rom. Passion[2] transports you.
Charal. For what I have done
To my false lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent cause; but touching you,
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing
But, I am sorry for't; a poor satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my pardon signed
For all I stand accused of.
Rom. You much weaken

[1] *i.e.* The old marshal. [2] Emotion.

The strength of your good cause, should you think,
A man for doing well could entertain
A pardon, were it offered: you have given
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes,
To see and overtake impieties,
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received
Indulgence or protection.

Charal. Think you so?

Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood you challenged,
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword
Had been sheathed in a tiger or she-bear,
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.
To injure innocence is more than murder:
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever
Perform an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theatre of perfect men,
As he hath done in this. The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true victory! which, were great men
Ambitious to achieve, by your example
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families, and make lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first consent,
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.

Charal. You have confirmed me. Who would love a woman,
That might enjoy in such a man a friend!
You have made me know the justice of my cause,
And marked me out the way how to defend it.
Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour—here they come.
Charal. I am ready.

Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORT, NOVALL, senior, PONTALIER, *and* BEAUMONT.

Nov. sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Outface the court and justice!
Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath dyed him black, something good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiser man
Than I have been again to set him free,
And give him all he has.
Charmi. This is not well.
I would you had lived so, my lord, that I
Might rather have continued your poor servant,
Than sit here as your judge.
Du Croy. I am sorry for you.
Roch. In no act of my life I have deserved
This injury from the court, that any here,
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what
Is proper to me only.
Du Croy. What distaste[1]
Receives my lord?
Roch. You say you are sorry for him;
A grief in which I must not have a partner.
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised

[1] **Distaste,** *offensa* [affront].—Coles' *Lat. Dict.*

The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground that all the vices
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,
Virtue, that was my patroness, betrayed me;
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty
To grace whate'er he undertook that freely
I gave myself up, with my liberty,
To be at his disposing. Had his person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: but, when goodness
And piety itself in her best figure
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?

Beau. Good my lord!—

Nov. sen. You hinder our proceeding.

Charmi. And forget
The parts of an accuser.

Beau. Pray you, remember
To use the temper which to me you promised.

Roch. Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, th promise
Beyond the strength and patience of angels.
But I have done.—My good lord, pardon me,
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,
A miserable father; yet be careful
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Move you to any thing that may disbecome
The place on which you sit.

Charmi. Read the indictment.

Charal. It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,
Will be my own accuser, and confess

All they can charge me with, nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,
They seek to load me with; only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may not be denied it for myself,
When I shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compelled to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.

Roch. The motion's honest.

Charmi. And 'tis freely granted.

Charal. Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
To this man's charity, for my liberty;
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For, after my enlargement, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His only daughter, and his whole estate,—
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:
Could any one, feed by you, press this further?—
But yet consider, my most honoured lords,
If to receive a favour make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be called magnificence[1] in a prince,
To pour down riches with a liberal hand
Upon a poor man's wants, if they must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my head and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom
(When my captivity was honourable)
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious tongues?—
Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,

[1] *i.e.* Munificence, as elsewhere in Massinger.

Or, for some little blemish, I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dower, my forehead then
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude;
But if obsequious[1] usage, and fair warning
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,
Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing neck to undergo
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.[2]

Charmi. What proof have you she did play false, besides
Your oath?

Charal. Her own confession to her father:
I ask him for a witness.

Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.

Charal. And then to clear myself,
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold
Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose possession
Brought with it ruin to himself and army:
Here's one in court,-Beaumont, by whom I sent
All grants and writings back which made it mine,
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
As freely as, unasked, he gave it to me.

Beau. They are here to be seen.

Charmi. Open the casket.—
Peruse that deed of gift. [*To* DU CROY.

[1] Dutiful; so given in Boyer's *Fr. Dict.*
[2] Contented cuckold.

Rom. Half of the danger
Already is discharged; the other part
As bravely; and you are not only free,
But crowned with praise for ever!
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Charmi. Your state, my lord, again is yours.
Roch. Not mine;
I am not of the world. If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon
I ask; and, as you grant it me, may Heaven,
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So, farewell for ever!
[*Exit.*
Nov. sen. I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor example
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,
A son, grave judges; I require his blood
From his accursèd homicide.
Charmi. What reply you,
In your defence for this?
Charal. I but attended
Your lordships' pleasure.—For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs,
To witness this for truth. When I was married—
For there I must begin—the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warmed by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords: and though, on these presumptions,
Joined to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;

But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was mine; and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly licence, by my friend,
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,
As one uncourtly, and malicious to him.
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first pursuit,
Hotter than ever, and at length obtained it;
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say.

Nov. sen. If all may be believed
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords; in his impunity,
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

Charmi. You must find other proofs, to strength these
But mere presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.

Charal. All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,
That leave no signs of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest;
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

Rom. May it please the court, I may be heard?

Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? but do—you shall not find
Another Rochfort.

Rom. In Novall I cannot;
But I come furnishèd with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?[1]

Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my son's.

Rom. May it please your lordships, read it:
And you shall find there, with what vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he had got
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
How after, he abjured her company,
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—
Like a damned villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,
Produce his bawds and hers.

Enter Officers *with* AYMER, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT,

Charmi. Have they took their oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the rack,
Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;
What would you more? only this matron[2] made
A free discovery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.

Pont. [*Aside.*] I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,
And I shall do——

Charmi. 'Tis evident.

Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: here's no place
To curse him or my stars. [*Exit.*

Charmi. Lord Charalois,
The injuries you have sustained appear
So worthy of the mercy of the court
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*

[1] Writing. [2] I suppose Florimel.

Charal. I am slain.
Rom. Can I look on? O, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.
[*Stabs* PONTALIER.
Charmi. A guard! disarm him.
Rom. I yield up my sword
Unforced—O, Charalois!
Charal. For shame, Romont,
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived,
Still constant and unmoved: what's fallen upon me,
Is by Heaven's will, because I made myself
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant;
But He that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men—forgive me! [*Dies.*
Pont. I receive
The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,
Has made me worthy, worthy of. [*Dies.*
Charmi. We are taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and power
That, to that purpose, have authority.
For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state. For these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Be or set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*

THE GUARDIAN.

THE *GUARDIAN* was licensed October 31st, 1633, but was not printed till 1655, when it appeared in company with *The Bashful Lover* and *A Very Woman* in a volume in octavo, entitled *Three Newe Playes*. The title-page runs: "The Guardian, A Comical-History. As it hath been often acted at the Private-House in Black-Friars, by his late Majesties Servants, with great Applause. Written by Philip Massenger, Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1655." In the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert is the following memorandum in reference to the play: "*The Guardian*, a play of Mr. Massinger's, was performed at Court on Sunday, the 12th of January, 1633[-4], by the King's players, and well likte.'

Gifford traces the Iölante and Calipso story back to the *Heetopades*, "whence it was transferred to the fables of Pilpay; translated into Greek about the end of the eleventh century by Simeon Seth, a learned Orientalist; and thus found its way into Latin, and made a part of those quaint collections of ribald morality which in Massinger's time were in every one's hands." Boccaccio tells it in the *Decameron*, and Beaumont and Fletcher make some use of it in the plot of *Women Pleased*. Hole (*Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, 1797) believes that Massinger's plot is taken from *Eryci Puteani Comus, sive Phagesiposia Cimmeria, Somnium* (Louvain, 1611), which contains not only the Iölante story, but another story in which are found several of the names used in the play. As these two stories are the *only* narratives in Puteanus, it seems almost certain that Massinger must have gone to the book for his material.

The text of the original edition of *The Guardian* is remarkably correct, and it is followed by Gifford with more than usual accuracy.

PROLOGUE

After twice putting forth to sea, his fame
Shipwrecked in either, and his once-known name
In two years' silence buried, perhaps lost
In the general opinion ; at our cost
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
For good success in his uncertain trade)
Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
Forsaking the security of the shore,
Resolves to prove his fortune : what 'twill be,
Is not in him, or us, to prophesy ;
You only can assure us : yet he prayed
This little, in his absence, might be said,
Designing me his orator. He submits
To the grave censure of those abler wits
His weakness ; nor dares he profess that when
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them again.
(Strange self-love in a writer !)[1] He would know
His errors as you find them, and bestow
His future studies to reform from this,
What in another might be judged amiss.
And yet despair not, gentlemen ; though he fear
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear
Some things so writ as you may truly say
He hath not quite forgot to make a play,
As 'tis with malice rumoured : his intents
Are fair; and, though he want the compliments
Of wide-mouthed promisers, who still engage,
Before their works are brought upon the stage,
Their parasites to proclaim them, this last birth,
Delivered without noise, may yield such mirth,
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

[1] An allusion to Ben Jonson apparently.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, King of Naples.
DUKE MONTPENSIER, General of Milan.
SEVERINO, a banished Nobleman.
MONTECLARO, his Brother-in-law (supposed dead), disguised under the name of LAVAL.
DURAZZO, the Guardian.
CALDORO, his Nephew and Ward, in love with CALISTA.
ADORIO, a young Libertine.
CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, } Neapolitan Gentlemen.
CARIO, Cook to ADORIO.
CLAUDIO, a Confidential Servant to SEVERINO.
Captain.
Banditti.
Servants.
Singers, Countrymen.

IÖLANTE, Wife of SEVERINO.
CALISTA,[1] her Daughter, in love with ADORIO.
MIRTILLA, CALISTA's Maid.
CALIPSO, the Confidant of IÖLANTE.

SCENE—Partly at NAPLES, and partly in the adjacent country.

[1] Here, and throughout the old edition of the play, this name is spelt "Caliste."

THE GUARDIAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Naples. A Grove.*

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, *and two* Servants.

DUR. Tell me of his expenses! Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet?[1] he spends his own;
And you impertinent fools or knaves, (make choice
Of either title, which your signiorships please,)
To meddle in't.

Camil. Your age gives privilege
To this harsh language.

Dur. My age! do not use
That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An almanack in my bones to pre-declare
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel
In adoration, at the spring and fall,
Before my doctor, for a dose or two

[1] A Venetian coin; "some three or four gazets," says Ben Jonson (*Fox*, ii. 2), "some threepence in the whole."

Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
You are familiar with.

Camil. This is from the purpose.

Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,
And crack a blade or two for exercise,
Ride a barbed horse,[1] or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by your leave,
At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.

Lent. We are glad you bear
Your years so well.

Dur. My years! no more of years;
If you do, at your peril.

Camil. We desire not
To prove your valour.

Dur. 'Tis your safest course.

Camil. But, as friends to your fame and reputation,
Come to instruct you, your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.

Dur. Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me,
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have me
Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe him
In canvas or coarse cotton; while I fell
His woods, grant leases, which he must make good
When he comes to age, or be compelled to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know
No more than how to cipher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure
But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse

[1] A caparisoned war-horse.

With none but clowns and cobblers: as the Turk says.
Poverty, old age, and aches[1] of all seasons.
Light on such heathenish guardians!
Don. You do worse
To the ruin of his state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.
Dur. Riots! what riots?
He wears rich clothes. I do so; keeps horses, games and wenches;
'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?
Camil. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.
Dur. Out with it, man.
Camil. His rash endeavour, without your consent,
To match himself into a family
Not gracious with the times.
Dur. 'Tis still the better;
By this means he shall scape court visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress;[2] but does he mean to marry?
Camil. Yes, sir, to marry.
Dur. In a beardless chin
'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family! whose family?
Camil. Signor Severino's.
Dur. How! not he that killed
The brother of his wife, as it is rumoured,
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen
Captain of the banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?
Lent. The same, sir.

[1] Pronounced in two syllables.
[2] The progresses or visits of the sovereign and court to various parts of the kingdom.

Dur. This touches near: how is his love returned
By the saint he worships?
Don. She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.
Dur. Worse and worse.
Camil. You know him, young Adorio.
Dur. A brave gentleman!
What proof of this?
Lent. I dogged him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,
But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.
Camil. And would you stand concealed
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The matins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.[1]
Dur. I thank you:
This torrent must be stopped.
Don. They come.
Camil. Stand close. [*They stand aside.*

Enter ADORIO, CALISTA, MIRTILLA, *and* CALDORO *muffled.*

Calis. I know I wrong my modesty.
Ador. And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.
Calis. A hard sentence!
And, to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were deformed,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome——
Dur. I dare swear it.

[1] Occurrences.

Calis. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely,
You might, with some pretence of reason, slight
What you should sue for.

Dur. Were he not an eunuch,
He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.

Calis. Hear me, sir;
Though you continue, nay, increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare you further trouble.

Ador. I will tell you,
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.
Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you;[1]
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
In the whole fabric of your outward features,
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin
Possessed of all your mother could wish in you;
Your father Severino's dire disaster
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,
A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
The Italian princes might contend as rivals;
Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you,
(A noted libertine I profess myself,)
In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot
As you desire, affect you.

Calis. Make me know it,
I'll soon reform it.

Ador. Would you'd keep your word!

[1] Understand me.

Calis. Put me to the test.
Ador. I will. You are too honest,
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurbed liberty, and on my neck
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,
For one commodity, before I prove it?
Venus forbid on both sides! let crooked hams,
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrowed cheeks,
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,
And we'll meet merrily.
Calis. 'Tis strange such a man
Can use such language.
Ador. In my tongue my heart
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric;
A wife, mere rustic solecism: so good morrow!
[ADORIO *offers to go,* CALDORO *comes forward and stops him.*
Camil. How like you this?
Dur. A well-bred gentleman!
I am thinking now if ever in the dark,
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years
I was much of his religion.
Camil. Out upon you.
Don. The colt's tooth[1] still in your mouth!
Dur. What means this whispering?
Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you,
Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.
Cald. There are some natures

[1] Compare *Henry VIII.*, i. 3, 48: "Your colt's-tooth is not cast yet!" We now say "milk-teeth."

Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Received in corners; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,
How much I am your servant.

Ador. My designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much time.

Camil. Pray you now observe your nephew.

Dur. How he looks! like a school-boy that had played the truant,
And went to be breeched.

Cald. Madam!

Calis. A new affliction!
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.

Mirt. Hear him, madam;
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.

Dur. He has made the maid his,
And, as the master of "The Art of Love"[1]
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage
To the mistress' favour.

Cald. I come not to urge
My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weighed truly to your worth, above all value:
Much less to argue you of want of judgment
For following one that with winged feet flies from you,
While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,
In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with me,
Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,

[1] Ovid, *Ars Am.*, i. 356.

With atheistical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected
To virgin honour.

Dur. My nephew is an ass;
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the pur-
pose,
Of the delight to meet in the old dance,
Between a pair of sheets[1]—my grandam called it,
The Peopling of the World.

Calis. How, gentle sir!
To vindicate my honour! that is needless;
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
Can throw upon it.

Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, renders you
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused? I must confess
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tendered him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
The aids of vice.

Ador. You take that licence, sir,
Which yet I never granted.

Cald. I'll force more;
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do

[1] There was an old country-dance called "The Shaking of Sheets."

A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss. To thee I turn,
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown
Defensible, the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,
And on her fame, (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,
And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,
Consider how she sought thee, how this lady,
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashioned
In an inimitable mould, (which Nature broke,
The great work perfected,) to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines,[1] and, when commanded,
To be used as physic after drunken surfeits!
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horror showed like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it.

[*Strikes* ADORIO, *the rest rush forward;*[2] *they all draw.*

Calis. Murder!

Mirt. Help!

Dur. After a whining prologue, who would have looked for
Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear nothing:
Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir?
(And yet I love thee too, if you take the wench now,
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to it.

Ador. You think you have shown
A memorable masterpiece of valour
In doing this in public, and it may
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:
Wear it without my envy: but expect
For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict account. [*Exit.*

Dur. Hook on, follow him, harpies!

[1] Embraces. [2] The original edition has "make in."

You may feed upon this business for a month,
If you manage it handsomely.

[*Exeunt* CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

When two heirs quarrel,
The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference; some, I know,
Make a set living on't.[1] Nay, let him go,
Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy fortune
With moderation: for a flying foe,
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it![2]

Cald. You stand, madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended: I perceive
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness
To usurp their room: yet you may please to ascribe it
To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever; for suppose
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service.

Calis. Alas, you weep! and, in my just compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble
Should I not keep you company: you have sought
My favours nobly, and I am justly punished,
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,
For my ingratitude, it is no better,
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!

[1] See *Maid of Honour*, i. 1 (*Massinger*, vol. i. p. 306).
[2] Hit it exactly; as we still say, in the nick of time.

In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.
If it be possible, learn to forget,—
And yet that punishment is too light,—to hate
A thankless virgin: practise it; and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination, disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitched you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember. [*Exeunt* CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue.
Why, how now! thunderstruck?

Cald. I am not so happy:
Oh, that I were but master of myself!
You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do?

Cald. With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.

Dur. For a woman!
Better the kind were lost, and generation
Maintained a new way.

Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear
This profane language.

Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions. First, you must change
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here; I must have you
To my country villa; rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;

You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises[1], cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

Cald. You talk of nothing.

Dur. This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsman ready,
You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths,
That you will say the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony: from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamoured of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.

Cald. What's this to me?

Dur. It shall be,
And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again; no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't: if a hare, my greyhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a sparhawk
Flies from the fist; the crow, so near pursued,
Shall be compelled to seek protection under
Our horses' bellies; a hearn[2] put from her siege,[3]
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me manned,[4]
Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions

[1] A broth, the full recipe of which is given by Nares. As a "red cocke" ("dresse him and cut him in quarters, and bruise all the bones") is one of the principal ingredients, I suppose "cock-broth" must be something of the same kind.

[2] Heron. [3] A company of herons.

[4] *i.e.* "A pair (or a flight) of wild falcons tamed by me." Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1, 196:—

"Another way I have to man my haggard."

Cleaving the purer element, make in,
And by turns bind with her;[1] the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak a while defers her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.

Cald. This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.

Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle,[2] which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place[3] flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but, wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier;[4] then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.[5]

Cald. Yet all this
Is nothing to Calista.

Dur. Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there; for every night,
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers murmur,
Their leases are void, for that is a main point

[1] A term in falconry meaning to seize upon.
[2] The male of the goshawk. In Elizabethan English it is generally "tassel-gentle," as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2, 160.
[3] A technical term for the pitch attained by a falcon before swooping down on its prey.
[4] Cancelier is when a high-flown hawk, in her stooping, turneth two or three times upon the wing, to recover herself before she seizeth her prey.—*The Gentleman's Recreation* (*apud* Gifford).
[5] Prey.

In my indentures; and when we make our progress,
There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offered.

Cald. You make me smile.

Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses, knaves!
'Tis but six short hours' riding: yet ere night
Thou shalt be an altered man.

Cald. I wish I may, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPSO, *and* MIRTILLA.

Iöl. I had spies upon you, minion; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you:
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines! her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords!

Calis. 'Twas not in me
To help it, madam.

Iöl. No! how have I lived?
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censured.

Calip. Censured, madam!
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit
A competent judge on you?

Calis. Yet black detraction
Will find faults where they are not.

Calip. Her foul mouth
Is stopped, you being the object. Give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction;
And if my young lady and her woman hear

With reverence, they may be edified.
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer[1], nay, your creature,
Fed by your bounties; and, but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,
And with an emphasis, you are the lady
Admired and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women
That are or ever shall be. This is truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom gleaned
From your oraculous ladyship, to act
The part of a she-parasite.
Iöl. If you do,
I never shall acknowledge you.
Calis. [*Aside to* MIRTILLA.] Admirable!
This is no flattery!
Mirt. Do not interrupt her:
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us,
To feed on her own praises.
Iöl. I am not
So far in debt to age but, if I would
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,
I could be courted.
Calip. Rest secure of that.
All the braveries[2] of the city run mad for you,
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.
Iöl. I keep no mankind[3] servant in my house,
In fear my chastity may be suspected:
How is that voiced in Naples?
Calip. With loud applause,
I assure your honour.

[1] To observe (or mind) one's master.
[2] Beaux. Compare Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, i. 1: "He is one of the braveries, though he be none of the wits."
[3] Male.

Iöl. It confirms I can
Command my sensual appetites.
Calip. As vassals
To your more than masculine reason, that commands them:
Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,
Your clear soul standing sentinel.
Mirt. [*Aside.*] Well said, Echo!
Iöl. Yet I have tasted those delights which women
So greedily long for, know their titillations;
And when, with danger of his head, thy father
Comes to give comfort to my widowed sheets,
As soon as his desires are satisfied,
I can with ease forget them.
Calip. Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing
For a simple maid, that never had her hand
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;
But such as have licked there, and licked there often,
And felt the sweetness of't——
Mirt. [*Aside.*] How her mouth runs o'er
With rank imagination!
Calip. If such can,
As I urged before, the kickshaw being offered,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,
They may be sainted.
Iöl. I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension; look to it:
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.
Calip. Seek no other precedent:
In all the books of "Amadis de Gaul,"[1]
"The Palmerins," and that true Spanish story,

1 These romances of chivalry, it will be remembered, composed part of Don Quixote's library. *The Palmerins* means the two stories of that name, *Palmerin of England* and *Palmerin de Oliva*.

"The Mirror of Knighthood," which I have read often,
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel.

Iöl. Do not provoke me:
If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one, or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner;
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother's.—Come, Calipso.

Calip. Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt* IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Mirt. You shall fry first
For a rotten piece of dry touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco!
Note the injustice, madam: they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep a perpetual Lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
"Easy injunctions," with a mischief to you!
Suffer this and suffer all.

Calis. Not stir abroad!
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us!

Mirt. Insufferable.

Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive
An amorous letter!

Mirt. Not to be endured.

Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a window!

Mirt. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny,
To a lady of your blood.

Calis. She is my mother,
And how should I decline[1] it?

Mirt. Run away from't;
Take any course.

[1] Avoid.

Calis. But without means, Mirtilla,
How shall we live?
Mirt. What a question's that! as if
A buxom lady could want maintenance
In any place in the world where there are men,
Wine, meat, or money stirring.
Calis. Be you more modest,
Or seek some other mistress; rather than
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught
That may take from my honour, I'll endure
More than my mother can impose upon me.
Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing,
But without conversation of men,
A kind of nothing. I would not persuade you
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me
(And he, you know, is held a learnèd clerk)
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,
Wise children may avoid them. She may as well
Command when you are hungry, not to eat,
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,
Compared with the not seeing of a man,
As I persuade no further; but to you
There is no such necessity; you have means
To shun your mother's rigour.
Calis. Lawful means?
Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;
Make trial of Adorio.
Calis. And give up
My honour to his lust!
Mirt. There's no such thing
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;
That you desire not present marriage from him,
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,

In which the rape of Proserpine, in little,
Is to the life expressed: I'll be the messenger
With any hazard, and at my return,
Yield you a good account of't.

Calis. 'Tis a business
To be considered of.

Mirt. Consideration,
When the converse of your lover is in question,
Is of no moment: if she would allow you
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
A songster in the afternoon, a servant[1]
To air you in the evening; give you leave
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark
How the old actors decay, the young sprout up,
(A fitting observation,) you might bear it;
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
Abominable!

Calis. Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?

Mirt. Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Lover. Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, 106:
"Too low a mistress for so high a servant."

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Street near* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

IÖL. And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?

Calip. Gallant and active; their free breeding knows not
The Spanish and Italian preciseness
Practised among us; what we call immodest,
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight
Under a velvet ensign at fourteen.

Iöl. A petticoat, you mean?

Calip. You are in the right;
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,
They are not to be beaten off.

Iöl. You are merry, neighbour.

Calip. I fool to make you so: pray you observe them,
They are the forward'st monsieurs; born physicians
For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:
I owe my life to one of them. When I was
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,
And longed to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cured me in an instant; Venus be praised for't!

Enter ALPHONSO, MONTPENSIER, LAVAL, Captain, *and* Attendants.

Iöl. They come, leave prating.

Calip. I am dumb, an't like your honour.
Alph. We will not break the league confirmed between us
And your great master: the passage of his army
Through all our territories lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.
Mont. Royal Alphonso,
The king my master, your confederate,
Will pay the debt he owes in fact,[1] which I
Want words to express. I must remove to-night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character; in France
He was a precedent for arts and arms,
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples
Worthy the imitation. [*Introduces* LAVAL *to the King.*
Calip. Is he not, madam,
A monsieur in print![2] what a garb was there! O rare!
Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of them!
A main assurance that he is within
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.
Iöl. Peace, I have observed him
From head to foot.
Calip. Eye him again, all over.
Lav. It cannot, royal sir, but argue me
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achieved.

[1] *i.e.* In deed. [2] To do a thing in print (or neatly).

But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness,)
With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon
From your magnificence.[1] [*He delivers a petition.*

Calip. With what punctual[2] form
He does deliver it!

Iöl. I have eyes; no more.

Alph. For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse me,
I dare not pardon murder.

Lav. His fact,[3] sir,
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirmed,
By Monteclaro's rashness; who repining
That Severino, without his consent,
Had married Iölante, his sole sister,
(It being concealed almost for thirteen years,)
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challenged him, and, that declined, he gave him
A blow in public.

Mont. Not to be endured,
But by a slave.

Lav. This, great sir, justly weighed,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.

Iöl. I can hear no more.
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one,
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.

Calip. As your shadow.

[*Exeunt* IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO

Alph. We grant you these are glorious pretences,
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,

[1] Munificence. See note *ante*, p. 177.
[2] Precise, exact. [3] Deed.

Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder; every trifle falsely styled
An injury, and not to be determined
But by a bloody duel: though this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,
England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits than would have stood the shock
Of the Turk's army,) while Alphonso lives
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further
In this: in what else suiting you to ask
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:
However, welcome to our court. Lord general,
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
To your good fortune.

Mont. Your grace overwhelms me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter CALIPSO *and* IÖLANTE, *with a purse and a jewel.*

Calip. You are bound to favour him: mark you how he pleaded
For my lord's pardon.

Iöl. That's indeed a tie;
But I have a stronger on me.

Calip. Say you love
His person, be not ashamed of't; he's a man
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him.

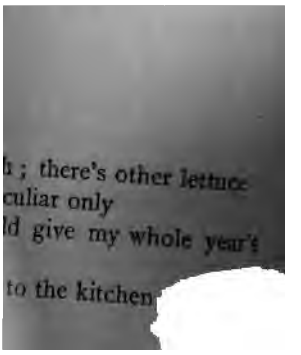
Iöl. Do not fan
A fire that burns already too hot in me;
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,
Never to be recovered.

Calip. What
For loving a ma
If, like Pasipha
Indeed 'twere n
A thousand tho
A seaman's wife
When her husb
blamed f
And many more
Though I forbea
But, as the case
A kind of no-hu
As free as a wid
If ladies should
At board and be
(The surest bond
Indeed it were:
Do lie alone so o
I am zealous in y
Iöl. I apprehen
As means to quen
Calip. Want m
dare not
Be so unthankful.
Iöl. Wilt thou
And, as an earnes
Receive this jewe
[*Aside.*] How de
Calip. I would
My breeding to r
Nay, say no mor
Is comprehended
He shall be yours
At your devotion.
My faculties this
Coy as Adonis, o

thing tells me here, I should repent
cess to Calista.

Enter CARIO, *hastily.*

Then you please,
move that scruple.
all think on't.
sir, are you ready?
do what? I am sure
dinner-time.
but I usher
pected dainty bit for breakfast,
cooked: 'tis not botargo,[1]
tatoes marrowed, cavear,
the pith of an English chine of beef,
delicate, oiled mushrooms,
ver-on[2] too; and if you show not
a strong one, I'll not say
favour it, without grace too,
stay a preface,) I am shamed,
provocatives will be jeered at.
in thy wits? what new-found rarity
ered?
matter, a
n count
nach.
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Ador. Leave your fooling, sirrah,
And bring in your dainty.
Car. 'Twill bring in itself,
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,
Behold! Now fall to boldly; my life on't,
It comes to be tasted.

Enter MIRTILLA, *with letter and jewel.*

Camil. Ha! Calista's woman?
Lent. A handsome one, by Venus.
Ador. Pray you forbear.
You are welcome, fair one.
Don. How that blush becomes her!
Ador. Aim your designs at me?
Mirt. I am trusted, sir,
With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.
Car. I told you so.
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.
Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend you.
Exeunt CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.
Car. Dispatch her first for your honour: the quickly doing——
You know what follows.
Ador. Will you please to retire? *Exit* CARIO.
Now, pretty one, your pleasure? you shall find me
Ready to serve you: if you——put me to
My oath, I'll take it on this book. *Offers to kiss her.*
Mirt. O sir,
The favour is too great and far above
My poor ambition. I must kiss your hand
In sign of humble thankfulness.
Ador. So modest!
Mirt. It will become a maid; as Spain has
blessings

For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;
But this will better speak her chaste desires
[*Delivers a letter*
Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
The paper blurred with tears fallen from her eyes,
While she endeavoured to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer.

Ador. O the powerful charms
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those
Which, dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
An opposite working; I already feel,
But reading them, their saving operations;
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires
Which have too long usurped and tyrannized
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.
Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of error that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding, is removed.
What sacrifice of thanks can I return
Her pious charity, that not alone
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
To which I long obsequiously have bowed;
But adds a matchless favour, to receive
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
In my protection.

Mirt. [*Aside.*] Transformed!—it is
A blessed metamorphosis, and works
I know not how on me.

Ador. My joys are boundless,

Curbed with no limits: for her sake, Mirtilla,
Instruct me how I presently may seal
To those strong bonds of loyal love and service
Which never shall be cancelled.

Mirt. She'll become
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
Her pure affection.

Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla!
With more than adoration I kneel to it.
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform
All her commands.

Mirt. [*Aside.*] I am lost on this assurance,
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,
As in an oracle: ah me!—She presents you
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic
(For so I think she called it), you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.

Ador. Heaven be pleased
To qualify this excess of happiness
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning lapidary hath here expressed
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.

Mirt. [*Aside.*] I despair then.

Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her.
And guard her from the fury of her mother,
And all that dare disturb her.

Mirt. You speak well;
And I believe you.

Ador. Would you aught else?
Mirt. I would
Carry some love-sign to her; and now I think on't
The kind salute you offered at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.
Ador. O, a kiss!
You must excuse me, I was then mine own,
Now wholly hers: the touch of other lips
I do abjure for ever: but there's gold
To bind thee still my advocate. [*Exit.*
Mirt. Not a kiss!
I was coy when it was offered, and now justly,
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and, from a servant,
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitched me,
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet
An embryon, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undermined. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Forest.*

Enter CLAUDIO *and* SEVERINO.

Claud. You are master of yourself; yet, if I may,
As a tried friend in my love and affection,
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts
Without offence, i' the way of counsel to you;
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose
For Naples, covered with a thin disguise,
Is full of danger.
Sev. Danger, Claudio!
'Tis here, and everywhere, our forced companion:

The rising and the setting sun beholds us
Environed with it; our whole life a journey
Ending in certain ruin.
Claud. Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced.
Sev. 'Tis so indeed
By wisest men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians; but when I consider
How different the progress of our actions
Is from religion, nay, morality,
I cannot find in reason, why we should
Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,
Would bring security unto ourselves,
And safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio! since by this fatal hand
The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro,
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed
After my flight, by the justice of the king,
My being hath been but a living death,
With a continued torture.
Claud. Yet in that
You do delude their bloody violence
That do pursue your life.
Sev. While I, by rapines,
Live terrible to others as myself.—
What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended dares not sleep:
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us

To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserved, and at
So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are marked to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty? in the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples.

Claud. May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
(As Fame proclaims her without parallel)
Can yield to ease your sorrows!

Sev. I much thank you;
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy
I have proved certainties, and from their want
Her excellencies take lustre.

Claud. Ere you go yet,
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds were not impertinent:
For though that with a look you can command them,
In your absence they'll be headstrong.

Sev. 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn.*]—they know my call.

Claud. And will,
As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter Banditti.

1st Ban. What's your will?

2nd Ban. Hail, sovereign of these woods!

3rd Ban. We lay our lives
At your highness' feet.

4th Ban. And will confess no king,
Nor laws but what come from your mouth; and those
We gladly will subscribe to.

Sev. Make this good,
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself;
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish: on your lives,
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.
Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory: besides,
Here are some newly initiated.
Sev. To these
Read you the articles; I must be gone:
Claudio, farewell! [*Exit.*
Claud. May your return be speedy!
1st Ban. Silence; out with your table-books.
2nd Ban. And observe.
Claud. [*Reads.*] "The cormorant that lives in expectation
Of a long wished-for dearth, and, smiling, grinds
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of;
Even theft to such is justice."
3rd Ban. He's in my tables.
Claud. [*Reads.*] "The grand encloser of the commons, for
His private profit or delight, with all
His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize."
4th Ban. And we will bring them in, although the devil
Stood roaring by, to guard them.
Claud. [*Reads.*] "If a usurer,
Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase,
Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage
From a prodigal, pass through our territories,
In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,
You may ease him of his burthen."
2nd Ban. Wholesome doctrine.

Claud. [*Reads.*] "Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests
With timber trees for shipping."
1st Ban. May we not
Have a touch at lawyers?
Claud. By no means; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets,
Not to be jested with.
3rd Ban. This is not so well.
Claud. [*Reads.*] "The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares
With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,
When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late and bed-time.'
These ransack at your pleasures."
3rd Ban. How shall we know them?
Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-coloured stockings,
And shining-shoes; if horsemen, by short boots,
And riding-furniture of several counties.
2nd Ban. Not one of the list escapes us.
Claud. [*Reads.*] "But for scholars,
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets,
Soldiers that have bled in their country's service,
The rent-racked farmer, needy market folks,
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport
The goods of other men, are privileged;
But, above all, let none presume to offer
Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,
Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy
Hangs for't, by martial law."
All. Long live Severino,
And perish all such cullions[1] as repine
At his new monarchy!
Claud. About your business,

[1] Base fellows; Ital. *coglioni.*

That he may find, at his return, good cause
To praise your care and discipline.
All. We'll not fail sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street in Naples.*

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Lav. Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employed to.
Calip. Not you the man! you are the man of men,
And such another, in my lady's eye,
Never to be discovered.
Lav. A mere stranger,
Newly arrived!
Calip. Still the more probable.
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them[1]. This is not an age
In which saints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *summum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Derived from several nations; and if men would
Be wise by their example——
Lav. As most are;
'Tis a coupling age!
Calip. Why, sir, do gallants travel—
Answer that question—but, at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan,
The English fair companion, that learns something

1 Alluding to the proverb, "Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies."

From every nation, and will fly at all;—
I say again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters?
Lav. Aptly urged.
Some make that their main end: but may I ask,
Without offence to your gravity, by what title
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?
Calip. If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up that a fever cannot thaw her;
No lioness by her breath.
Lav. Leave these impertinencies,
And come to the matter.
Calip. Would you'd be as forward
When you draw for the upshot![1] she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexioned, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,
A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is
Madonna Iölante.
Lav. Iölante!
I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,
The wonder of the age.
Calip. Pray you, not too much
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.
Lav. Come, you are a base creature;
And, covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.
Calip. A plot! very fine!
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;

[1] Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1, 138.

'Tis cunningly contrived: I plot to bring you
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!
A kiss then ravished from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot!
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common:
But I must not forget, to make the plot
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,
So furnished as might force the Persian's envy,
The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers,[1]
The embroidered quilt, the bed of gossamer
And damask roses; a mere powder plot
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,
To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils and settings off.

Lav. No more. Her breath
Would warm an eunuch.

Calip. I knew I should heat you.
Now he begins to glow!

Lav. I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have considered
Your motion,[2] matron.

Calip. My "plot," sir, "on your life,"
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well, sir;
I'll be bold to take my leave,

[1] Rubbing cloths.

[2] "Motion" seems to be now confined to parliamentary language; it was formerly in general use for a proposal.

Lav. I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion: I confess
My error; and, eyeing you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you;
I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase
Your good opinion. [*Gives her his purse.*

Calip. I am gently natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.

Lav. What's the hour?

Calip. Twelve.

Lav. I'll not miss a minute.

Calip. I shall find you
At your lodging?

Lav. Certainly; return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.

Calip. At twelve
I'll be your convoy.

Lav. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* Servant.

DUR. Walk the horses down the hill; I have a little
To speak in private. [*Exit* Servant.
Cald. Good sir, no more anger.
Dur. Love do you call it! madness, wilful madness;
And, since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad, katexokên[1] the madman.
Cald. Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests;
But I, that am embarked, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth:
To me it is unseasonable.
Dur. Pleasing viands
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well
As any boy of you all; and on good terms
Will venture as far i' the fire, so she be willing
To entertain me; but ere I would dote,
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever to enjoy her, I would forswear wine,

[1] Pre-eminently, which sounds as well in English as in Greek.

And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,[1]
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.[2]

Cald. You may,
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon,
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds
Already gangrened, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.

Dur. I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts![3]

Cald. You have put yourself already
To too much trouble, in bringing me thus far:
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave me
To my hard fortunes.

Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee! I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful; and, ere I see thee perish,
Dispensing with my dignity and candour,[4]
I will do something for thee, though it savour
Of the old squire of Troy.[5] As we ride, we will
Consult of the means: bear up.

Cald. I cannot sink,
Having your noble aids to buoy me up:
There was never such a guardian.

Dur. How is this?

[1] Hake fish, dried and salted.

[2] Camphor was supposed to be a strong anaphrodisiac. See Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, b. ii., ch. vii., sec. 5.

[3] Blunt-headed arrows ("gross-knobbed," according to Marston) used in killing birds.

[4] Used by Massinger, apparently, as synonymous with fair reputation; compare *Parliament of Love*, iv. 3, 21.

[5] Pandarus.

Stale compliments to me! when my work's done,
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter CALISTA *richly habited, and* MIRTILLA *in the gown which* CALISTA *first wore.*

Calis. How dost thou like my gown?
Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.
Calis. The dressings too are suitable?
Mirt. I must say so,
Or you might blame my want of care.
Calis. My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.
Mirt. I hope so.
Calis. How dully thou reply'st! thou dost not envy
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
That it brings to me?
Mirt. My endeavours that way
Can answer for me.
Calis. True; you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress;
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet expressed.
Mirt. The miseries
Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,
Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam,
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear
A little daunted with the heavy burthen
I am to undergo: when you are safe,
My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will
Gush in upon me; yet I would endure

Your mother's cruelty; but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.
Since we were children I have loved and served you;
I willingly learned to obey, as you
Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me;
And now to be divorced from all my comforts!—
Can this be borne with patience?

Calis. The necessity
Of my strange fate commands it; but I vow
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.

Mirt. Pity me, madam! a cold charity;
You must do more, and help me,

Calis. Ha! what said you!
I must! is this fit language for a servant?

Mirt. For one that would continue your poor servant
And cannot live that day in which she is
Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit
Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
Which you, this blessèd Hymeneal night,
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
And my lord too, in being yours? (already
As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead
You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you?
Shall another do those bridal offices,
Which time will not permit me to remember,[1]
And I pine here with envy? pardon me,—
I must and will be pardoned,—for my passions
Are in extremes; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights, but with becoming distance;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all!

Calis. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast raised.

[1] Bring to your remembrance.

Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolved.
Calis. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her,
I have made my slave my mistress; I must soothe her,
There's no evasion else.—Prithee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent; I am strangely taken
With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.
Mirt. When?
Calis. This very night;
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desired possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Conveyed unto us.
Mirt. Should you break!
Calis. I dare not.
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.
Mirt. Pray you forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.
Calis. I thank thee for't.
Mirt. You'll keep your word?
Calis. Still doubtful! [*Exit.*
Mirt. 'Twas this I aimed at, and leave the rest to fortune. [*Exit, following.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ADORIO'S *House.*

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, CARIO, *and* Servants.

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all
Provision along with you, and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,

And costliest hangings; and, if't be possible,
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.

Car. Trust me
For belly-timber: and for a song, I have
A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready in the deck:[1] it is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride,
Or bridegroom, in the kingdom.

Ador. But for the dance?

Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,
Which is, indeed, my drum,[2] make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which, you know, is
The grace of the country-hall.

Ador. About it, Cario,
And look you be careful.

Car. For mine own credit, sir.

[*Exeunt* CARIO *and* Servants.

Ador. Now, noble friends, confirm your loves, and think not
Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir: I will secure you,
And pay the breach of't.

Camil. Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.

Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum; this is all.

Don. A dangerous business!

[1] The term signified a pack of cards, and came to be applied to a heap or pile generally.

[2] Compare *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1, 22:

"When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on!"

Camil. I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,
Under a crown.
Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.
Camil. Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us.
Ador. You much engage me:[1]
But I forget myself.
Camil. Pray you, in what, sir?
Ador. Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer: the disgrace, in taking
A blow in public from Caldoro, branded
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher;
That's first to be considered.
Camil. If you dare
Trust my opinion, (yet I have had
Some practice and experience in duels,)
You are too tender that way: can you answer
The debt you owe your honour till you meet
Your enemy from whom you may exact it?
Hath he not left the city, and in fear
Concealed himself, for aught I can imagine?
What would you more?
Ador. I should do.
Camil. Never think on't,
Till fitter time and place invite you to it:
I have read Caranza,[2] and find not in his Grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour;

[1] *i.e.* I am much indebted to you.
[2] "O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book: as you have books for good manners," *As You Like It*, v. 4, 94. Caranza was the author of a popular treatise on duelling, often alluded to by the dramatists. From a passage quoted by Gifford from Jonson's *New Inn* it seems that he was by this time going out of favour.

But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it.

Ador. You'll subscribe
Your hand to this?

Camil. And justify't with my life;
Presume upon't.

Ador. On, then; you shall o'er-rule me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Iöl. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it hung up,
Over thy tomb, for a monument.

Calip. I am not prepared yet
To leave the world; there are many good pranks
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:
And I had rather, if your honour please,
Have the crowns in my purse.

Iöl. Take that.

Calis. Magnificent lady!
May you live long, and, every moon, love change,
That I may have fresh employment! You know what
Remains to be done?

Iöl. Yes, yes; I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.

Calip. And lock them up; such liquorish kitlings[1] are not
To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll help you
To set forth the banquet, and place the candied eringoes[2]
Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress you,

[1] Kittens.

[2] Compare *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5, 21—23: "Let the sky rain potatoes, ... hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation."

For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active:
A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl-embroidered pantofles[1] on your feet,
And then you are armed for service! nay, no trifling;
We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street before* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.
Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?
Serv. No, sir;
All's silent here.
Ador. Some cursèd business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And show where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DURAZZO *and* CALDORO.

Dur. What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy;
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow
In thy possession.
Cald. Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.

[1] Slippers.

Dur. Is not here fine fooling!
Cald. Thou great Queen of Love,
Or real or imagined, be propitious
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow
To erect a statue to thee, equal to
Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand
Left as the great example of his art;
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
For further honour!
Dur. End this waking dream,
And let's away.

Enter from the house CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

Calis. Mirtilla!
Cald. 'Tis her voice!
Calis. You heard the horses' footing?
Mirt. Certainly.
Calis. Speak low. My Lord Adorio!
Cald. I am dumb.
Dur. The darkness friend us too! Most honoured madam,
Adorio, your servant.
Calis. As you are so,
I do command your silence till we are
Further removed; and let this kiss assure you
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)
I am wholly yours.
Dur. Forward, you micher![1]
Mirt. Madam,
Think on Mirtilla! [*Goes into the house.*
Dur. I'll not now inquire
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune
Favouring us beyond our hopes; yet, now I think on't
I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Truant; still used by schoolboys. Compare 1 *Henry IV.*, 4, 450.

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amaze me: she's not altered
In her late resolution?
Iöl. [*Within.*] Get you to bed,
And stir not on your life, till I command you.
Ador. Her mother's voice! listen.
Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Re-enter MIRTILLA *hastily.*

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour?
Ador. To these arms,
Your castle of defence, impregnable,
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,
His constancy firm as the poles of Heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;
And I'll defer the music of your voice
Till we are in a place of safety.
Mirt. [*Aside.*] O blest error! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEVERINO.

Sev. 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain death,
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown
A stranger in this city, and no wonder,
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul—
I hear some footing, ha!

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Calip. That is the house,
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready

To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought you
on,
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit*
Sev. It makes this way.
Lav. I am much troubled, and know not what to think
Of this design.
Sev. It still comes on.
Lav. The watch!
I am betrayed.
Sev. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me; there's no retiring.
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear
As if I walked the round.[1]—Stand!
Lav. I am lost.
Sev. The word?
Lav. Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to it.
Sev. Do you think I stand here
For a page or a porter?
Lav. Good sir, grow not so high:[2]
I can justify my being abroad: I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you,
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;
For if you do assault me, though not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,
And raise the streets.
Sev. Before my captain, ha!
And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted!
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.
Lav. Will you do your duty?

[1] *i.e.* As if I were one of the watch.
[2] Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 15, 43: "Let me rail high."

Sev. I must close with him:—
Truth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language,
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good night!
Lav. The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damned bawd!—Fare you well, sir.
[*Exit.*
Sev. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage,
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me
To her desired embraces, which must be,
My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

IÖLANTE *is heard speaking behind a curtain.*

Iöl. I am full of perplexed thoughts. Imperious blood,
Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding
Stowed under hatches,) like a desperate pilot,
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself,
Are justly punished: I that did deny
My daughter's youth allowed and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She sucked in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorched and burnt up with libidinous fire,

That must consume my fame; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

Enter SEVERINO *before the curtain.*

Sev. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banished mate; alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain, and discovers* IÖLANTE *seated, with a rich banquet and tapers set forth.*]—Iölante!

Iöl. Ha!
Good angels guard me!

Sev. What do I behold!
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I
May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together!

Iöl. [*Aside.*] Guilt and horror
Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,
The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted,
Can show no seeming colour of excuse,
To plead in my defence.

Sev. Is this her mourning?
O killing object! The imprisoned vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me;
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropped;—yet, in my fall,
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poniard.*

Iöl. [*Kneeling.*] Good sir, hold:
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution;
And will, too late, repent it.

Sev. Thy defence!

To move it, adds (could it receive addition)
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already
Infected every vein, and spreads itself
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrowed from hell,
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore!
Then send thee to him. Speak.

Iöl. Your Gorgon looks
Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
My silenced tongue.

Sev. O Fate, that the disease
Were general in women, what a calm
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Iöl. Be appeased, sir,
Until I have delivered reasons for
This solemn preparation.

Sev. On, I hear thee.

Iöl. With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you,
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,
You married me.

Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge
From this?

Iöl. That day, since your proscription, sir,
In the remembrance of it annually,
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
I have with pomp observed.

Sev. Alone!

Iöl. The thoughts
Of my felicity then, my misery now,
Were the invited guests; imagination
Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a partner in it.

Sev. Rare! this real banquet

To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off
These flagons to my health, or the idol Thought[1],
Like Baal, devour these delicates? the room
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,
Which Messalina would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter? where
The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murdered,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour,
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso,
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in
The close[2] adulterer. [*Lays hands on her.*

Iöl. What will you do?

Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not
So near to reconcilement. Ha! this scarf,
The intended favour to your stallion, now
Is useful: do not strive;—[*He binds her.*]—thus bound expect
All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and, if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald hither, glut thyself with him;
I will cry aim![3] and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-strings!
[*Exit with the tape*

[1] Gifford, followed by succeeding editors, reads "*idle* thought" instead of "*idol*." Perhaps it was a mere blunder of his printer; in any case, there can be no question that the reading of the first edition is correct. "Baal," in the next line, has no sense whatever with the other reading.

[2] Secret.

[3] An expression borrowed from archery, meaning to encourage the archers by crying "aim," when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers.—*Schmidt.* Compare *King John*, ii. 1, 196:

"It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tunèd repetitions,"

Iöl. Most miserable woman! and yet, sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incensed husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment as if
I had in fact offended.
Calip. [*Within.*] Bore my eyes out,
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter CALIPSO.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will she play
At blindman's buff?—Madam!
Iöl. Upon thy life,
Speak in a lower key.
Calip. The mystery
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?
Iöl. Here, fast bound.
Calip. By whom?
Iöl. I'll whisper that into thine ear,
And then farewell for ever.——
Calip. How! my lord?
I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?
Iöl. What shall we do?
Calip. Betray him;
I'll instantly raise the watch.
Iöl. And so make me
For ever infamous.
Calip. The gentleman,
The rarest gentleman is at the door;
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must perish,
'Twill show a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.

I have on the sudden in my head a strange whimsie;
But I will first unbind you. [*Frees* IÖLANTE.
Iöl. Now what follows?
Calip. I will supply your place, and bound: [IÖLANTE *binds* CALIPSO.] give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you; I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick: if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolved to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman.
His courage may cool.
Iöl. I'll speak with him, but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me! [*Exit.*
Calip. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should kill me?
I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she-Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Re-enter SEVERINO *with a knife in his hand, throwing open the doors violently.*

Sev. It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me; there is something tells me
I am too slow-paced in my wreak,[1] and trifle
In my revenge. All hushed! no sigh nor groan,
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,

[1] Vengeance.

And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together; do not play with
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet. [*Strikes at her with the knife.*

Calip. Oh!

Sev. Thus stab these arms
That have stretched out themselves to grasp a stranger.

Calip. Oh!

Sev. This is but an induction; I will draw
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis music to me. [*Exit.*

Calip. He is gone.
A "kiss," and "love-tricks!" he hath villainous teeth,
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I had one:
My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear;
Cursèd desire of gold, how art thou punished!

Re-enter IÖLANTE.

Iöl. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed
As by her contrary, how base and deformed
Loose appetite is; as in a few short minutes
This stranger hath, and feelingly, delivered.
Oh! that I could recall my bad intentions,
And be as I was yesterday untainted
In my desires, as I am still in fact,
I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted

Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,
So strong the guards and sure defences are
Of armèd innocence; but I will endure
The penance of my sin, the only means
Is left to purge it. The day breaks.—Calipso!

Calip. Here, madam, here.

Iöl. Hath my lord visited thee?

Calip. Hell take such visits! these stabbed arms, and loss
Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish
What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered,
Had I not supplied your place.

Iöl. I truly grieve for't;
Did not my husband speak to thee?

Calip. Yes, I heard him,
And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief!
But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan boy,[1]
With silence I endured it; he could not get
One syllable from me.

Iöl. Something may be fashioned
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden.
[*Unbinds her.*
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me sure,
And leave me to my fortune.

Calip. Pray you consider
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for you,[2]
Though washed with mire and chamber-lye, I had
Examples to excuse me; but my nose,
My nose, dear lady!

Iöl. Get off, I'll send to thee. [*Exit* CALIPSO.
If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
Suffer whatever follows.

[1] The old edition reads "fox." There can be no doubt of the correctness of the emendation first introduced by Monck Mason.

[2] In allusion to the practice of carting loose women.

Re-enter SEVERINO *with the knife and taper.*

Sev. I have searched
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discerned, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.
Iöl. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he,
And within hearing;[1] Heaven forgive this feigning,
I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter!
Sev. I begin
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered,)
Would plead in her excuse.
Iöl. [*Aloud.*] You blessèd guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless[2] sufferings!
Sev. At her devotions:
Affliction makes her repent.
Iöl. Look down
Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fastened, firm; (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended;) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyred face and wounded arms

[1] The original reads: "And *I am* within hearing," which is neither metre nor sense. "I am" was omitted by Gifford.
[2] Unequalled.

To their late strength and beauty.
Sev. Does she hope
To be cured by miracle?
Iöl. This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted.
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means, have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever
Canonized for't!
Sev. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me:
If I have no belief in their assurance,
I must turn sceptic. Ha! this is the hand,
And this the fatal instrument: these drops
Of blood, that gushed forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more
Than wonder or amazement; I profess
I am astonished.
Iöl. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,
Proceed; these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.
Sev. [*Aside.*] I would not be fooled
With easiness of belief, and faintly give
Credit to this strange wonder; 'tis now thought on;
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.
How can I expiate my sin? or hope, [*Unties h*
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despaired-of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor;
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence
Than I can fancy: wilt thou have revenge?
My heart lies open to thee.

Iol. This is needless
To me, who, in the duty of a wife,
Know I must suffer.
Sev. Thou art made up of goodness,
And from my confidence that I am alone
The object of thy pleasures, until death
Divorce us, we will know no separation.
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels
And choicest ornaments packed up, thou shalt
Along with me, and as a queen be honoured
By such as style me sovereign. Already
My banishment is repealed, thou being present;
The Neapolitan court a place of exile
When thou art absent: my stay here is mortal,
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;
Come, dearest Iolante, with this breath
All jealousy is blown away. [*Embraces her.*
Iol. Be constant. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

A noise within; then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* Servant, *with* CALISTA *in their arms.*



Dur. Hell take the stumbling jade!
Cald. Heaven help the lady!
Serv. The horse hath broke his neck.
Dur. Would thine were cracked too,
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon.
Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.
Dur. Examine
Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,
You ferret; this is no coney-burrow[1] for you.
How do you find her?
Cald. No breath of comfort, sir: too cruel fate!
Had I still pined away, and lingered under
The modesty of just and honest hopes,
After a long consumption, sleep and death
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,
Possessed of all my wishes, in a moment
To have them ravished from me! suffer shipwreck
In view of the port! and, like a half-starved beggar,
No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffined!—
Malevolent destinies, too cunning in

[1] Rabbit-hole.

Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,
If thy immortal part hath not already
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light
Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor
Of hope in thy recovery.

Calis. Oh!

Dur. She lives;
Disturb her not: she is no right-bred woman,
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance
Have took a thousand merrily, and are still
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.

Cald. Good sir——

Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My mother were in her place.

Cald. But had you heard
The music of the language which she used
To me, believed Adorio, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro——

Calis. Ah, Adorio!

Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it.

Calis. Are you safe?

Cald. And raised, like you, from death to life, to hear you.

Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil off,
A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,
I faintly could deliver. Willingly
I am become your prize, and therefore use
Your victory nobly; Heaven's bright eye, the sun,
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken
The splendour of your merits. I could urge
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined
The shadows of insinuating pleasures
Tendered by all men else, you only being
The object of my hopes: that cruel prince

To whom the olive-branch of peace is offered,
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,
Because Calista's humble: I have said,
And now expect your sentence.

Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love,
Were there many such she-advocates! Art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?

Cald. [*Kneels.*] Dear lady,
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.

Calis. I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived; but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.

Dur. Why, good lady?—
Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else.—
The youth's a well-timbered youth, look on his making;
His hair curled naturally; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through-stitch with't,
As any Adorio in the world, my state[1] on't!
A chicken of the right kind: and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.

Calis. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not: would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betrayed!

Dur. To a young and active husband!
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i' the city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms

[1] Estate.

Are soon blown over.

Calis. How couldst thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless[1] impudence arm thy hopes
So far as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions
Not to be reconciled?

Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was marked
A friend, in his creation, to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way: I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, Heaven at length
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.

Dur. Now he comes to her: on, boy!

Cald. I have served you
With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's[2] shine,
Gilding a crystal river; and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his
While I bit mine with envy: yet these favours,
Howe'er my passion's raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.

Calis. My blushes
Confess this for a truth,

[1] Shameless. [2] The moon's.

Dur. A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.
Cald. I could add,
But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respects to your deserts, how faintly
Adorio hath returned thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy: could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer, or give power
To Fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam,
We are all the balls of Time, tossed to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back again:
Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,
You were appointed mine; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion: and if so,
I may believe with confidence, Heaven, in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you, by a most blessèd error,
To your vowed servant's bosom.
Dur. By my holidame,[1]
Tickling philosophy!
Calis. I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you; but my stars have better,
I hope, provided for me.
Cald. If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.
Dur. Give fire
To the mine, and blow her up.
Calis. I am sensible
Of what you have endured; but on the sudden,

[1] A corruption of "halidom" (holiness)—a common oath.

With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary. In yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further: for my part,
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make you
Full satisfaction.

Cald. I am exalted
In the employment; sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant sentinel.

Calis. But I command you,
And, as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me.

Cald. My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.

Dur. Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog-days.
Remember the old adage, and make use of't,
"Occasion's bald behind."

Calis. Is this your uncle?

Cald. And guardian, madam: at your better leisure,
When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.

Calis. He appears
A pleasant gentleman. [*Exeunt* CALDORO *and* CALISTA.

Dur. You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.

Serv. With all care, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in* ADORIO'S *House.*

Enter CARIO *with several* Villagers, Musicians, &c.

Car. Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss not
A hair's-breadth of my footing; our dance has
A most melodious note, and I command you
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's honour,
And something for my worship: your reward is
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar;
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better;
You were born for this night's service. And, do you hear,
Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breathed haut-boys,
For the credit of your calling, have not your instruments
To tune when you should strike up; but twang it perfectly,
As you would read your neck-verse:[1] and you, warbler,
Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit and hem,
When you should make division.[2] How I sweat!
Authority is troublesome:—[*A horn within.*]—they are come,
I know it by the cornet that I placed
On the hill to give me notice. Marshal yourselves
I' the rear;[3] the van is yours.

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Now chant it sprightly.

[1] The first verse of the 51st Psalm (*Miserere mei, Deus*, &c.), read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

[2] Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, i i. 5, 29: "Some say the lark makes sweet division." In music it means a sort of shake or trill.

[3] This is spoken to the dancers; the next words are addressed to the musicians.

SONG.

JUNO *to the* Bride.

Enter a maid ; but made a bride,
Be bold, and freely taste
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied
To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unloose thy virgin zone,
Presumed against thy will,
Those joys reserved to him alone,
Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN *to the* Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail ! thy choice thus made,
As thou wouldst have her true,
Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
And bid loose fires adieu.
That husband who would have his wife
To him continue chaste,
In her embraces spends his life,
And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN *and* JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
Such pledges as may be
Assurance of the father's worth,
And mother's purity.
Juno doth bléss the nuptial bed ;
Thus Hymen's torches burn.
Live long, and may, when both are dead,
Your ashes fill one urn !

Ador. A well-penned ditty.
Camil. Not ill sung.
Ador. What follows?
Car. Use your eyes.—If ever—now your masterpiece !

A Dance.

Ador. 'Tis well performed: take that, but not from me;
'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it;
All that I have is hers.
Car. I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equally. [*Exeunt* CARIO, Villagers, &c.
Mirt. My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish,
In my discovery.
Ador. Welcome to your own!
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours' silence; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you: nay, unmask,
And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want
Your woman's help; I'll do her office for you.
[*Takes off her mask.*
Mirtilla!
Camil. It is she, and wears the habit
In which Calista three days since appeared,
As she came from the temple.
Lent. All this trouble
For a poor waiting-maid!
Don. We are grossly gulled.
Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.
Mirt. Innocence
Is free, and open-breasted; of what crime
Stand I accused, my lord?
Ador. What crime! no language
Can speak it to the height; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contrived? who helped thee in the plot? discover.
Were not Calista's aids in't?
Mirt. No, on my life;

Nor am I faulty.

Ador. No! what May-game's this?
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,
To make sale of thine own?

Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithfully: you had her letter
With the jewel I presented: she received
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself
To be removed by you: and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.

Ador. How! has she left
Her mother's house?

Mirt. You drive this nail too far.
Indeed she deeply vowed, at her departure,
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,
(Though you were pleased to take the pains yourself,)
That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her, the substance.

Ador. She is gone, then?

Mirt. This is too much; but, good my lord, forgive me,
I come a virgin hither to attend
My noble mistress, though I must confess,
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were my own.

Ador. Then, as it seems,
You do yourself affect me?

Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so formed, that not poor I alone,
But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamoured of you.

Ador. O my fate!

How justly am I punished, in thee punished,
For my defended[1] wantonness! I, that scorned
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those
Ambitious serving-women, who, contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied, by a lord? was there
No forward page or footman in the city
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?

Mirt. Great lords sometimes
For change leave calvered salmon,[2] and eat sprats:
In modesty I dare speak no more.

Camil. If 'twere
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty whiting-mop.[3]

Ador. Discover yet
How thou cam'st to my hands.

Mirt. My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,
You were pleased, unasked, to comfort me; (I used
No sorceries to bewitch you;) then vouchsafed
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)
To hug me in your arms; and I had wronged
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.

Ador. This is still more bitter. Canst thou guess to whom

[1] Forbidden; Fr. *défendu.* Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 86: "that defended fruit."

[2] An Elizabethan dainty; see the recipe in Nares, s.v. *calver.*

[3] A young whiting: "For so we call little fishes that be not come to their full growth moppes, as whiting-moppes, &c."—Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie.* Used of girls as a term of endearment.

Thy lady did commit herself?
Mirt. They were
Horsemen, as you are.
Ador. In the name of wonder,
How could they pass the port,[1] where you expected
My coming?
Camil. Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and, behind one, a woman
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.
Lent. I knew the men; but she was veiled.
Ador. What were they?
Lent. The first the Lord Durazzo, and the second,
Your rival, young Caldoro: it was he
That carried the wench behind him.
Don. The last a servant,
That spurred fast after them.
Ador. Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much assurance of her love undid me.
Why did you not stay them?
Don. We had no such commission.
Camil. Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on
The angry old ruffian?
Lent. For my part, I had rather
Take a baited bull by the horns.
Ador. You are sure friends
For a man to build on!
Camil. They are not far off,
Their horses appeared spent too; let's take fresh ones,
And coast the country; ten to one we find them.
Ador. I will not eat nor sleep, until I have them:
Moppet[2], you shall along too.
Mirt. So you please
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,
And ride with you all the world o'er.
Camil. A good girl! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Gate. Fr. *Porte.*
[2] Used in the same way as "mop."

SCENE III.—*A Street in Naples.*

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Lav. Her husband? Severino?

Calip. You may see
His handiwork by my flat face; no bridge
Left to support my organ, if I had one:
The comfort is, I am now secure from the crincomes.
I can lose nothing that way.

Lav. Dost thou not know
What became of the lady?

Calip. A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer:
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there.
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king,
Among the banditti; and how there he hath used them,
Is more than to be feared.

Lav. I have played the fool,
And kept myself too long concealed, sans question,
With the danger of her life. Leave me——the king!

Enter ALPHONSO *and* Captain.

Calip. The surgeon must be paid.

Lav. Take that. [*Gives her money.*

Calip. I thank you;
I have got enough by my trade, and I will build
An hospital only for noseless bawds,
('Twill speak my charity,) and be myself
The governess of the sisterhood. [*Exit.*

Alph. I may
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;
But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.

Lav. The king's moved.

Alph. To suffer
A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
To pass and re-pass through our guards!
Capt. Your pardon
For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.
Alph. Look you be so:
Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
For Severino's pardon.
Lav. I was so, my good lord.
Alph. You might have met him here, to have thanked you for't,
As now I understand.
Lav. So it is rumoured;
And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.
Alph. I have considered it.
Lav. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
To his own daughter; in whom, sir, I have
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
In my humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your highness.
Alph. Go along,
You shall have opportunity as we walk.—
See you what I committed to your charge,
In readiness, and without noise.
Capt. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter CLAUDIO *and all the* Banditti, *making a guard;* SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE *with oaken-leaved garlands;* Singers.

SONG.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen,
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
In winter, changed by her into the spring.
We know no night,
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye.
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though Death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.
These groves your kingdom, and our law your will
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.
Bless then the hour
That gives the power
In which you may,
At bed and board,
Embrace your lord!
Both night and day.
Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen!

Sev. Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty:
The iron toils pitched by the law to take
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
And, secure[1] in the guards of these few subjects,
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.
Iöl. Revive not
A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys which now
I stand possessed of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.
Sev. 'Tis well said.
Iöl. In you, sir,
I live; and when, or by the course of nature,
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for Heaven.
Sev. I join with you
In my votes[2] that way: but how, Iölante,
You that have spent your past days, slumbering in
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.
Iöl. These woods, Severino,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such whose choice behaviour, or discourse,
May nourish jealous thoughts.
Sev. True, Iölante;
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here
To be cleared by miracle.
Iöl. Still on that string!

[1] Accented on the first syllable.
[2] Vows; Lat. *vota*.

It yields harsh discord.
Sev. I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.
Claud. Shall we bring in
The persons, with the pillage?
Sev. By all means;
Without reply, about it: we'll retire
[*Exeunt* CLAUDIO *and the rest.*
Into my cave, and there at large discourse
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.
Iöl. We must wait
With patience Heaven's pleasure.
Sev. 'Tis my purpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter LENTULO *and* CAMILLO.

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are spent.
Camil. I am sure I'm sleepy,
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no pur-
What a dulness grows upon me! [pose!
Lent. I can hardly
Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose
Adorio? [*They sit down.*
Camil. He, Donato, and the wench,
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right hand:
But this place is our rendezvous.

Lent. No matter,
We'll talk of that anon—heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*
Camil. He's fast
Already. Lentulo!—I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, *and* DONATO.

Ador. Was ever man so crossed?
Mirt. [*Aside.*] So blest: this is
The finest wild-goose chase!
Ador. What's that you mutter?
Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find your wished-for love,
Though I am lost for ever.
Don. Pretty fool!
Who have we here!
Ador. This is Camillo.
Mirt. This Signior Lentulo.
Ador. Wake them.
Don. They'll not stir;
Their eyelids are glued, and mine too: by your favour,
I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*
Ador. Are you not weary?
Mirt. I know not what the word means, while I travel
To do you service,
Ador. You expect to reap
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes
Will be blasted, I assure you.
Mirt. So you give leave
To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,
Though you deny your beams of gracious favour
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.
Ador. No more. My resolution to find
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot
(For my horse is tired) were madness; I must sleep.
You could lie down too?

Mirt. Willingly; so you please
To use me——
Ador. Use thee!
Mirt. As your pillow, sir;
I dare presume no farther. Noble sir,
Do not too much contemn me; generous feet
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.
Ador. Well; sit down.
Mirt. I am ready, sir.
Ador. So nimble!
Mirt. Love is active,
Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.
Ador. For once,
So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap.*
Mirt. All the joys of rest
Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb
Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you
Be not offended, though I glory in
My being thus employed: a happiness
That stands for more than ample satisfaction
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling
Were bound up too! I should——I am all fire.
Such heaps of treasure offered as a prey
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer
Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave
No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have heard nectar,
But till now never tasted it; these rubies
Are not clouded by my breath: if once again
I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles
Will not be missed;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am entranc our fancy,
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my—— [*Falls asl*

Enter DURAZZO.

Dur. My bones ache,
I am exceeding cold too; I must seek out
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,
Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson! you are
The best accommodated. I will call
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;
The object may perhaps do more upon her
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what
Security they sleep! sure Mercury
Hath travelled this way with his charming-rod.
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO *and* CALISTA.

Cald. Here, sir. Is
Your man returned with horses?
Dur. No, boy, no;
But here are some you thought not of.
Calis. Adorio!
Dur. The idol that you worshipped.
Calis. This Mirtilla!
I am made a stale.[1]
Dur. [*Aside.*] I knew 'twould take.
Calis. False man!
But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent,
They jointly did conspire against my weakness
And credulous simplicity, and have
Prevailed against it.
Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping;
But, if you please, I'll wake them first, and after
Offer them, as a fatal sacrifice,
To your just anger.
Dur. You are a fool; reserve
Your blood for better uses.

[1] *i.e.* A stalking-horse to one's design.

Calis. My fond love
Is changed to an extremity of hate;
His very sight is odious.
Dur. I have thought of
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry; if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off; I'll cut the girts[1] and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood; if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already!
Calis. In his hat
He wears a jewel[2] which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.
Dur. I am not good at nimming;[3]
And yet that shall not hinder us: by your leave, sir;
'Tis restitution: pray you all bear witness
I do not steal it; here 'tis.
[*Takes off* ADORIO'S *hat, and removes the jewel, which he gives to* CALISTA.
Calis. Take it,—not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife. [*Gives it to* CALDORO.
Cald. O Heaven!
Dur. Pray in the church.
Let us away. Nephew, a word; have you not
Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved
This unexpected favour?
Cald. You are pleasant.
[*Exeunt* DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* CALISTA.

[1] This is still the general provincial pronunciation of "girths."
[2] Probably a brooch, which it was then the fashion to wear in the hat.
[3] "Nim" is given in Boyer's *French Dictionary* as an equivalent to "filch," but it is marked as a "mean or vulgar word." The word is really pure Saxon.

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not basely;
Starts up; the rest amazed.
Give me leave to draw my sword.
Camil. Ha! what's the matter?
Lent. He talked of's sword.
Don. I see no enemy near us.
That threatens danger.
Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.
Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword
Was at my throat. Calista frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,
To strike my head off.
Camil. Mere imagination
Of a disturbed fancy.
Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.
Ador. But where's my jewel?
Camil. By all likelihood lost,
This troublesome night.
Don. I saw it when we came
Unto this place.
Mirt. I looked upon't myself.
When you reposed.
Ador. What is become of it?
Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.
Mirt. Search me!
Ador. You have been,
Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.
Mirt. How, my good lord!
Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls,
Charmed with your prostituted flatteries,
Deigned to embrace you.
Mirt. Love, give place to anger.
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ador. This will not do.
Camil. Deliver it in private.
Mirt. You shall be
In public hanged first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented!
Lent. Do not strive.
Ador. Though thou hast swallowed it, I'll rip thy entrails,
But I'll recover it. [*Seizes her.*
Mirt. Help, help!

CLAUDIO *and two* Banditti *rush upon them with pistols.*

Ador. A new plot!
Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer
The least resistance, you are dead. If one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.
Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you can
Win it, enjoy it.
Claud. We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money; throw down your sword,
Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not
We'll force you.—[*To* MIRTILLA.] Thou shalt have no wrong,
But justice against these.
1*st Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.
2*nd Ban.* It being
Against our canons.
Camil. Whither will you lead us?
Claud. You shall know that hereafter.—Guard them sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ALPHONSO *disguised as an* Old Man, LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Alph. Are all the passages stopped?
Capt. And strongly manned;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.
Lav. But why, great sir, you should expose your person
To such apparent danger, when you may
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.
Alph. I am better armed
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirmed
By all that have been robbed, since Severino
Commanded these banditti, (though it be
Unusual in Italy,) imitating
The courteous English thieves, for so they call them,
They have not done one murder: I must add too,
That, from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice in disposing
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report:
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,
As soon as they encounter us, without
A show of opposition, yield.
Lav. Your will
Is not to be disputed.
Alph. You have placed
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,
They suddenly may break in?
Capt. My life upon't.
Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows;[1] and be sure
You do as I command you.
Lav. Without fear, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A cant term for thieves. "Good fellows be thieves."—Heywood, *Edward IV.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE.

Sev. 'Tis true; I did command Calista should not,
Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married; but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relished
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven her
To take some desperate course.

Iöl. What then I did
Was, in my care, thought best.

Sev. So I conceive it;
But where was your discretion to forbid
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would
Have wished my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor,
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle
And guardian's entradas,[1] by the course
Of nature to descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none
Of eminence in Italy.

Iöl. Your wishes,
Howe'er a while delayed, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.

Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune,
When she comes smiling to us.—[*Cornet within.*]—Hark! this cornet

[1] Rents, *Spanish.*

Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,
'Tis thy first tribute.
Iol. Would we might enjoy
Our own as subjects!
Sev. What's got by the sword,
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms
Subdued by Alexander were by force extorted,
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of conquest:
His victories but royal robberies,
And his true definition a thief,
When circled with huge navies, to the terror
Of such as ploughed the ocean, as the pirate,
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey
In a small pinnace.—[*Cornet within.*]—From a second place
New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*]—from a third party! brave!
This shall be registered a day of triumph,
Designed by fate to honour thee.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!
Good booty, ha?

Enter, at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; *one with* ADORIO, LENTULO, DONATO, CAMILLO, MIRTILLA; *another with* DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; *and the rest with* ALPHONSO, LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Claud. Their outsides promise so;
But yet they have not made discovery
Of what they stand possessed of.
Sev. Welcome all;
Good boys! you have done bravely, if no blood
Be shed in the service.
1*st Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir.
Sev. 'Tis to my wish.
Iol. My lord!

Sev. No more; I know them.
Iol. My daughter, and her woman too!
Sev. Conceal
Your joys.
Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth!
Calis. My father,
And mother! to what fate am I reserved?
Cald. Continue masked; or, grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,
If you despair a father's?
Ador. Now I perceive
Which way I lost my jewel.
Mirt. I rejoice
I'm cleared from theft: you have done me wrong, but I,
Unasked, forgive you.
Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet,
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.
Sev. You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs,
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;
For understand you are not fallen into
The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,
Not born to these low courses, howsoever
My fate, and just displeasure of the king,
Designed me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear
For profit, to be sold for slaves, then shipped
Into another country; in a word,
You know the proscribed Severino, he,
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you.—Want in myself I know not
But for the pay of these my squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchased, and must be
With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed

To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compelled, (a word
I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver
Such coin as you are furnished with.

Dur. A fine method!
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery;
Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word, sir.

Sev. Your pleasure.

Dur. When we have thrown down our muck,
What follows?

Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy,
To any place you choose.

Dur. By this hand, you are
A fair fraternity! for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your covent.[1]
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits
Arising from my herds, bound in one bag;
Share it among you.

Sev. You are still the jovial,
And good Durazzo.

Dur. To the offering; nay,
No hanging an arse[2], this is their wedding-day:
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
For your own sakes.

Camil. There's mine.

Lent. Mine.

Don. All that I have.

Cald. This, to preserve my jewel.

Ador. Which I challenge:
Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.

Lav. I will not weep for mine.

Capt. Would it were more.

[*They all throw down their purses.*

[1] An older form of the word "convent," preserved in "Covent Garden."

[2] The phrase in the text is given in Boyer's *French Dictionary*, with equivalents in French meaning "to go from, to show little resolution in, what one has undertaken."

Sev. Nay, you are privileged;[1] but why, old father,
[*To the* King.
Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the grave,
And, if desire of gold do not increase
With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst
Be forwardest.

Alph. In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred-fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under
[*Throws down three bags.*
The burthen of my treasure: nay, 'tis gold;
And, if your hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shown unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre as struck blind
The amazèd lapidary, while he laboured
To honour his own art in setting them:
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crowned.

Sev. The spoils, I think,
Of both the Indies!

Dur. The great Sultan's poor,
If paralleled with this Crœsus.

Sev. Why dost thou weep?

Alph. From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restored, will not
Serve my occasions.

Sev. Impossible!

[1] This is of course said to the captain, who, being a soldier allowed to be a poor man. See the character of Belgarde in *Unnatural Combat*, and Character IV. in Day's *Parliament of*

Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to heaven;
And then this is too little; though, in the journey,
It were a good viaticum.[1]

Alph. I would make it
A means to help me thither: not to wrong you
With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them.
I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his
Posterity; but, alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea:
They had a well-rigged bottom,[2] fully manned,
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,
Stout landmen, and, what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Chained in[3] the Turkish servitude.

Sev. A brave aim!

Dur. A most heroic enterprise; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.

Alph. Prosperously,
At first, and to their wishes: divers galleys
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,
Redeemed from the oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance: their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner,
For sure the cause deserved it——

[1] A pun on the two meanings of "viaticum"—its primary and less used sense of provisions for a journey, and its derivative and more general meaning of the eucharist given to the dying.

[2] "A bottom [ship], *navis*."—Coles' *Lat. Dict.*

[3] I retain Gifford's emendation "in" for "to," as the latter word seems very likely to have been misprinted through confusion with the "to" just above it in the preceding line.

Dur. Pray you end here;
The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.
Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame
In every place, with her loud trump, proclaiming
The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Argiers[1] laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.
In brief, they were taken, and, for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!
Sev. Will not these heaps of gold, added to thine,
Suffice for ransom?
Alph. For my sons it would;
But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them have not their irons,
With theirs, struck off, and set at liberty with them;
Which these heaps cannot purchase.
Sev. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up
Can make the sum up, freely take't.
Dur. I'll sell
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables; and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.
2nd Ban. We will not yield to't.
3rd Ban. Nor lose our parts.

[1] Algiers.

Sev. How's this!
2nd Ban. You are fitter far
To be a churchman than to have command
Over good fellows.[1]
Sev. Thus I ever use [*Strikes them down.*
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of them alive.
Alph. Hold:—give the sign. [*Discovers himself.*
All. The king!
Sev. Then I am lost.
Claud. The woods are full
Of armèd men.
Alph. No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.
Sev. Mercy, dread sir! [*Kneels.*
Alph. Thy carriage
In this unlawful course appears so noble,
Especially in this last trial which
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:
But when the holy oil was poured upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,
But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood
Would ill become a king; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;
My doom's irrevocable.
Lav. Not, dread sir,
If Monteclaro live.
Alph. If! good Laval.
Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval.
[*Discovers himself.*
Three years have not so altered me, but you may

[1] See note *ante*, p. 271.

Remember Monteclaro.

Dur. How!

Iöl. My brother!

Calis. Uncle!

Mont. Give me leave: I was[1]
Left dead in the field, but by the Duke Montpensier,
Now general at Milan, taken up,
And with much care recovered.

Alph. Why lived you
So long concealed?

Mont. Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment imposed upon myself
For my offence.

Iöl. Now, sir, I dare confess all:
This was the guest invited to the banquet,
That drew on your suspicion.

Sev. Your intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive;
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.

Alph. It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.

All. Long live great Alphonso!

Dur. Your mercy shown in this, now, if you please,
Decide these lovers' difference.

Alph. That is easy;
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men

[1] The metre is defective; it is odd, too, to find Severino silent at this juncture. Perhaps something has dropped out, and the reading should be—

Remember Monteclaro.
Dur. How!
Iöl. My brother!
Sev. And mine too!
Calis. Uncle!
Mont. Give, &c.—*S. W. O.*

Consenting to it.
Calis. Here I fix then, never
To be removed. [*Embraces* CALDORO.
Cald. 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir,
Mirt. O, that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.
Ador. But my mind
A pitch above yours: marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!
Sec. You are deceived:
Howe'er she has been trained up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian Gulf,
Perished by shipwreck; one I dearly loved.
He to my care entrusted her, having taken
My word, if he returned not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But, it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood; now for her portion:
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.
Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.
Dur. With a kiss confirm it.
Ador. I sign all concord here; but must to you, sir,
[*To* CALDORO.
For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.
Alph. This in our presence!
Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it: though your edicts
Call private combats, murders; rather than
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.

Cald. I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.

Ador. I desire no more.

Alph. All then are pleased; it is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy:
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,—
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have killed in war ten enemies. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

I am left to inquire, then to relate
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
His merchandise are valued. If they prove
Staple commodities, in your grace and love
To this last birth of his Minerva, he
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,
He'll search with his best care, until he find
New ways, and make good in some laboured song,
Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.
Cherish his good intentions, and declare
By any signs of favour, that you are
Well pleased, and with a general consent;
And he desires no more encouragement.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.







THE date of the first production of *The Virgin-Martyr* is not known. The first quarto appeared in 1622, and there were other editions in 1631, 1651, and 1661. The play was a very popular one, and was frequently patched up by the stage-cobblers. In Sir George Buck's office-book, October 6th, 1620, is the entry: "For new reforming *The Virgin-Martyr* for the Red Bull, 40*s.*;" and in Sir Henry Herbert's, July 7th, 1624: "Received for the adding of a new scene to *The Virgin-Martyr*, 10*s.*" The title-page of the first quarto runs: "The Virgin Martir, A Tragedie, as it hath bin diuers times publickely Acted with great Applause, By the seruants of his Maiesties Reuels. Written by Phillip Messenger and Thomas Deker. London, Printed by B. A. for Thomas Iones, 1622." The plot—such as it is—is no doubt "founded," as Gifford says, "on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians in the nineteenth year of Diocle-sian's reign."

Authorities are somewhat divided as to what is Massinger's and what Dekker's part in this play. Dekker is generally accredited with the prose scenes, which are not likely to add very much to his reputation at the present day; and there can be no reasonable question that the most beautiful of the Dorothea portions are his also. Massinger's hand is equally evident in the more stately and argumentative parts of the play. Perhaps after all it was due to the union of these two ill-assorted fellow-workers that the play obtained its remarkable popularity.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, } Emperors of Rome.

KING OF PONTUS.

KING OF EPIRE.

KING OF MACEDON.

SAPRITIUS, Governor of Cæsarea.

THEOPHILUS, a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.

SEMPRONIUS, Captain of SAPRITIUS' Guards.

ANTONINUS, Son to SAPRITIUS.

MACRINUS, Friend to ANTONINUS.

HARPAX, an evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the shape of a Secretary.

ANGELO, a good Spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the habit of a Page.

HIRCIUS, a Whoremaster, SPUNGIUS, a Drunkard, } Servants of DOROTHEA.

JULIANUS, GETA, } Servants of THEOPHILUS.

Priest of Jupiter.

British Slave.

Officers and Executioners.

ARTEMIA, Daughter of DIOCLESIAN.

CALISTA,[1] CHRISTETA, } Daughters of THEOPHILUS.

DOROTHEA, the Virgin-Martyr.

SCENE—CÆSAREA.

[1] As in *The Guardian*, this word throughout the quarto edition of the present play is spelt Caliste.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

Enter THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

THEO. Come to Cæsarea to night!
Harp. Most true, sir.
Theo. The emperor in person!
Harp. Do I live?
Theo. 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
Are step by step observed; and loud-tongued Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an army,
Though covered with the night, could be so near,
The governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But, by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this, then, excuse me,
If I appear incredulous.
Harp. At your pleasure.
Theo. Yet, when I call to mind you never failed me
In things more difficult, but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from m
When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,

No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magic
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerful art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter the Priest of Jupiter, *bearing an Image, and followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA.

Harp. Look on these Vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,
Your chaste, fair daughters. Were't not to upbraid
A service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason
(Which is the strength of nature), quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found religion. This I crossed,
Discovered their intents, taught you to use,
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaimed them:
And, whereas they with torments should have died,
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!) [*Aside.*
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
Belonging to his deity.

Theo. 'Twas a benefit
For which I ever owe you.—Hail, Jove's flamen!
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,
To your opinion?

Priest. And are constant in it.
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are with arguments able to convert

The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.
Theo. My dear daughters!
Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung sect,
In private or in public.
Harp. My best lady,
Perséver in it.
Chris. And what we maintain
We will seal with our bloods.
Harp. Brave resolution!
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.
Theo. I young again. To your devotions.
Harp. Do—
My prayers be present with you.
[*Exeunt* Priest, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA.
Theo. O my Harpax!
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy—
Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.
Theo. Were all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings made into one,
And offered me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all posterities might be called
The strongest champion of the pagan gods,
And rooter-out of Christians.
Harp. Oh, mine own,
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,
I ever live thy slave.

Enter SAPRITIUS *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Theo. No more—The governor.
Sap. Keep the ports close, and let the guards be doubled;
Disarm the Christians; call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.
Semp. I shall be careful, sir.
Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height:
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theo. My good lord,
This care is timely for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who! the emperor?
Harp. To clear your doubts, he does return in triumph,
Kings lackeying by his triumphant chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my lord,
You have an ample share: for know, your son,
The ne'er-enough-commended Antoninus,
So well hath fleshed his maiden sword, and dyed
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.
Harp. My head
Answer the forfeit.
Sap. Of his victory

There was some rumour: but it was assured,
The army passed a full day's journey higher,
Into the country.

Harp. It was so determined;
But, for the further honour of your son,
And to observe the government of the city,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here:
[*Trumpets afar off.*
For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.

Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city show
Her state and wealth.

Semp. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Sap. O, I am ravished
With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,
This knowing scholar. Send for your fair daughters;
I will present them to the emperor,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.

Theo. Fetch them, good Harpax. [*Exit* HARPAX.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *at the head of the guard, soldiers leading three* Kings *bound;* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS *bearing the* Emperor's *eagles;* DIOCLESIAN *with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in* ARTEMIA; SAPRITIUS *kisses the* Emperor's *hand, then embraces his* Son; HARPAX *brings in* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA. *Loud shouts.*

Dioc. So: at all parts I find Cæsarea
Completely governed: the licentious soldier
Confined in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compelled with rigour:
The ancient Roman discipline revived,
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaimed her

The glorious mistress of the conquered world;
But, above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,
Or his magnificence[1] to his loyal servants.—
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompense your merits.

Sap. Mightiest Cæsar,
Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did his thunder! all that I have done,
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But, if in anything I have deserved
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have expressed in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,
(Ascribing all things to an unknown Power,)
Would strike down all their temples, and allow them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Dioc. Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me: my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred Cæsar,
If your imperial majesty stand pleased
To shower your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;

[1] Munificence.

Look on this reverend man, [*Points to* THEOPHILUS] to whom the power
Of searching out and punishing such delinquents
Was by your choice committed: and, for proof,
He hath deserved the grace imposed upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equal nearness to himself, behold
This pair of virgins.

Dioc. What are these?

Sap. His daughters.

Artem. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine!

Theo. They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else:
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy Powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them, in the most horrid form,
All kinds of tortures; part of which they suffered
With Roman constancy.

Artem. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?

Theo. I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father; to help justice
Religion stepped in, under which odds
Compassion fell:—yet still I was a father.
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,

I kneeled, and wept, and begged them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs: now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those, whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods. And be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,
To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties.

Dioc. Thou deserv'st thy place;
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordered
Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferred upon me;—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?

K. of Epir. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse
The famished mouth, if it attempt to feed?
Or such whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?

K. of Pon. We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain

All human happiness is; and are prepared
To endure the worst.

K. of Mac. That spoke which now is highest
In Fortune's wheel must, when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This considered,
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,
To free them from that slavery;—but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman were mere madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used
Such as she triumphed over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; sceptered princes
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,
In scorn trained up in base mechanic arts,
For public bondmen. In the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembered.

Dioc. In all growing empires,
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but, when a state
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety: but to whom? not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius. Know, therefore, kings
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you,
Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of princes,
Although the fortune. Had you borne yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you: but such is

The power of noble valour, that we love it
Even in our enemies, and, taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.
K. of Epir. Mock us not, Cæsar.
Dioc. By the gods, I do not.
Unloose their bonds:—I now as friends embrace you.
Give them their crowns again.
K. of Pont. We are twice o'ercome;
By courage, and by courtesy.
K. of Mac. But this latter
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.
K. of Epir. All kingdoms fall before her!
K. of Pon. And all kings
Contend to honour Cæsar!
Dioc. I believe
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish: I'm girt round
With true felicity; faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends:
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other!
Artem. I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.
Dioc. Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou mayst with greater pleasures taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.

Amongst these kings, forgetting they were captives;
Or these, remembering not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any: by Jove's dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.
Artem. It is a bounty
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other politic ends, are forced
To match where they affect not. May my life
Deserve this favour!
Dioc. Speak; I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.
Artem. If that titles,
Or the adorèd name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no farther;
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,
Not her that boldly may call Cæsar father:
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no king that lives receive addition:
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes
No worth but that name only.
Dioc. I commend thee;
'Tis like thyself.
Artem. If, then, of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have served you most faithfully; that in dangers
Have stood next to you; that have interposed
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords
Aimed at your bosom; that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with laurel?
Macr. Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!
Harp. [*To* SAPRITIUS.] Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. [*Aside.*] Her eye's on me.

Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart[1]
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other:
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere.
Artem. [*Advances to* ANTONINUS.] Sir.
Theo. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!
Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever.
Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance; but, if love,
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low——
Anton. O, rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me; and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?
Anton. Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,
Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!
Call it, great lady, by another name;
An humble modesty, that would not match
A molehill with Olympus.

[1] See note *ante*, p. 49.

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a king; there it shines brightest,
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,
A prince, in whom it is incorporate:
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was a victory,
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a commander and a soldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, great Cæsar's self excepted,
The world yields not his equal.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.
K. of Epir. 'Tis a truth, great princess;
I'll not detract from valour.
Anton. 'Twas mere fortune;
Courage had no hand in it.
Theo. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good?
Sap. Spiritless villain!
How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,
I now could kill him.
Dioc. Hold, Sapritius, hold,
On our displeasure hold!
Harp. Why, this would make
A father mad; 'tis not to be endured
Your honour's tainted in't.
Sap. By Heaven, it is;
I shall think of it.
Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay, kneel not, sir; I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What, but seen in possession of another,
Will run thee mad with envy.
Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life,
Study to appease her.
Anton. Gracious madam, hear me.
Artem. And be again refused?
Anton. The tender of
My life, my service, nay,[1] since you vouchsafe it,
My love, my heart, my all: and pardon me,
Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of majesty,
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me;
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, was death? The fox,
When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,
Was almost dead[2] with fear; the second view
Only a little daunted him; the third,
He durst salute him boldly: pray you, apply this;
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you
Than duty yet allows me.
Sap. Well excused.
Artem. You may redeem all yet.
Dioc. And, that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,

[1] The quarto has "not." Gifford read "or"; but "nay" is more likely to have been the word.

[2] The quarto has "drad," which, though an old word for "afraid," cannot be in place here. "Almost afraid with fear" would give no sense.

Artemia, I leave you my substitute
In fair Cæsarea.
Sap. And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.
Dioc. Antoninus,
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;
Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate princes,
In our Dalmatian wars; which finished
With victory I hope, and Maximinus,
Our brother and copartner in the empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS.
Anton. Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of Fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.
Mac. You are like to those
That are ill only 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,
That is not fallen upon you? honour, greatness,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;
And with a princess, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.
Anton. Yet poison still is poison,
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food. When I am scorched
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatness, or empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom?
Mac. Sir, you point at

Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea:
Is she, though fair, the same day to be named
With best Artemia? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia,
There comes along pleasure, security,
Ushered by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The daughter to a senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink; your father's fury,
Which to resist, even pity forbids:—
And but remember that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weighed, one smile of great Artemia
Is to be cherished, and preferred before
All joys in Dorothea: therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, tho art
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the danger,
Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A governor's place upon thee, be my helper.

Mac. You know I dare, and will do anything;
Put me unto the test.

Anton. Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,

Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,
Hath still protected me. Thou canst speak well;
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear her these jewels,
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess: all lets[1] thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:
—No words to contradict this.

Mac. I am yours:
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Hindrances.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.[1]

SPUN. Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turned me into a capon; for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curveting: a pox of your Christian cockatrices![2] they cry, like poulterers' wives, "No money, no coney."

Spun. Bacchus, the god of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy[3] tipplers, and super-naculum[4] takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden

[1] See p. 308: "Your names even brand you," &c.

[2] Prostitutes.

[3] "Upsee-freese" or "Upsee-Dutch" (both meaning "in the Dutch fashion") is an old euphemism for being tipsy.

[4] "Drinking *super nagulum*, a devise of drinking new come out of France: which is, after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup, to drop it *on his naile*, and make a pearle with that is left; which if it slide, and he cannot make it stand on, by reason ther's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."—*Pierce Pennilesse* (quoted by Nares).

of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner,[1] mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses; lanceprezado[2] to red noses, and invincible adelantado[3] over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian skinker[4] did I make legs to.

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another; they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle[5] that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her anything hardly, (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

[1] *Ale-conner*, or ale-taster, an officer appointed in every court-leet, to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale, and beer.—*Kersey.* [2] The lowest officer in a company of foot soldiers.
[3] Lord president or deputy of a country. [4] Tapster.
[5] Favourite. The word is a contraction of "mine ingle."

Spun. True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in show I carry a Christian's face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius——

Hir. And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

Hir. Eat it; and be choked else.

Spun. Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle-pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou showed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first: for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, "A pox in your twopenny wards!" and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

Spun. And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye[1] jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a

[1] A term of endearment. Pink-eyed means small-eyed.

dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface[1] page hit me in the teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumbed into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat[2] smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend:[3] I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter ANGELO *with a book, and a taper lighted; seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In show to climb to Heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French,[4] I hope.

Hir. We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady
Sent, from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty: yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went! no; I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust?

[1] A term of contempt. "Chitty-face" is the usual form of the word, meaning small-faced, and hence a mean, silly fellow
[2] Dwarf; term of contempt. [3] Secret enemy
[4] The peculiar dialect of thieves and beggars, of which has given copious examples in *The Roaring Girl.*

And you, to wash away the poor man's bread
In bowls of drunkenness?

Spun. Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, has often seen me drunk, has he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh: my cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avaunt, you thieves and hollow hypocrites!
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

Spun. And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum.[1]

Ang. Your names even brand you; you are Spungius
And, like a spunge, you suck up liquorous wines, [called,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widows' food,
And, starving them, 'tis murder; what's this but hell?—
Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature;
You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?
No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch:[2] but soothe, soothe him.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians, for my part——

Hir. And she-ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by——

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

[1] The quarto has "carebruns," which may possibly be meant for a clownish pronunciation. [2] See note *ante*, p. 81.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; we cozened the poor; but 'tis a common thing: many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light!

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poisoned tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hanged, rather than thus be told of my faults!

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeoman sprats to have their swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware and mend.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Have you my messages, sent to the poor,
Delivered with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs?

Spun. Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellows nor I am thieves.

Hir. Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered fish.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from Heaven; and there are thunderbolts,
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;
Were you both faithful, true distributers?

Spun. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the lie!

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of anything,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;
For if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me!

Ang. Away, and, once more, mend.

Spun. 'Takes us for botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch![1]

[*Exeunt* SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.

Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppressed.

Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then:
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—

[1] This is probably meant for a pun. "Patch" was an old word of contempt.

And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubins, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was: but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you.
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand.
My father is in Heaven; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street, near* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter MACRINUS, *met by* THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theo. The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!

Mac. And thee, Theophilus!

Theo. Glad'st thou in such scorn?
I call my wish back.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theo. One word,
Take the least hand of time up :—stay.
Mac. Be brief.
Theo. As thought: I prithee tell me, good Macrinus,
How health and our fair princess lay together
This night, for you can tell; courtiers have flies,
That buzz all news unto them.
Mac. She slept but ill.
Theo. Double thy courtesy ; how does Antoninus?
Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.
Theo. Once more ;
—Thy head is full of windmills:—when doth the princess
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night.
Mac. I know not.
Theo. No ! thou art the manuscript
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets:
Honest Macrinus, tell me.
Mac. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Harp. Honesty is some fiend, and frights him hence
A many courtiers love it not.
Theo. What piece
Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man
Is from himself divided. O thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,
That, upflinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.
Harp. Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,
That, unless charms more strong than adamant
Be used, the Roman angel's[1] wings shall melt,

[1] Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1, 16:
"Not an *angel* of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence."

And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurned by base feet; the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss
That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,
This Antoninus-engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turned a marble statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabbed characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what, in the name
Of Pluto, now is hatching?

Harp. This Macrinus,
The line[1] is, upon which love-errands run
'TwixtAntoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloodless Dorothea; who in prayer
And meditation, mocking all your gods,
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes——

Theo. And what of this?

Harp. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,—
Your coldest women do so,—had you ink
Brewed from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court,
Great Cæsar's daughter.

Theo. I now conster[2] thee.

Harp. Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being filled

[1] The quarto has "time," which Gifford changes to "line"—*i.e.* the stick of a rocket—comparing Dekker, *Honest Whore:* "Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks then ran from me upon lines."

[2] "Conster" is another form of construe; it here means to comprehend.

With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To pash[1] your gods in pieces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the religion there, and pagan lore,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,
Making it foul like hers, oh! the example——

Theo. Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid poison.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,
They would be mad till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls
May-games to those of mine; has this my hand
Set down a Christian's execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures;
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masquer
Strangle me in a dance?

Harp. No:—on; I do hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians: on; I hug thee!

Theo. Both hug and holy me: to this Dorothea,
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for kingdoms
Piled upon kingdoms: there's a villain page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffic with; I do so hate his sight,
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theo. I will not lose thee then, her to confound:
None but this head with glories shall be crowned.

Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish thee!

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Strike violently.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, *and* ANGELO.

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious[1] eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoined them
To the good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be careful, dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress. [*Exit.*

Dor. Now, sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must study
A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others; yet, much taken from him,
The want shall be as little as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness
Of needy rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.

Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares;
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest; this were nothing:
The greatness of his state, his father's voice,
And arm, awing[2] Cæsarea, he ne'er boasts of;
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him

[1] Careful.

[2] The quarto has "owing," which might of course mean "ing," but the expression would be a singular one.

Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride; no, dearest beauty,
All these, heaped up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for your friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger;—but himself

Enter ANTONINUS.

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Music more pleasing.

Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?

Mac. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon. [*Going.*

Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
With such a mortal weapon as "farewell,"
To let me murmur to your virgin ear
What I was loth to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Anton. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. Hermes inspire thee!

Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. See you, do you see?—Our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

Theo. The gold you earn is here; dam up your mouths, And no words of it.

Hir. No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hackneyed out for silver: why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.

Theo. 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine white boys.[1]

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

Theo. Away, away!

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.

[*Exeunt* HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—glaze not thus your [eyes
With self-love of a vowed virginity;
Make every man your glass; you see our sex
Do never murder propagation;
We all desire your sweet society,
And, if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.

Artem. O base villain!

Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess.

Anton. Could not my fortunes,
Reared higher far than yours, be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

[1] A term of endearment.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any slave
Is to a monarch.
Sap. So insolent, base Christian!
Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a king.
Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceress!
Anton. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath the sun
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous maid.
Sap. I curse thy baseness.
Theo. Listen to more.
Dor. O, kneel not, sir, to me.
Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,
To which for pity such a princess sues
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
Artem. Slave, thou liest.
Anton. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theo. A very dog!
Anton. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power
On which you Christians lean.
Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.
[*Aloud.*] Sirrah!

Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's[1] hand
Had struck thee in the womb!

Mac. We are betrayed.

Artem. Is that your idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st to,
Trampling upon my beauty?

Theo. Sirrah, bandog!
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?—
A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,
Where a whole world of tortures for such furies
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three!

Artem. Threaten not, but strike: quick vengeance flies
Into thy bosom; caitiff! here all love dies.
[*Exeunt above.*

Anton. O! I am thunderstuck! We are both o'erwhelmed—

Mac. With one high-raging billow.

Dor. You a soldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman!

Anton. A woman! a wronged princess. From such a star
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be looked for,
But tragical events? my life is now
The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There's the great fear, indeed: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *a guard;* ANGELO *comes and stands close by* DOROTHEA.

Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,

[1] The quarto has "thunder."

And I his strength must use. Because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,
Played with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey,
By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one frown,
Kill thee:—hence with them to execution.
Seize him; but let even death itself be weary
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks;
Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom:
In pieces rack that bawd too. [*Points to* MACRINUS.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you are, in my bosom,
Torrents so strong that pity quite lies drowned
From saving this young man, yet, when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me
Says 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My blood up to your anger; nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin:
Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is,
And Cæsar never went in greater triumph
Than I shall to the scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures:
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Laboured to break, and cope with death to the face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,

Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.

Theo. Cæsar's imperial daughter! hear me speak.
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down;
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered, by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall, on her belly, creep
To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

Artem. How to be done?

Theo. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and, Sapritius,
Your son and that be yours: death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Ang. O! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you: clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars.

[*Exeunt all but* ANGELO.

Enter HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.

Hir. How now, Angelo; how is it, how is it? What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?

Spun. Comesta, comesta poor knave?

Hir. Com a porte vou, com a porte vou, my petite garsoone?[1]

[1] I have printed this queer stuff as it appears in the original quarto. I suppose the first line is the Italian "*Come sta*"; to which

Spun. Me partha, wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in gold, O'er head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who would think that we, coming forth of the arse, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring?

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for lading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry?[1]

Ang. That gold will melt to poison.

Spun. Poison! would it would! whole pints for healths should down my throat.

Hir. Gold, poison! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewitching her to death, who stepped between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well backed.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out: so she did but part us.

Hircius replies "*Comment vous portez-vous, comment vous portez-vous, mon petit garçon?*" "*Me partha*" presents more difficulty—a difficulty which Gifford cuts by reading "*My pretty* wee comrade," &c. Mr. W. G. Stone suggests that Dekker may have written (or intended) "*Mi parli!* Wee comrade," &c. (*i.e.* let him speak to me). But may not Dekker have written "*Mi parla*," which, though not correct Italian for "speak to me," is sufficiently near for a person of the abilities of Spungius?

[1] Pantry.

Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine own;
She beggared, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hir. How! a piece of silver! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat,[1] adieu!

Ang. Stay,—one word yet; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.

Spun. Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not worth
That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away, boy!

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.

Ang. I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this, so long as this.

Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket.

Spun. Hircius, thou hast nimmed.[2] "So long as!"—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

Hir. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

[1] See note *ante*, p. 307. [2] See note *ante*, p. 268.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold gone!

Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,
All yours: divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we!

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.

Hir. Let us both be turned into a rope of onions, if we do not.[1]

Ang. Follow me, then; repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men, when their best days are last!

Spun. True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way.

[*Exit* ANGELO.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a gaol!

Hir. Away, and shift for ourselves. She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton than catchpoles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [*Exeunt.*

1 In the quarto the word "not" is omitted, probably undesignedly, as the word "do" ends a full line, and has no point after it.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, Priest, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA.

SAP. Sick to the death, I fear.
Theo. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.
Sap. She's a witch,
A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charmed by her enticing eyes; and, like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had opened,
And swallowed both alive!
Theo. There's hope left yet.
Sap. Not any: though the princess were appeased,
All title in her love surrendered up,
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unless my son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful wife.
Priest. But, once removed
From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,

You'll find her tractable to anything,
For your content or his.
Theo. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The mandrake's shrieks,[1] the basilisk's killing eye,
The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Less fatal to her than my zeal made hot
With love unto my gods. I have deferred it,
In hopes to draw back this apostata,[2]
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,
Have brought my daughters hither.
Cal. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work; and were I not
To attend the princess, I would see and hear
How you succeed.
Theo. I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.
Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highness. [*Exit.*
Theo. Spare no promises,
Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* ANGELO.

Priest. She comes.
Theo. We leave you;

[1] There was a prevalent superstition that when this plant was torn from the ground it uttered groans or shrieks, and drove those who heard them mad. See *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3:

"And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad."

[2] This was the earlier form of the word.

Be constant, and be careful.

[*Exeunt* THEOPHILUS *and* Priest.

Cal. We are sorry
To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more grieved
You are at liberty. So well I love you
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow-prisoners. Prithee, Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit——

Cal. We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Chris. Our conference must be private; pray you, therefore,
Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life;
Falsehood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,
Been blessed with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirred you
To holy meditations; and so far
He is from flattery that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that, for an hour
Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me; without him I fall:
In this life he's my servant, in the other
A wished companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

Dor. But you were speaking, lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we,

Even from the cradle, were brought up together,
Our amity increasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,
To make you happy; and the means so easy
That, be not you an enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

Chris. Look on us,
Ruined as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your persuasion.

Cal. But what followed, lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,
And showered upon us with a prodigal hand,—
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without control,
Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!—
All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters,
For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips,
In place of choice delights; our parents' curses
Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,
Fell thick upon us.

Chris. This considered wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and, reconciled
To our forsaken gods, we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,
Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet; are you not devils?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it,

Without a virtuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when His power is questioned
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods! your temples! brothel-houses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey
For which the devil angles; your false pleasures
A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Most pitied women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or anything you hold more dear, would you
To have him deified to posterity,
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?

Cal. That, piety
And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, Christeta,
To be hereafter registered a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead,
"This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistress in the art of wantonness,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires

That are immodest?"

Chris. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you:
Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not.
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore;
Flora, the foundress of the public stews,
And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have canónized them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal, then, that did partake
Of human weakness, and had ample share
In men's most base affections; subject to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turned bull,
The ship,[1] indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains:
And thousands more, on whom abusèd error
Bestows a deity. Will you, then, dear sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your devotions
To things of less power than yourselves?

Cal. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashioned?
By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confess it was[2] a true one:
A king of Egypt, being to erect
The image of Osiris, whom they honour,

[1] Gifford reads "shape."
[2] Gifford reads "is," perhaps rightly.

Took from the matrons' neck the richest jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials,
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be adored, and served himself his idol;
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but, being overthrown,
Enraged against his god, (these are fine gods,
Subject to human fury!) he took down
The senseless thing, and, melting it again,
He made a bason, in which eunuchs washed
His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use
Some months it served: his mistress proving false,—
As most indeed do so,—and grace concluded
Between him and the priests, of the same bason
He made his god again! Think, think of this,
And then consider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
To put their trust in dross.

Cal. Oh, that I had been born
Without a father!

Christ. Piety to him
Hath ruined us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks His Godhead most, is merciful:
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without His leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears;
And, may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy!

Cal. We are caught ourselves,

That came to take you; and, assured of conquest,
We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph:
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly armed
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed, sisters,
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worse apostasy.

Cal. Never, oh never! steeled by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.

Chris. Here's our warrant;
You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirmed then;
And rest assured, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to Heaven more dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

Enter ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *and* HARPAX.

Artem. Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve[1] his sickness: his contempt of us,
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure. If his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us,
Ever your humblest vassals.

Artem. Use all means

[1] Compare *Richard II.*, ii. 2, 37:
"Or something hath the nothing that I grieve."

For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection. If the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rivalled mine, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her;
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.

Theo. Be happy then,
My Lord Sapritius: I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwells
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her
To anything they please.

Sap. I wish they may!
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.

[*A shout within: loud music.*

Artem. What means this shout?

Sap. 'Tis seconded with music,
Triumphant music.—Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. My lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian lady,
The image of great Jupiter borne before them,
Sue for access.

Theo. My soul divined as much.
Blest be the time when first they saw this light!
Their mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble age, filled not my longing heart
With so much joy as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest, *with the image of Jupiter, incense and censers; followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA *leading* DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my body and my mind!

Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort;
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too
Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravished
With the excess of joy:—speak, happy daughters,
The blest event.
Cal. We never gained so much
By any undertaking.
Theo. O my dear girl,
Our gods reward thee!
Dor. Nor was ever time,
On my part, better spent.
Chris. We are all now
Of one opinion.
Theo. My best Christeta!
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your princely hands.
Artem. Most willingly——
Do you refuse it?
Cal. Let us first deserve it.
Theo. My own child still! Here set our god; prepare
The incense quickly. Come, fair Dorothea,
I will myself support you;—now kneel down,
And pay your vows to Jupiter.
Dor. I shall do it
Better by their example.
Theo. They shall guide you;
They are familiar with the sacrifice.
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint offering.
Chris. Thus—— [*They both spit at the image.*
Cal. And thus—— [*They throw it down and spurn it.*
Harp. Profane,
And impious! stand you now like a statue?
Are you the champion of the gods? where is
Your holy zeal, your anger?
Theo. I am blasted;
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find

I have no motion ; I would I had no sight too !
Or, if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me, thou injured Power ! a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters ;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other :—
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursèd act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

Theo. Peace, damned enchantress, peace !—I should look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts ;—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh ! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove ?

Dor. Alack, poor Jove !
He is no swaggerer ! how smug he stands !
He'll take a kick, or anything.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the patient'st[1] godling ! do not fear him ;
He would not hurt the thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks ; indeed he could not :
And still 'tis the same quiet thing.

Theo. Blasphemer !
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this :
Thou art past hope. But for you yet, dear daughters,
Again bewitched, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it,
With true contrition : be yourselves again ;
Sue to the offended deity.

Chris. Not to be
The mistress of the earth.

[1] The quarto has " ancientst." The reading in the text was first printed by Gifford, at the recommendation of Monck Mason.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years conferred upon me
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like Dorothea, Christians;
And owe her[1] for that happiness.

Theo. My ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerful to make man wretched.

Artem. Are these they
You bragged could convert others!

Sap. That want strength
To stand, themselves!

Harp. Your honour is engaged,
The credit of your cause depends upon it:
Something you must do suddenly.

Theo. And I will.

Harp. They merit death; but, falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.

Theo. Do not blow
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which only blood must quench. Incensèd Power!
Which from my infancy I have adored,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The sacrifice, though not allowed thy priest,
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleased,
My fiery zeal inciting me to act it,
To call that justice others may style murder.
Come, you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. [*Kills them.*

[1] *i.e.* Are indebted to her.

Dor. O most cruel butcher!

Theo. My anger ends not here. Hell's dreadful porter,
Receive into thy ever-open gates
Their damnèd souls, and let the Furies' whips
On them alone be wasted! and, when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of this accursèd sect; nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.
[*Exit, with* HARPAX *hugging him.*

Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Enter ANGELO, *smiling.*

Dor. Oh, call him back again,
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.

Artem. Not so;
We are not so near reconciled unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, mistress;
These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS, *ragged, at opposite doors.*

Hir. Spungius!

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this tattered world?

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no. The tavern ivy clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then a tavern and a bawdy-house have faces much alike; the one has red grates next the door, the other has peeping-holes within doors; the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy-house sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling; from a bawdy-house, not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozened with paltry wine; in a bawdy-house, by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry "Drawer, you rogue!" or, "Keep door, rotten bawd!" without a silver whistle. We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

Hir. Thou didst; I did not: yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that stayed my running.

Spun. Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body, (and those are heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff,) that I beg on my knees to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her shears, and cut my thread in two; or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty[1] eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low-minded cobbler, a cobbler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness has gone awry.

Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowterly[1] wax of

[1] Filthy.

[2] Sowter, an obsolete word for a shoe-maker or cobbler.—Boyer, *Fr. Dict.*

comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

Spun. This shows thou art a cobbler's son, by going through-stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be cobblers!

Hir. So would I; for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famished.

Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

Spun. But, in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, "Why dost not gape and feed me?"

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, "Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?"

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon:[1] sithence, if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing than run to and fro to purchase anything.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

[1] The largest part of the intestinal canal, and hence, metaphorically, *hunger*.

Spun. Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assafœtida?

Spun. Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

Hir. As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched[1]; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapped in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox: why, then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter ANGELO.

Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes; and would you did so! Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawned? where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he has cozened us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way
Your guilt-winged[2] pieces flew. I will no more

[1] *i.e.* In a coach.

[2] "Guilt" is spelt "gilt" in the quarto. There is very likely a pun on the two words, but the former is the more emphatically meant.

Be mocked by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread
Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,
To draw drops of repentance from your heart:
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want; till then, my pity dies. [*Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter HARPAX *behind.*

Spun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of "Score a pottle of sack" is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster-wench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be. I do not like when conscience
Thaws; keep her frozen still. [*Comes forward.*] How now, my masters!
Dejected? drooping? drowned in tears? clothes torn?
Lean, and ill coloured? sighing? what's the whirlwind
Which raiseth all these mischiefs? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Yourselves into the service of that lady,
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort[1] of rogues
And lousy prisoners?

Hir. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I could not have spit

[1] Set.

white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Puh!

Harp. You're rightly served; before that peevish[1] lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money
Flowed in abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh, those days! those days!

Harp. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;
Those days shall come again, be ruled by me;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord Theophilus.

Harp. Yes, yes; in show his servant: but—hark, hither!—
Take heed nobody listens.

Spun. Not a mouse stirs.

Harp. I am a prince disguised.

Hir. Disguised![2] how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk;
I am a prince, and any man by me,
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:
He that shall serve me is not starved from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that, sir, we're so ragged——

Harp. You'll say, you'd serve me?

Hir. Before any master under the zodiac.

Harp. For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you; now that you see
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hanged!

Spun. And poxed!

Harp. Why, now you're mine;
Come, let my bosom touch you.

[1] Foolish. [2] A euphemism for drunk.

Spun. We have bugs, sir.

Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

Hir. Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress—a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

Harp. How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil,

He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving
To man, than man to man is.

Hir. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

Harp. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything. You have money; it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavern to you or other.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him.

Harp. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no such cause.

Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?[1]

Harp. Loves him from the teeth outward,

Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

Harp. As a bearward[2] does a dog. A catchpole! he

[1] A common lawyer. [2] A bear-keeper.

has sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damned before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for anything, see if it does not come.

Spun. Anything!

Harp. Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

Hir. Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

Harp. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you——

Hir. How? on the chops?

Harp. No, on the shoulder; and cries, "O, my brave boy!" Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his word? "Hang! hang! 'tis nothing."—Or stab a woman?

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst word he gives you: "A pox on't, go on!"

Hir. O inveigling rascal!—I am ravished.

Harp. Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass of youth,
And let the sands run merrily: nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away, feed beggars——

Hir. Hang them!

Harp. And to the scrubbing [1] poor.

Hir. I'll see them hanged first.

Harp. One service you must do me.

Both. Anything.

Harp. Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, sir?

Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand master,
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company: should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ply you this business; he her flesh who spares
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [*Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master, you rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants. [*Exeunt.*

[1] "Scrubbing" is used in much the same contemptuous sense as "scrubby" in modern slang. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 162.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

ANTONINUS *on a couch asleep, with* Doctors *about him;* SAPRITIUS *and* MACRINUS.

SAP. O you, that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes
Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,
To increase the number of this young man's days;
And, for each minute of his time prolonged,
Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold
With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,
And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

1st Doct. What art can do, we promise; physic's hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If Heaven make not the medicine: all this while,
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But 'tis so armed, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;
And, from that observation, sure I find
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child? a midwife!
Mac. Yes, with child;
And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow
Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;
And, when his arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleased with embracings of her airy form.
Physicians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face:
She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,
The princess' strict command barring that happiness,
To me impossible seems.
Sap. To me it shall not;
I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar
Was ever crowned with laurel, rather than cease
To be a father. [*Exit.*
Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.
Anton. Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea!
Mac. She's here: enjoy her.
Anton. Where? Why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty,
(Truth, I am bewitched!) offer my life,
And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers:
Yet, for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pity.
1*st Doct.* Let him have some music.
Anton. Hell on your fiddling! [*Starts from his couch.*
1*st Doct.* Take again your bed, sir;
Sleep is a sovereign physic.
Anton. Take an ass's head, sir:
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—

Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,
Thy pills and base apothecary drugs
Threatened to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

Anton. Myself, Macrinus!
How can I be myself, when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? Here moves my head,
But where's my heart? wherever—that lies dead.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS, *dragging in* DOROTHEA *by the hair*, ANGELO *following*.

Sap. Follow me, thou damned sorceress! Call up thy [spirits,
And, if they can, now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Anton. I am that spirit:
Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my love's beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Anton. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Anton. Would I live in bliss!

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Anton. It is not in the world.

Sap. It's here.

Anton. To treasure, by enchantment locked
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.

Sap. Break that enchanted cave: enter, and rifle
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend
To a base office, and become thy pander,
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's

Weak wall: to't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.—
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery,
How the coy strumpet yields.
1st Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir?
Sap. No matter for the boy: pages are used
To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones. Let the pimp stay.
[*Exeunt* SAPRITIUS, MACRINUS, *and* Doctors.
Dor. O, guard me, angels!
What tragedy must begin now?
Anton. When a tiger
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,
Being hunger-starved, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death; I am happy so. You, hitherto,
Have still had goodness sphered[1] within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken,
Ang. Fear not, mistress;
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? your eye
Bears danger in it.
Anton. I must——
Dor. What?
Sap. [*Within.*] Speak it out.
Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.
Sap. [*Within.*] Plague o' your trees!
Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.
Sap. [*Within.*] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!
Dor. Oh, kill me, [*Kneels.*
And Heaven will take it as a sacrifice;
But, if you play the ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

[1] The quarto has "spard," which might just conceivably be right, as "spar" was sometimes used in the sense of shut up, or enclose.

Sap. [*Within.*] Let her swallow thee!

Anton. Rise: for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will
That I should seize upon you, as my prey,
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villainy of man did ever act.

SAPRITIUS *breaks in with* MACRINUS.

Dor. Die happy for this language!

Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish idiot!

Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too: both, I think, are geld-
Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine; [ings;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling! Had a tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers,
Had ruffled her by this. But thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Tear thy flesh[1] in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear sir?

Sap. Teach her a trade,
Which many would learn in less than half an hour,—
To play the whore.

Enter Soldiers *with a* Slave.

Mac. A slave is come; what now?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour; from what country
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave?

[1] Gifford reads "Tear thy *own* flesh," which is perhaps right.

Slave. From Britain.
Sap. In the west ocean?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An island?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I'm fitted: of all nations
Our Roman swords e'er conquered, none comes near
The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah, fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an armed legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire,[1] and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then when the battering ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself: what is for man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.
Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set thee
Upon a piece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Briton:—drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.
Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am, as yet,
But half a slave; but, when that work is past,
A damnèd whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. He's bewitched too:
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
Slave. Thou art more slavé than I. [*He is carried in.*

[1] Rampart.

Dor. That Power supernal on whom waits my soul
Is captain o'er my chastity.
Anton. Good sir, give o'er:
The more you wrong her, yourself's vexed the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down I throw
Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.
Call in ten slaves.

Enter Slaves.

Mac.[1] They are come, sir, at your call.
Sap. Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

Enter THEOPHILUS.

Theo. Where is the governor?
Anton. There's my wretched father.
Theo. My Lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my lord!
That witch there——
Anton. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
Dor. I do.
Theo. Gone, gone; he's peppered. It is thou
Hast done this act infernal.
Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down,
I can no miracles work, yet, from my soul,
Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.
Theo. He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord!
Sap. Where am I?
Theo. One cheek is blasted.
Sap. Blasted! where's the lamia[2]
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitched; seize on her.

[1] The quarto gives this speech to Angelo. There can be little doubt of the correctness of Gifford's emendation.
[2] Witch, vampire.

Dor. I'm here; do what you please.

Theo. Spurn her to the bar.

Dor. Come, boy, being there, more near to Heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder; go out, witch!

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONINUS.

Anton. O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give thee breath!
Each of thy tortures is my several death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

Enter HARPAX, HIRCIUS, *and* SPUNGIUS.

Harp. Do you like my service now? say, am not I
A master worth attendance?

Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles.

Hir. A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they are unlucky to meet.

Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your arms.

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me;
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but sour
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, puh!

Spun. But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp. Your mistress.

Hir. How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch;—bum my mistress!

Harp. You're coxcombs, silly animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune: say, you fall off,
It must be done. You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why, every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-leather.[1]

Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and each pagan whom you meet
Shall forkèd fingers thrust into your eyes——

Hir. If we be cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Harp. The senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail,
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

[1] Leather made very rough by peculiar dressing.—*Nares.*

Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.
Spun. And I the hips,—we may strike anywhere?
Harp. Yes, anywhere.
Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.
Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by I must not
To see this done; great business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence. [*Exit.*
Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.
Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack-thirlery bouncing.

Enter DOROTHEA, *led prisoner;* SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, *and a* Hangman, *who sets up a Pillar:* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS *sit;* ANGELO *stands by* DOROTHEA. *A* Guard *attending.*

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind
That Christian to a pillar.
Theo. Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me—me! for flagitious facts[1]
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer
Any slight sacrifice; or do but swear
By Cæsar's fortune, and be free.
Sap. Thou shalt.
Dor. Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chained
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy
Your hangmen; you now show me whither to fly.
Sap. Are her tormentors ready?
Ang. Shrink not, dear mistress.

[1] Deeds.

Spun. & *Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the business.

Dor. You two! whom I like fostered children fed,
And lengthened out your starvèd life with bread;
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetched down,
Clothed you, and warmed you, you two my tormentors!

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you!

Sap. Strike.

[*They strike at her;* ANGELO *kneeling holds her fast.*

Theo. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright angels!

Sap. Faster, slaves.

Spun. Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I were to beat a buck,[1] I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,
I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,
And feast your fury full.

Theo. These dogs are curs, [*Comes from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles! cannot an eye start out,
With these?

Hir. No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis full of iron-work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit?

Ang. There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.
There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever!

[1] A quantity of linen washed at once; a tub-full of linen in buck.—*Halliwell.*

Enter HARPAX, *sneaking.*

Theo. We're mocked; these bats have power to fell
Yet her skin is not scarred. [down[1] giants,

Sap. What rogues are these?

Theo. Cannot these force a shriek? [*Beats* SPUNGIUS.

Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theo. Cannot this make her roar?

[*Beats* HIRCIUS; *he roars.*

Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they?

Spun. We serve that noble gentleman, there; he enticed us to this dry beating: oh, for one half pot!

Harp. My servants! two base rogues, and sometimes
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her. [servants

Sap. Unbind her; hang up these.

Theo. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! Master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?

Harp. What bandogs[2] but you two would worry a woman?
Your mistress? I but clapped you, you flew on.
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry "Out, hell-hounds!
Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman [traitors!"
Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course
Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;—
But, since you have not, go and be hanged.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your best course.

Theo. Why stay they trifling here?
To the gallows drag them by the heels;—away!

Spun. By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

[1] The quarto has "downe to fell."
[2] Dogs kept chained up, like those used for baiting animals.

Harp. Dispatch them.

Spun. The devil dispatch thee!

[*Exeunt* Guard *with* SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.
See this witch made away too.

Theo. My soul thirsts for it;
Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.

Dor. O hasten me to my coronation day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.*

Enter ANTONINUS, *supported by* MACRINUS, *and* Servants.

Anton. Is this the place where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus?

Mac. By this preparation,
You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Mac. Strange affection!
Cupid[1] once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.

[1] Gifford compares the Elegies of Secundus, ii. 6. See Fairfax's Tasso (1600), ii. 34:

"Death hath exchanged again his shafts with Love,
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly."

Anton. Nay, weep not;
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away. It is decreed
That I must die with her; our clue of life
Was spun together.
Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eye-witness
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.
Anton. Oh, Macrinus!
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
What instrument more glorious can I wish for
Than what is made sharp by my constant love
And true affection? It may be, the duty
And loyal service with which I pursued her,
And sealed it with my death, will be remembered
Among her blessèd actions: and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard *bringing in* DOROTHEA, *a* Headsman *before her; followed by* THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* HARPAX.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To Heaven itself than any sacrifice
That can be offered to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer Heaven.
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
Mac. It was his will;
And we were left to serve him, not command him.
Anton. Good sir, be not offended; nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be blest with.
Theo. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearched mines
(Mammon's unknown exchequer), shall redeem thee:
And, therefore, having first with horror weighed
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou mightst have tasted,
Hadst thou not turned apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent[1] the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.
Anton. She smiles,
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.
Theo. Derided too! dispatch, I say.
Dor. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of.
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteemed, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up

[1] Anticipate.

To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feigned Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades; for He hath made His bowers
Better in deed than you can fancy yours.

Anton. O, take me thither with you!

Dor. Trace my steps,
And be assured you shall.

Sap. With mine own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.

Theo. By no means;
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man,
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagined place,
That place of all delights,—pray you, observe me,—
And meet those cursèd things I once called daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

Theo. The gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant,
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

Enter ANGELO *in the Angel's habit.*

Harp. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me!

Theo. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious,[1] and confirms her witchcraft.

Theo. Harpax, my Harpax, speak!

Harp. I dare not stay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursèd place,
To which compared (and with what now I suffer,)
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [*Exit.*

Sap. Follow him.

Theo. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.—
Thy charms upon my servant, cursèd witch,
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die
Till my return. [*Exeunt* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS.

Anton. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fixed on?

Mac. I see nothing.

Anton. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve!
(For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—
For, put off thy divinity, so looked
My lovely Angelo.

Ang. Know, I am the same;
And still the servant to your piety.

[1] *i.e.* A prodigy.

Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famished mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms.[1] I never left you.
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffered; and before it,
Ask anything from me, and rest assured
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments. Since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to,
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amazed.

Anton. I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite altered from the thing I was.
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss. [*Kneels.*

[1] Compare *Hebrews* xiii. 2.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.
Theo. It matters not;
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.
Sap. Villain!
Anton. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.
Theo. I'll quickly make a separation of them.
Hast thou aught else to say?
Dor. Nothing, but to blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with Heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike quickly;
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
"She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies."
[*Her head is struck off.*
Anton. O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!
Mac. Your son sinks too. [ANTONINUS *falls.*
Sap. Already dead!
Theo. Die all
That are, or favour this accursèd sect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian.
[*Loud music. Exit* ANGELO, *having first laid his hand upon the mouths of* ANTONINUS *and* DOROTHEA.
Sap. Ha! heavenly music!
Mac. 'Tis in the air.
Theo. Illusions of the devil,

Wrought by some witch [1] of her religion,
That fain would make her death a miracle;
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial; but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The quarto reads "one." The conjectural emendation which I find in Gifford (whether due to him or to one of his predecessors) is ingenious and plausible. It is confirmed, not merely by the general sense of the context, but by the passage in which Sapritius, speaking of this music, says to Theophilus:

"Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions."



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—THEOPHILUS *discovered sitting in his Study; books about him.*



HEO. Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,
Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,
When he has made some admirable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweetened; and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here,
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapped up, unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances,
My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, alive and armed, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches; no, I'm carried
With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. [*Reads.*] "Great Britain,"—
what?
"A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,
Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine;

And then their fleshy back-parts, hewed with hatchets,
Were minced, and baked in pies to feed the starved
Christians."
Ha! ha!
Again, again,—"East Angles,"—oh! "East Angles:
Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worrièd
A thousand British rascals, stied up fat
Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarmed."
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter.—[*Reads.*] "Twelve hundred
Eyes bored with augers out"—Oh! "Eleven thousand
Torn by wild beasts: two hundred rammed in the earth
To the armpits, and full platters round about them,
But far enough for reaching." Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha!
Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings, [*He rises.*
Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

Consort.[1] *Enter* ANGELO *with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom[2] did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one; but let such horror follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake. How now? [*Music.*
Ang. Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit—and does it tremble!
Theo. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?
Ang. To you;
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,

[1] *i.e.* Musicians in readiness behind.
[2] *i.e.* The "thread" of my life. Boyer has "A bottom o thread, *Un peloton de fil.*" (*Fr. Dict.*)

That, when she came into that blessèd garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.

Theo. Cannot I see this garden?

Ang. Yes, if the Master
Will give you entrance. [*He vanishes.*

Theo. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-cheeked child I ever viewed:
Sweet-smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these?
In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous,
Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February,
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?—
My delicate boy,—gone! vanished! within there,
Julianus and Geta!—

Enter JULIANUS *and* GETA.

Both. My lord.

Theo. Are my gates shut?

Geta. And guarded.

Theo. Saw you not
A boy?

Jul. Where?

Theo. Here he entered; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes:
A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket.

Geta. No, sir.

Theo. Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
[*Exeunt* JULIANUS *and* GETA.
No!—vanished and not seen!—Be thou a spirit,
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,
Will taste it. [*Eats of the fruit.*

Harp. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theo. So good! I'll have some more,[1] sure.
Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!
Theo. What art thou!
Harp. A fisherman.
Theo. What dost thou catch?
Harp. Souls, souls; a fish called souls.
Theo. Geta.

Re-enter GETA.

Geta. My lord.
Harp. [*Within.*] Ha. ha, ha. ha!
Theo. What insolent slave is this, dares laugh at me?
Or what is't the dog grins at so?
Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom;
for there is none without but my fellow Julianus, and he
is making a garland for Jupiter.
Theo. Jupiter! all within me is not well:
And yet not sick.
Harp. [*Within.*] Ha. ha. ha, ha!
Theo. What's thy name, slave?
Harp. [*At one end of the room.*] Go look.
Geta. 'Tis Harpax' voice.
Theo. Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
Harp. [*At the other end.*] Fool, thou liest!
Geta. He's yonder now, my lord.
Theo. Watch thou that end.
Whilst I make good this.
Harp. [*In the middle.*] Ha. ha. ha. ha. ha!
Theo. He is at barley-break,[2] and the last couple
Are now in hell.

[1] The quarto has "now."
[2] This game was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. The ground was divided into three compartments, the middle one being called "hell." It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others without breaking hands.

Search for him. [*Exit* GETA.] All this ground, methinks, is bloody,
And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes
Whom I have tortured; and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled,
And daunted at first sight, tell me it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings;
And hence he flew:——'tis vanished! Jupiter,
For all my sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile?
Or wooden image laugh? [*Music.*] Ha! I remember,
Such music gave a welcome to my ear,
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,
Or from some better place; a Power divine,
Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stained o'er,
Nay, drowned, and damned for ever in Christian gore.

Harp. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Theo. Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. [*Eats again.*

Enter HARPAX *in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.*

Harp. Hold!

Theo. Not for Cæsar.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theo. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
You Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me!
What art thou?

Harp. I am thy master.

Theo. Mine!

Harp. And thou my everlasting slave: that Harpax,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

Theo. Avaunt!

Harp. I will not; cast thou down
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.
Theo. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? see! [*Eats again.*
Harp. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.
Theo. Art thou with this affrighted! see, here's more.
[*Pulls out a handful of flowers.*
Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee
In a contorted chain of icicles,
In the frigid zone: down with them!
Theo. At the bottom
One thing I found not yet. See!
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*
Harp. Oh! I am tortured.
Theo. Can this do't! hence, thou fiend infernal, hence!
Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.
Theo. At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,
I serve a better master: he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on[1] by thee.—
By thy damned rhetoric did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg a forgiveness.
Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.
Theo. I serve a strength above thine; this small weapon,
Methinks, is armour hard enough.
Harp. Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*
Theo. Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound! down!

[1] Instigated.

Me hast thou lost. That arm, which hurls thee hence,
[HARPAX *disappears.*
Save me, and set me up, the strong defence,
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

Re-enter ANGELO.

Ang. Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow;
And to that garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyred virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [*Exit.*

Theo. It is, it is, some angel. Vanished again!
Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fixed on thy beauty,
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st me,
Teach me what I must do, and to do well,
That my last act the best may parallel. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—DIOCLESIAN'S *Palace.*

Enter DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, *the* Kings of Epire, Pontus, *and* Macedon, *meeting* ARTEMIA; Attendants.

Artem. Glory and conquest still attend upon
Triumphant Cæsar!

Dioc. Let thy wish, fair daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar,

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds considered in which we stand tied,
As love and empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy
To be my mistress.

Artem. Sir, you show yourself
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
Stained by a harsh refusal in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is Love;
His bow and arrows are the same. Great Julius,
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia covered
With the dead carcases of senators
And citizens of Rome; when the world knew
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray-haired forget the lusts of youth,)
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,
A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive:
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deformed,
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent,)
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me;
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.

Dioc. This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,
With outstretched arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was: thy fate
Reserved thee for this better choice; embrace it.

Max. This happy match brings new nerves to give
To our continued league. [strength

Dioc.[1] Hymen himself
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the presence of these kings.
King of Pont. Who rest most happy,
To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the empire.
Dioc. We much thank your loves:
But where's Sapritius, our governor,
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish
His piety and service.
Artem. Sir, the governor
Brooks[2] sadly his son's loss, although he turned
Apostata in death: but bold Theophilus,
Who, for the same cause, in my presence sealed
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts,
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Dragged the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her lose her head.
Dioc. He is all worthy:
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffered.
Artem. 'Twill be delivered
With such contempt and scorn, (I know his nature,)
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter
Than the least pity.
Dioc. To that end I would hear it.

Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* MACRINUS.

Artem. He comes; with him the governor.
Dioc. O, Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet remembering that you are a father,

[1] The quarto gives this speech to the King of Macedon.
[2] "To brook [bear], *tolero*."—Coles, *Lat. Dict.*

I will forget it. Good Theophilus,
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.
[*To* SAPRITIUS.
Theo. [*Aside to* MACRINUS.] By Antoninus' soul, I do
conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet:—by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what shall follow?
Theo. Haste then to the port;
You there shall find two tall[1] ships ready rigged,
In which embark the poor distressèd souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.
Inquire not whither you are bound: the Deity
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone:
Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you!
Mac. I'll undertake't; there's something prompts me
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act: [to it;
And to be merciful has never been
By moral[2] men themselves esteemed a sin. [*Exit.*
Dioc. You know your charge?
Sap. And will with care observe it.
Dioc. For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,
My careful, zealous provost! thou hast toiled
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.
Prithee deliver,[3] and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness or scoffs,

[1] *i.e.* Stout.
[2] Used in the sense of a low and conventional morality.
[3] "To deliver (*or* speak out in discourse)."—Boyer, *Fr. Dict.*

Before my brother and these kings, how took
The Christian her death?

Theo. And such a presence,
Though every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha! how is this!

Theo. O! mark it, therefore, and with that attention
As you would hear an embassy from Heaven
By a winged legate; for, the truth delivered,
Both how, and what, this blessèd virgin suffered,
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonized Spartan ladies were,
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own matrons,
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics, in her history
Will find a second urn: Gracchus' Cornelia,
Paulina, that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallowed burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mentioned.

Max. Is he mad?

Dioc. Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more.

Theo. They, out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A doting mother, as Cornelia was.
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cause
Who only can bestow it; who sent down

Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to Heaven, who entertained it
With choice celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres; she, uncompelled,
Changed this life for a better. My Lord Sapritius,
You were present at her death: did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?

Sap. Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.

Theo. I then heard it
With sinful ears, and belched out blasphemous words
Against His Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in Him.

Dioc. Why, dost thou now?
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing——

Theo. Were my voice
As loud as is His thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dioc. Thou twice a child! for doting age so makes
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life [thee,
Being almost passed through, in the last moment
Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or great—
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still bettered: as the sun,
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Do; no way is left, else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.
Dioc. But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.
Theo. Hear me, yet;
Hear, for my service past.
Artem. What will he say?
Theo. As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for;
Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity
To any Christian, being one myself,
Should look for any; no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty. I stand
Accountable for thousand Christians' deaths;
And, were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easy penance, and I should pass through
A gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My suit is, you would have no pity on me.
In mine own house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians; let me feel,
As the Sicilian [1] did his brazen bull,
The horrid'st you can find; and I will say,
In death, that you are merciful.
Dioc. Despair not;
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither.
[*Exeunt some of the* Guard.
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!—
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply

[1] Phalaris.

In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians
That are in hold; and here, before his face,
Cut them in pieces.

Theo. 'Tis not in thy power:
It was the first good deed I ever did.
They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er,
I was determined for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty;
And still I dare thy worst.

Re-enter Guard *with racks and other instruments of torture.*

Dioc. Bind him, I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek
Shall have ten thousand drachmas: wretch! I'll force
To curse the Power thou worshipp'st. [thee

Theo. Never, never:
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on Him,
But what shall speak His majesty or mercy.
[*They torment him*
I'm honoured in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,
More tortures, more:—alas! you are unskilful—
For Heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;
Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan,
To witness he has feeling.

Dioc. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever.
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it:—Oh me!
My ancient enemies again! [*Falls dow*

Enter DOROTHEA *in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by* ANGELO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA *following, all in white, but less glorious;* ANGELO *holds out a crown to* THEOPHILUS.

Theo. Most glorious vision!—
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirmed,
Confirmed, you blessèd spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death! till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessèd spirits! I come;
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [*Dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet
A constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damned.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursèd fiend!
[HARPAX *sinks with thunder and lightning.*
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.
[*Exit with* DOROTHEA, &c.

Dioc. I think the centre of the earth be cracked—
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on:
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST—first acted on May 7, 1631, the chief parts being filled by Joseph Taylor (Antiochus), John Lowin (Flaminius), and Thomas Pollard (Berecinthius)—was long reckoned among the lost works of Massinger, being included in the list of fifty-five manuscript plays that were destroyed in the last century by Warburton's cook. In 1844, however, the late Mr. T. Crofton Croker acquired a copy, possibly in the author's handwriting, and bearing the stage licence, signed by Sir Henry Herbert. Nearly the whole of one leaf had been torn out, and elsewhere damp and age had rendered some passages illegible. The play was reprinted for the Percy Society in 1849, but, unfortunately, with extreme carelessness; and, as the manuscript, notwithstanding diligent inquiry, cannot now be found, the true reading in several places is still uncertain.

Although the action is thrown back to the time of the Roman Republic, the plot is really founded on the adventures of a claimant to the throne of Portugal, whose wanderings and sufferings excited much interest in Europe about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He professed to be Don Sebastian, commonly believed to have been killed at the battle of Alcazar in 1578; and two pamphlets favouring his pretensions were published in London in 1602-3. Some incidents related in these tracts, which are reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, vols. iv. and v., furnished materials for Massinger's play. This will sufficiently explain the words of the prologue: "A late and sad example."

S. W. O.



So far our author is from arrogance
That he craves pardon for his ignorance
In story. If you find what's Roman here,
Grecian, or Asiatic, draw too near
A late and sad example, 'tis confessed
He's but an English scholar at his best,
A stranger to cosmography, and may err
In the countries' names, the shape and character
Of the persons he presents. Yet he is bold
In me to promise, be it new or old,
The tale is worth the hearing; and may move
Compassion, perhaps deserve your love
And approbation. He dares not boast
His pains and care, or what books he hath tossed
And turned to make it up. The rarity
Of the events in this strange history,
Now offered to you, by his own confession,
Must make it good, and not his weak expression.
You sit his judges, and like judges be
From favour to his cause, or malice, free;
Then, whether he hath hit the white or missed,
As the title speaks, Believe you as you list.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of the Lower Asia.
TITUS FLAMINIUS, Roman Ambassador at Carthage.
LENTULUS, Successor of FLAMINIUS at Carthage.
METELLUS, Proconsul of Lusitania.
MARCELLUS, Proconsul of Sicily.
AMILCAR, Prince of the Carthaginian Senate.
HANNO, ASDRUBAL, CARTHALO, } Carthaginian Senators.
PRUSIAS, King of Bithynia.
PHILOXENUS, his Minister and Tutor.
BERECINTHIUS, a Flamen of Cybele.
1st Merchant, 2nd Merchant, 3rd Merchant, } former Subjects of ANTIOCHUS.
CALISTUS, DEMETRIUS, } Freedmen of FLAMINIUS.
TITUS, a Spy in the service of FLAMINIUS.
CHRYSALUS, SYRUS, GETA, } Servants of ANTIOCHUS.
SEMPRONIUS, a Captain.
A Stoic Philosopher.
A Jailor.
Senators, Captain, Officers, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Queen of PRUSIAS.
CORNELIA, Wife of MARCELLUS.
A Courtezan.
A Moorish Waiting-woman.

SCENE—CARTHAGE, BITHYNIA, CALLIPOLIS, and SYRACUSE.

BELIEVE AS YOU LIST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The neighbourhood of Carthage.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS *and a* Stoic Philosopher.

STOIC. You are now in sight of Carthage, that great city,
Which, in her empire's vastness, rivals Rome
At her proud height; two hours will bring you thither.
Make use of what you have learned in your long travels,
And from the golden principles read to you
In the Athenian Academy, stand resolved
For either fortune. You must now forget
The contemplations of a private man,
And put in action that which may comply
With the majesty of a monarch.

Ant. How that title,
That glorious attribute of majesty,
That troublesome though most triumphant robe
Designed me in my birth, which I have worn
With terror and astonishment to others,

Affrights me now! O memory, memory
Of what I was once, when the Eastern world
With wonder, in my May of youth, looked on me;
Ambassadors of the most potent kings,
With noble emulation, contending
To court my friendship, their fair daughters offered
As pledges to assure it, with all pomp
And circumstance of glory; Rome herself,
And Carthage, emulous whose side I should
Confirm in my protection! O remembrance!
With what ingenious cruelty and tortures,
Out of a due consideration of
My present low and desperate condition,
Dost thou afflict me now!

Stoic. You must oppose
(For so the Stoic discipline commands you)
That wisdom, with your patience fortified,
Which holds dominion over fate, against
The torrent of your passion.

Ant. I should,
I do confess I should, if I could drink up
That river of forgetfulness poets dream of:
But still in dreadful forms, (philosophy wanting
Power to remove them,) all those innocent spirits,
Borrowing again their bodies, gashed with wounds,
Which strowed Achaia's bloody plains, and made
Rivulets of gore, appear to me, exacting
A strict account of my ambition's folly,
For the exposing of twelve thousand souls,
Who fell that fatal day, to certain ruin;
Neither the counsel of the Persian king
Prevailing with me, nor the grave advice
Of my wise enemy, Marcus Scaurus, hindering
My desperate enterprise, too late repented.
Methinks I now look on my butchered army——

Stoic. This is mere melancholy.

Ant. O, 'tis more, sir;

Here, there, and everywhere they do pursue me.
The genius of my country, made a slave,
Like a weeping mother, seems to kneel before me,
Wringing her manacled hands; the hopeful youth
And bravery of my kingdom, in their pale
And ghastly looks, lamenting that they were
Too soon by my means forced from their sweet being;
Old . . . sper with his fierce beams nour . . . . e in vain
Their olives and . . . . . .
Trained up in all delights, or sacred to
The chaste Diana's rites, compelled to bow to
The soldier's lusts, or at an outcry sold
Under the spear[1] like beasts, to be spurned and trod on
By their proud mistresses, the Roman matrons!—
O, sir, consider then if it can be
In the constancy of a Stoic to endure
What now I suffer.

Stoic. Two and twenty years
Travelling o'er the world, you have paid the forfeit
Of this engagement; shed a sea of tears
In your sorrow for it; and now, being called from
The rigour of a strict philosopher's life
By the cries of your poor country, you are bound
With an obedient cheerfulness to follow
The path that you are entered in, which will
Guide you out of a wilderness of horror
To the flourishing plains of safety, the just gods
Smoothing the way before you.

Ant. Though I grant
That all impossibilities are easy
To their omnipotence, give me leave to fear
The more than doubtful issue. Can it fall
In the compass of my hopes, the lordly Romans,
So long possessed of Asia, their plea
Made good by conquest, and that ratified

[1] An "outcry" is an auction. In ancient Rome a spear was set up, beneath which the goods were sold.

Of my remarkable story, that my fall
Might not be fruitless, but still live the great
Example of man's frailty. I that was
Born and bred up a king, whose frown or smile . .
Spake death or life, my will a law, my person
Environed with an army, now exposed
To the contempt and scorn of my own slave,
Who in his pride, as a god compared with me,
Bids me become a beggar! But complaints
Are weak and womanish: I will, like a palm-tree,[1]
Grow under my huge weight; nor shall the fear
Of death or torture that dejection bring,
To make me live or die less than a king. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Carthage.*

Enter BERECINTHIUS, *with three petitions, and three* Merchants *of Asia.*

1*st Mer.* We are grown so contemptible he disdains
To give us hearing.

2*nd Mer.* Keeps us off at such distance,
And with his Roman gravity declines
Our suit for conference, as with much more ease
We might make our approaches to the Parthian,
Without a present, than work him to have
A feeling of our grievances.

3*rd Mer.* A statesman!
The devil, I think, who only knows him truly,
Can give his character. When he is to determine
A point of justice, his words fall in measure
Like plummets of a clock, observing time
And just proportion.

1*st Mer.* But when he is

[1] The palm-tree was supposed to grow more vigorously when weights were hung on the branches.

To speak in any cause concerns himself,
Or Rome's republic, like a gushing torrent,
Not to be stopped in its full course, his reasons,
Delivered like a second Mercury,
Break in, and bear down whatsoever is
Opposed against them.

2nd Mer. When he smiles, let such
Beware as have to do with him, for then,
Sans doubt, he's bent to mischief.

Bere. As I am
Cybele's flamen (whose most sacred image,
Drawn thus in pomp,[1] I wear upon my breast),
I am privileged, nor is it in his power
To do me wrong; and he shall find I can
Think, and aloud too, when I am not at
Her altar kneeling. Mother of the gods! what is he?
At his best but a patrician of Rome,
His name Titus Flaminius; and speak mine,
Berecinthius, arch-flamen to Cybele,
It makes as great a sound.

3rd Mer. True; but his place, sir,
And the power it carries in it, as Rome's legate,
Gives him pre-eminence o'er you.

Bere. Not an atom.
When moral honesty and *jus gentium* fail
To lend relief to such as are oppressed,
Religion must use her strength. I am perfect
In these notes you gave me. Do they contain at full
Your grievances and losses?

1st Mer. Would they were
As well redressed, as they are punctually
Delivered to you.

Bere. Say no more; they shall,
And to the purpose.

2nd Mer. Here he comes.

Bere. Have at him!

[1] Seated in a chariot drawn by lions.

Enter FLAMINIUS, CALISTUS, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Flam. Blow away these troublesome and importunate drones;
I have embryons of greater consequence
In my imaginations, to which
I must give life and form, not now vouchsafing
To hear their idle buzzes.

2nd Mer. Note you that?

Bere. Yes, I do note it; but the flamen is not
So light to be removed by a groom's breath:
I must and will speak, and I thus confront him.

Flam. But that the image of the goddess which
Thou wear'st upon thy breast protects thy rudeness,
It had forfeited thy life. Dost thou not tremble
When an incensèd Roman frowns?

Bere. I see
No Gorgon in your face.

Flam. Must I speak in thunder
Before thou wilt be awed?

Bere. I rather look
For reverence from thee, if thou respectest
The goddess' power, and in her name I charge thee
To give me hearing. If these lions roar,
For thy contempt of her expect a vengeance
Suitable to thy pride.

Flam. Thou shalt o'ercome;
There's no contending with thee.

3rd Mer. Hitherto
The flamen hath the better.

1st Mer. But I fear
He will not keep it.

Bere. Know you these men's faces?

Flam. Yes, yes, poor Asiatics.

Bere. Poor! they are made so
By your Roman tyranny and oppression.

Flam. . . . . . .

If arrogantly you presume to take
The Roman government, your politics cannot
Give privileges to it, and you'll find and feel
The little less than treason, Romans.

Bere. Thou
In your pride is so misguided. These poor men,
These Asian merchants whom you look on
With such contempt and scorn, are they to whom
Rome owes her towers; their industrious search
Of the farthest East, with danger to themselves
Brings home security to you unthankful.
Your magazines are from their sweat supplied;
The legions with which you fright the world
Are from their labour paid. The Persian fish,
Whose blood dyes your proud purple in the colour
Distinguishing the senator's garded[1] robe
From a plebeian habit, their nets catch.
The diamond hewed from the rock, the pearl
Dived for into the bottom of the sea,
The sapphire, ruby, jacinth, amber, coral,
And all rich ornaments of your Latian dames
Are Asian spoils. They are indeed the nurses[2]
And sinews of your war, and without them
What could you do?—Your handkercher——

Flam. Wipe your face;
You are in a sweat: the weather's hot; take heed
Of melting your fat kidneys.

Bere. There's no heat
Can thaw thy frozen conscience.

Flam. To it again now;
I am not moved.

Bere. I see it. If you had
The feeling of a man you would not suffer
These men, who have deserved so well, to sink
Under the burthen of their wrongs. If they

[1] Outward splendour.
[2] Perhaps "nerves" is the true reading.

Are subjects, why enjoy they not the right
And privilege of subjects? What defence
Can you allege for your connivance to
The Carthaginian galleys, who forced from them
The prize they took, belonging not to them
Nor their confederates?

Flam. With reverence
To your so sacred goddess, I must tell you
You are grown presumptuous; and, in your demands,
A rash and saucy flamen. Meddle with
Your juggling mysteries, and keep in awe
Your gelded ministers. Shall I yield account
Of what I do to you?

1st Mer. He smiles in frown.

2nd Mer. Nay, then, I know what follows.

3rd Mer. In his looks
A tempest rises.

Flam. How dare you complain,
Or in a look repine? Our government
Hath been too easy, and the yoke which Rome
In her accustomed lenity imposed
Upon your stubborn necks begets contempt.
Hath our familiar commerce and trading,
Almost as with our equals, taught you to
Dispute our actions? Have you quite forgot
What we are, and you ought to be? Shall vassals
Capitulate with their lords?

2nd Mer. I vow he speaks
In his own dialect.

Flam. 'Tis too frequent, wretches,
To have the vanquished hate the conqueror,
And from us needs no answer. Do not I know
How odious the lordly Roman is
To the despisèd Asian; and that
To gain your liberty you would pull down
The altars of your gods, and, like the giants,
Raise a new war 'gainst Heaven?

1*st Mer.* Terrible.

Flam. Did you not give assurance of this, when
Giddy Antiochus died? and, rather than
Accept us guardians of your orphan kingdom,
When the victorious Scaurus with his sword
Pleaded the Roman title, with our vote,
You did exclaim against us as the men
That sought to lay an unjust gripe upon
Your territories; ne'er remembering that
In the brass-leaved book of fate it was set down
The earth should know no sovereign but Rome:
Yet you repined, and rather chose to pay
Homage and fealty to the Parthian,
The Egyptian Ptolemy, or indeed any,
Than bow unto the Roman.

Bere. And perhaps
Our government in them had been more gentle,
Since yours is insupportable.

Flam. If thou wert not
In a free state, the tongue that belcheth forth
These blasphemies should be seared.—For you, presume
not [*To the* Merchants.
To trouble me hereafter. If you do,
You shall with horror to your proudest hopes
Feel really that we have iron hammers
To pulverize rebellion, and that
We dare use you as slaves.—Be you, too, warned, sir,
[*To* BERECINTHIUS.
Since this is my last caution. I have seen
A murmurer, like yourself, for his attempting
To raise sedition in Rome's provinces,
Hanged up in such a habit.

[*Exeunt* FLAMINIUS, CALISTUS, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Bere. I have took
Poison in at my ears, and I shall burst
If it come not up in my reply.

1*st Mer.* He's gone, sir.

Bere. He durst not stay me. If he had, had found
I would not swallow my spittle.
2nd Mer. As we must
Our wrongs and our disgraces.
3rd Mer. O, the wretched
Condition that we live in; made the anvil
On which Rome's tyrannies are shaped and fashioned!
1st Mer. But our calamities there's nothing left us
Which we can call our own.
2nd Mer. Our wives and daughters
Lie open to their lusts, and such as should be
Our judges dare not right us.
3rd Mer. O Antiochus!
Thrice happy were the men whom fate appointed
To fall with thee in Achaia.
2nd Mer. They have set
A period to their miseries.
1st Mer. We survive
To linger out a tedious life; and death—
We call in vain what flies us.
Bere. If religion
Be not a mere word only, and the gods
Are just, we shall find a delivery
When least expected.
1st Mer. 'Tis beyond all hope, sir.

Enter ANTIOCHUS.

Bere. Ha! who is this?
Ant. Your charity to a poor man,
As you are Asians.
2nd Mer. Pray you observe him.
3rd Mer. I am amazed!
1st Mer. I thunderstruck!
Bere. What are you?
Ant. The King Antiochus.
2nd Mer. Or some deity
That hath assumed his shape?

Bere. He only differs
In the colour of his hair, and age.
Ant. Consider
What two and twenty years of misery
Can work upon a wretch, that long time spent too
Under distant zeniths, and the change you look on
Will not deserve your wonder.
1st Mer. His own voice.
2nd Mer. His very countenance, his forehead, eyes.
3rd Mer. His nose, his very lip.
Bere. His stature, speech.
1st Mer. His very hand, leg, and foot, on the left side
Shorter than on the right
2nd-Mer. The moles upon
His face and hands.
3rd Mer. The scars caused by his hurts
On his right brow and head.
Bere. The hollowness
Of his under-jaw, occasioned by the loss
Of a tooth pulled out by his chirurgion.
1st Mer. To confirm us,
Tell us your chirurgion's name, when he served you.
Ant. You all knew him,
As I do you: Demetrius Castor.
2nd Mer. Strange!
3rd Mer. But most infallibly true.
Bere. So many marks
Confirming us, we owe,[1] in our distrust,
A sacrifice for his safety.
1st Mer. May Rome smile!
2nd Mer. And Asia once more flourish!
3rd Mer. You the means, sir!
Ant. Silence your shouts: I will give stronger proofs
Than these exterior marks when I appear
Before the Carthaginian senators,
With whom I have held more intelligence

[1] The reprint has "faine."

And private counsels than with all the kings
Of Asia or Afric: I'll amaze them
With the wonder of my story.

Bere. Yet, until
Your majesty be furnished like yourself,
To a neighbour village——

Ant. Where you please. The omen
Of this encounter promises a good issue:
And, our gods pleased, oppressèd Asia,
When aid is least expected, may shake off
The insulting Roman bondage, and in me
Gain and enjoy her pristine liberty. [*Exe*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Carthage. A Room in the House of* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* CALISTUS.

FLAM. A man that styles himself Antiochus, say you?

Cal. Not alone styled so, but as such received
And honoured by the Asians.

Flam. Two impostors,
For their pretension to that fatal name,
Already have paid dear; nor shall this third
Escape unpunished.

Cal. 'Twill exact your wisdom
With an Herculean arm (the cause requires it)
To strangle this new monster in the birth.
For, on my life, he hath delivered to
The credulous multitude such reasons why
They should believe he is the true Antiochus
That, with their gratulations for his safety,
And wishes for his restitution, many
Offer the hazard of their lives and fortunes
To do him service.

Flam. Poor seducèd fools!
However, 'tis a business of such weight
I must not sleep in't. Is he now in Carthage?

Cal. No, sir; removed to a grange some two miles off;
And there the malcontents, and such whose wants
With forfeited credits make them wish a change

Of the Roman government, in troops flock to him,
Flam. With one puff—thus—I will disperse and scatt
This heap of dust. Here, take my ring: by this
Entreat my friend Amilcar to procure
A mandate from the Carthaginian senate
For the apprehension of this impostor,
And with all possible speed. [*Exit* CALISTUS.] Hov
e'er I know
The rumour of Antiochus' death uncertain,
It much imports the safety of great Rome
To have it so believed.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. There wait without
Three fellows I ne'er saw before, who much
Importune their access. They swear they bring
Business along with them that deserves your ear,
It being for the safety of the republic,
And quiet of the provinces. They are full
Of gold; I have felt their bounty.
Flam. Such are welcome;
Give them admittance. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.] In thi
various play
Of state and policy, there's no property
But may be useful.

Re-enter DEMETRIUS, *with* CHRYSALUS, GETA, *and* SYRUS.

Now, friends, what design
Carries you to me?
Geta. My most honoured lord——
Syr. May it please your mightiness——
Flam. Let one speak for all;
I cannot brook this discord.
Chrys. As our duties
Command us, noble Roman, having discovered
A dreadful danger, with the nimble wings
Of speed, approaching to the state of Rome,

We hold it fit you should have the first notice,
That you may have the honour to prevent it.
Flam. I thank you; but instruct me what form wears
The danger that you speak of.
Chrys. It appears
In the shape of King Antiochus.
Flam. How! is he
Rose from the dead?
Chrys. Alas! he never died, sir;
He at this instant lives; the more the pity
He should survive, to the disturbance of
Rome's close and politic counsels, in the getting
Possession of his kingdom, which he would
Recover (simple as he is) the plain
And downright way of justice.
Flam. Very likely.
But how are you assured this is Antiochus,
And not a counterfeit? Answer that.
Chrys. I served him
In the Achaian war, where, his army routed,
And the warlike Romans hot in their execution,
To shun their fury he and his minions were
(Having cast off their glorious armour) forced
To hide themselves as dead, with fear and horror,
Among the slaughtered carcases. I lay by them,
And rose with them at midnight. Then retiring
Unto their ships, we sailed to Corinth; thence
To India, where he spent many years
With their gymnosophists. There I waited on him,
And came thence with him; but, at length, tired out
With an unrewarded service, and affrighted
In my imagination with the dangers,
Or rather certain ruins, in pursuing
His more than desperate fortunes, we forsook him.
Flam. A wise and politic fellow! Give me thy hand.
Thou art sure of this?
Chrys. As of my life.

Flam. And this is
Known only to you three?
Chrys. There's no man lives else
To witness it.
Flam. The better: but inform me,
And, as you would oblige me to you, truly,
Where did you leave him?
Syr. For the payment of
Our long and tedious travel, we made bold
To rifle him.
Flam. Good!
Geta. And, so disabling him
Of means to claim his right, we hope despair
Hath made him hang himself.
Flam. It had been safer
If you had done it for him. But, as 'tis,
You are honest men. You have revealed this secret
To no man but myself?
Chrys. Nor ever will.
Flam. [*Aside.*] I will take order that you never shall.—
And, since you have been true unto the state,
I'll keep you so. I am e'en now considering
How to advance you.
Chrys. What a pleasant smile
His honour throws upon us!
Geta. We are made.
Flam. And now 'tis found out. That no danger may
Come near you, should the robbery be discovered,
Which the Carthaginian laws, you know, call death,
My house shall be your sanctuary.
Syr. There's a favour!
Flam. And that our entertainment come not short
Of your deservings, I commit you to
My secretary's care.—See that they want not,
Among their other delicates——
Chrys. Mark that!
Flam. [*Aside to* DEMETRIUS.] A sublimated pill of
For sugar to their wine. [mercury,

Dem. I understand you.

Flam. Attend these honest men, as if they were
Made Roman citizens; and be sure, at night,
I may see them well-lodged.—Dead in the vault, I mean:
Their gold is thy reward. [*Aside to* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Believe it done, sir.

Flam. And when 'tis known how I have recompensed
(Though you were treacherous to your own king)
The service done to Rome, I hope that others
Will follow your example. Enter, friends;
I'll so provide that when you next come forth
You shall not fear who sees you.

Chrys. Was there ever
So sweet a tempered Roman?

Flam. You shall find it. [*Exeunt all but* FLAMINIUS.
Ha! what's the matter? Do I feel a sting here,
For what is done to these poor snakes? My reason
Will easily remove it. That assures me,
That, as I am a Roman, to preserve
And propagate her empire, though they were
My father's sons, they must not live to witness
Antiochus is in being. The relation
The villain made, in every circumstance
Appeared so like to truth, that I began
To feel an inclination to believe
What I must have no faith in. By my birth
I am bound to serve thee, Rome, and what I do
Necessity of state compels me to. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Senate Hall in Carthage.*

Enter AMILCAR, HANNO, ASDRUBAL, CARTHALO, Senators, *and* Attendants.

Amil. To steer a middle course 'twixt these extremes
Exacts our serious care.

Han. I know not which way
I should incline.
Amil. The reasons this man urges,
To prove himself Antiochus, are so pregnant,
And the attestation of his countrymen
In every circumstance so punctual,
As not to show him our compassion were
A kind of barbarous cruelty.
Car. Under correction,
Give me leave to speak my thoughts. We are bound to weigh
Not what we should do in the point of honour,
Swayed by our pity, but what may be done
With the safety of the state.
Asd. Which is, indeed,
The main consideration; for, grant
This is the true Antiochus, without danger,
Nay, almost certain ruin to ourselves,
We cannot yield him favour or protection.
Han. We have feared and felt the Roman power, and must
Expect, if we provoke him, a return
Not limited to the quality of the offence,
But left at large to his interpretation,
Which seldom is confined. Who knows not that
The tribute Rome receives from Asia is
Her chief supportance? other provinces
Hardly defray the charge by which they are
Kept in subjection. They, in name, perhaps,
Render the Roman terrible; but his strength
And power to do hurt, without question, is
Derived from Asia. And can we hope, then,
That such as lend their aids to force it from them
Will be held for less than capital enemies,
And as such pursued and punished?
Car. I could wish
We were well rid of him.

Asd. The surest course
Is to deliver him into the hands
Of bold Flaminius.
Han. And so oblige
Rome, for a matchless benefit.
Amil. If my power
Were absolute, as 'tis but titular,
And that confined too, being by you elected
Prince of the Senate only for a year,
I would oppose your counsels, and not labour
With arguments to confute them; yet, however,
Though a fellow-patriot with you, let it not savour
Of usurpation, though in my opinion
I cross your abler judgments. Call to mind
Our grandsires' glories (though not seconded
With a due imitation), and remember
With what expense of coin, as blood, they did
Maintain their liberty, and kept the scale
Of empire even 'twixt Carthage and proud Rome;
And, though the Punic faith is branded by
Our enemies, our confederates and friends
Found it as firm as fate; and seventeen kings,
Our feodaries, our strengths upon the sea
Exceeding theirs, and our land soldiers
In number far above theirs, though inferior
In arms and discipline (to our shame we speak it);
And then for our cavallery, in the champaign [1]
How often have they brake their piles, and routed
Their coward legions!
Han. This, I grant, sir, is not
To be contradicted.
Amil. If so, as we find it
In our records, and that this state hath been
The sanctuary to which mighty kings
Have fled to for protection, and found it,
Let it not to posterity be told

[1] Flat, open country.

That we so far degenerate from the race
We are derived as, in a servile fear
Of the Roman power, in a kind to play the bawds
To their ravenous lusts, by yielding up a man,
That wears the shape of our confederate,
To their devouring gripe, whose strong assurance
Of our integrity and impartial doom
Hath made this seat his altar.

Car. I join with you
In this opinion, but no farther than
It may be done with safety.

Asd. In his ruins
To bury ourselves, you needs must grant to be
An inconsiderate pity, no way suiting
With a wise man's reason.

Car. Let us face to face
Hear the accuser and accused, and then,
As either's arguments work on us, determine
As the respect of our security
Or honour shall invite us.

Amil. [*To an* Attendant.] From the Senate,
Entreat the Roman, Titus Flaminius,
To assist us with his counsel.

Han. And let the prisoner
Be brought into the court. [*Exit* Attendan

Amil. The gods of Carthage
Direct us to the right way!

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Asd. With what gravity
He does approach us!

Car. As he would command,
Not argue his desires.

Amil. May it please your lordship
To take your place?

Flam. In civil courtesy,
As I am Titus Flaminius, I may thank you;

ut, sitting here as Rome's ambassador,
In which you are honoured,) to instruct you in
Her will (which you are bound to serve, not argue),
I must not borrow—that were poor—but take,
As a tribute due to her that's justly styled
The mistress of this earthly globe, the boldness
To reprehend your slow progression in
Doing her greatness right. That she believes,
In me, that this impostor was suborned
By the conquered Asiatics, in their hopes
Of future liberty, to usurp the name
Of dead Antiochus, should satisfy
Your scrupulous doubts; all proofs beyond this being
Merely superfluous.

Car. My lord, my lord,
You trench too much upon us.

Asd. We are not
Led by an implicit faith.

Han. Nor, though we would
Preserve Rome's amity, must not yield up
The freedom of our wills and judgments to
Quit or condemn as we shall be appointed
By her imperious pleasure.

Car. We confess not,
Nor ever will, she hath a power above us:
Carthage is still her equal.

Amil. If you can
Prove this man an impostor, he shall suffer
As he deserves; if not, you shall perceive
You have no empire here.

Han. Call in the prisoner;
Then, as you please, confront him.

Flam. This neglect
Hereafter will be thought on.

Amil. We shall stand
The danger howsoever. When we did,
His cause unheard, at your request commit

This king or this impostor, you received
More favour than we owed you.

Officer. [*Within.*] Room for the prisoner.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, *habited like a king*, BERECINTHIUS, *the three* Merchants, *and a* Guard.

Ant. This shape that you have put me in suits ill
With the late austereness of my life.

Bere. Fair gloss
Wrongs not the richest stuff, but sets it off;
And let your language, high and stately, speak you,
As you were born, a king.

Ant. Health to the Senate!
We do suppose your duties done; sit still.
Titus Flaminius, we remember you:
As you are a public minister from Rome
You may sit covered.

Flam. How!

Ant. But as we are
A potent king, in whose court you have waited
And sought our favour, you betray your pride,
And the more than saucy rudeness of your manners.
A bended knee, remembering what we are,
Much better would become you.

Flam. Ha!

Ant. We said it;
But fall from our own height to hold discourse
With a thing so far beneath us.

Bere. Admirable!

Amil. The Roman looks as he had seen the wolf.[1]
How his confidence awes him!

Asd. Be he what he will,
He bears himself like a king; and I must tell you
I am amazed too.

Ant. Are we so transformed

[1] The sight of a wolf was supposed to take away the power of speech.

From what we were, since our disaster in
The Grecian enterprise, that you gaze upon us
As some strange prodigy ne'er seen in Afric?
Antiochus speaks to you, the King Antiochus,
And challenges a retribution in
His entertainment of the love and favours
Extended to you. Call to memory
Your true friend and confederate, who refused
In his respect to you the proffered amity
Of the Roman people. Hath this vile enchanter
Environed me with such thick clouds in your
Erroneous belief, from his report
That I was long since dead, that, being present,
The beams of majesty cannot break through
The foggy mists raised by his wicked charms,
To lend you light to know me? I cite you,
My Lord Amilcar—now I look on you
As prince of the Senate, but, when you were less,
I have seen you in my court, assisted by
Grave Hanno, Asdrubal, and Carthalo,
The pillars of the Carthaginian greatness:
I know you all. Antiochus ne'er deserved
To be thus slighted.

Amil. Not so; we in you
Look on the figure of the King Antiochus,
But, without stronger proofs than yet you have
Produced to make us think so, cannot hear you
But as a man suspected.

Ant. Of what guilt?

Flam. Of subornation and imposture.

Ant. Silence
This fellow's saucy tongue. O majesty!
How soon a short eclipse hath made thy splendour,
As it had never shined on these, forgotten!
But you refuse to hear me as a king;
Deny not yet, in justice, what you grant
To common men,—free liberty without

His interruption (having heard what he
Objects against me) to acquit myself
Of that which, in his malice, I am charged with.
Amil. You have it.
Ant. As my present fortune wills me,
I thank your goodness. Rise, thou cursèd agent
Of mischief, and accumulate in one heap
All engines by the devil thy tutor fashioned
To ruin innocence; in poison steep
Thy bloodied tongue, and let thy words, as full
Of bitterness as malice, labour to
Seduce these noble hearers; make me, in
Thy coinèd accusation, guilty of
Such crimes whose names my innocence ne'er knew,
I'll stand the charge; and when that thou hast shot
All arrows in thy quiver, feathered with
Slanders, and aimed with cruelty, in vain,
My truth, though yet concealed, the mountains of
Thy glossèd fictions in her strength removed,
Shall in a glorious shape appear, and show
Thy painted mistress, Falsehood, when stripped bare
Of borrowed and adulterate colours, in
Her own shape and deformity.
Bere. I am ravished!
1st Mer. O more than royal sir!
Amil. Forbear.
2nd Mer. The monster
Prepares to speak.
Bere. And still that villainous smile
Ushers his following mischiefs.
Flam. Since the assurance,
From one of my place, quality, and rank,
Is not sufficient with you to suppress
This bold seductor, to acquit our state
From the least tyrannous imputation,
I will forget awhile I am a Roman,
Whose arguments are warranted by his sword,

And not filed[1] from his tongue. This creature here,
That styles himself Antiochus, I know
For an apostata Jew, though others say
He is a cheating Greek called Pseudolus,
And keeps a whore in Corinth. But I'll come
To real proofs; reports and rumours being
Subjects unsuitable with my gravity
To speak, or yours to hear. 'Tis most apparent
The King Antiochus was slain in Greece;
His body, at his subjects' suit, delivered;
His ashes from the funeral pile raked up,
And in a golden urn preserved, and kept
In the royal monument of the Asian kings,—
Such was the clemency of Marcus Scaurus,
The Roman conqueror, whose triumph was
Graced only with his statue. But suppose
He had survived (which is impossible)
Can it fall in the compass of your reason
That this impostor (if he were the man
Which he with impudence affirms he is)
Would have wandered two and twenty tedious years
Like a vagabond o'er the world, and not have tried
Rome's mercy as a suppliant?

Han. Shrewd suspicions.

Flam. A mason of Callipolis, heretofore,
Presumed as far, and was, like this impostor,
By slavish Asians followed; and a second,
A Cretan of a base condition, did
Maintain the like. All ages have been furnished
With such as have usurped upon the names
And persons of dead princes. Is it not
As evident as the day this wretch, instructed
By these poor Asians (sworn enemies
To the majesty of Rome), but personates
The dead Antiochus, hired to it by these
To stir up a rebellion, which they call

[1] Polished, smoothly turned.

Delivery or restoring? And will you,
Who, for your wisdom, are esteemed the sages
And oracles of Afric, meddle in
The affairs of this affronter, which no monarch
Less rash and giddy than Antiochus was
Would undertake?

Ant. Would I were dead indeed,
Rather than hear this, living!

Flam. I confess
He hath some marks of King Antiochus, but
The most of them artificial. Then observe
What kind of men they are that do abet him:
Proscribed and banished persons; the ringleader
Of this seditious troop a turbulent flamen,
Grown fat with idleness——

Bere. That's I.

Flam. And puffed up
With the wind of his ambition.

Bere. With reverence to
This place, thou liest. I am grown to this bulk
By being . . . . . .
. . . . . .

Amil. . . . . . your goddess. She
Defends you from a whipping.

Han. Take him off;
He does disturb the court.

Bere. I shall find a place yet
Where I will roar my wrongs out.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* BERECINTHIUS.

Flam. As you have,
In the removing of that violent fool,
Given me a taste of your severity,
Make it a feast, and perfect your great justice
In the surrendering up this false pretender
To the correction of the law, and let him
Undergo the same punishment which others
Have justly suffered that preceded him
In the same machination.

Ant. As you wish
A noble memory to after times,
Reserve one ear for my defence, and let not—
For your own wisdoms let not—that belief
This subtle fiend would plant be rooted in you
Till you have heard me. Would you know the truth,
And real cause, why poor Antiochus hath
So long concealed himself? Though in the opening
A wound, in some degree by time closed up,
I shall pour scalding oil and sulphur in it,
I will, in the relation of my
To be lamented story, punctually
Confute my false accuser. Pray you conceive,
As far as your compassion will permit,
How great the grief and agony of my soul was,
When I considered that the violence
Of my ill-reined ambition had made Greece
The fatal sepulchre of so many thousands
Of brave and able men, that might have stood
In opposition for the defence
Of mine own kingdom, and a ready aid
For my confederates; after which rout,
And my retreat in a disguise to Athens,
The shame of this disgrace, though I then had
The forehead of this man, would have deterred me
From being ever seen where I was known;
And such was then my resolution.

Amil. This granted, whither went you?

Ant. As a punishment
Imposed upon myself, and equal to
My wilful folly, giving o'er the world,
I went into a desert.

Flam. This agrees
With the dead slaves' report; but I must contemn it.
[*Aside.*

Amil. What drew you from that austere life?

Asd. Clear that.

Ant. The counsel of a grave philosopher
Wrought on me to make known myself the man
That I was born; and, of all potentates
In Afric, to determine of the truth
Of my life and condition, I preferred
The commonwealth of Carthage.
Flam. As the fittest
To be abused.
Ant. This is not fair.
Amil. My lord,
If not entreat, I must command your silence,
Or absence, which you please.
Flam. So peremptory!
Ant. To vindicate myself from all suspicion
Of forgery and imposture, in this scroll,
Writ with my royal hand, you may peruse
A true memorial of all circumstances,
Answers, despatches, doubts, and difficulties
Between myself and your ambassadors,
Sent to negotiate with me.
Amil. Fetch the records. [*Exit* Attendant.
Ant. 'Tis my desire you should; truth seeks the light:
And, when you have compared them, if you find them
In any point of moment differing,

Re-enter Attendant *with the Book of Records.*

Conclude me such a one as this false man
Presents me to you. But, if you perceive
Those private passages, in my cabinet argued,
And, but to your ambassadors and myself,
Concealed from all men, in each point agreeing,
Judge if a cheating Greek, a Pseudolus,
Or an apostata Jew, could e'er arrive at
Such deep and weighty secrets.
Han. To a syllable
They are the same.

Amil. It cannot be but this is
The true Antiochus.
Flam. A magician rather,
And hath the spirit of Python.
Car. These are toys.[1]
Ant. You see he will omit no trifle, that
His malice can lay hold of, to divert
Your love and favour to me. Now for my death,
The firmest base on which he builds the strength
Of his assertions, if you please to weigh it
With your accustomed wisdom, you'll perceive
'Tis merely fabulous. Had they meant fairly,
And, as a truth, would have it so confirmed
To the doubtful Asians, why did they not
Suffer the carcase they affirmed was mine
To be viewed by such men as were interessed
In the great cause, that were bred up with me,
And were familiar with the marks I carried
Upon my body, and not rely upon
Poor prisoners taken in the war, from whom,
In hope of liberty and reward, they drew
Such depositions as they knew would make
For their dark ends? Was anything more easy
Than to suppose a body, and, that placed on
A solemn hearse, with funeral pomp to inter it
In a rich monument, and then proclaim
"This is the body of Antiochus,
King of the Lower Asia"?
Flam. Rome's honour
Is taxed in this of practice and corruption:
I'll hear no more. In your determinations,
Consider what it is to hold and keep her
Your friend or enemy. [*Exit.*
Amil. We wish we could
Receive you as a king, since your relation
Hath wrought so much upon us that we do

[1] Trivial objections.

Incline to that belief. But, since we cannot
As such protect you but with certain danger,
Until you are by other potent nations
Proclaimed for such, our fitting caution
Cannot be censured, though we do entreat
You would elsewhere seek justice.

Ant. Where, when 'tis
Frighted from you by power?

Amil. And yet take comfort.
Not all the threats of Rome shall force us to
Deliver you: the short time that you stay
In Carthage you are safe; no more a prisoner;
You are enlarged; with full security
Consult of your affairs. In what we may
We are your friends.—Break up the court.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTIOCHUS *and the three* Merchai

1*st Mer.* Dear sir,
Take courage in your liberty; the world
Lies open to you.

2*nd Mer.* We shall meet with comfort
When most despaired of by us.

Ant. Never, never!
Poor men, though fallen, may rise; but kings like me,
If once by fortune slaved, are ne'er set free. [*Exeu*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Carthage. A Room in the House of* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAMINIUS (*with two letters*), CALISTUS, *and* DEMETRIUS.

FLAM. You gave him store of gold with the instructions
That I prescribed him?
Cal. Yes, my lord, and, on
The forfeiture of my credit with your honour,
Titus will do his parts, and dive into
Their deepest secrets.
Flam. Men of place pay dear
For their intelligence; it eats out the profit
Of their employment; but, in a design
Of such weight, prodigality is a virtue.
The fellow was of trust that you despatched
To Rome with the packets?
Dem. Yes, sir; he flies, not rides.
By this, if his access answer his care,
He is upon return.
Flam. I am on the stage,
And if now, in the scene imposed upon me,
So full of change—nay, a mere labyrinth
Of politic windings—I show not myself
A Protean actor, varying every shape

Were there propounded, whither, and to whom,
Their King Antiochus (for so they style him)
Should fly for safety. One urged to the Parthian,
A second into Egypt, and a third
To the Batavian; but, in conclusion,
The corpulent flamen, that would govern all,
And in his nature would not give allowance
To any proposition that was not
The child of his own brain, resolved to carry
Their May-game prince, covered with a disguise,
To Prusias King of Bithynia. His opinion
Carried it; and thither, without pause or stay,
To thank my lord for his bounty, they are gone,
Upon my certain knowledge, for I rid
Two days and nights along, that I might not build
Upon suppositions; by this they are
At their journey's end.

Flam. With my thanks, there's thy reward.
[*Giving money.*
I will take little rest until I have
Soured his sweet entertainment.—You have been
In the court of this Prusias; of what temper is he?

Len. A well-disposed and noble gentleman,
And very careful to preserve the peace
And quiet of his subjects.

Flam. I shall find him
The apter to be wrought on. Do you know who is
His special favourite?

Len. One that was his tutor,
A seeming politician, and talks often;
The end of his ambition is to be
A gentleman of Rome.

Flam. I shall fit him, fear not.
Your travel's ended; mine begins, and therefore
I will take my leave.
Formality of manners now is useless:
I long to be a-horseback.

Len. You have my wishes
For a fair success.
Flam. My care shall not be wanting. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Bithynia. Before the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS *and the three* Merchants.

1*st Mer.* This tedious journey, from your majesty's
Long discontinuance of riding hard,
With weariness hath dulled your spirits.
2*nd Mer.* The flamen,
His corpulency considered, hath held out
Beyond imagination.
3*rd Mer.* As often
As he rode down a hill I did expect
The chining of his horse.
Ant. I wonder more
How mine sustained his burden, since the weight
That sits on my more heavy heart would crack
The sinews of an elephant.
2*nd Mer.* 'Tis said
That beast hath strength to carry six armed men
In a turret on his back.
Ant. True; but the sorrow
Of a wretched and forsaken king like me
Is far more ponderous.
1*st Mer.* O, part not, sir,
From your own strength by yielding to despair.
I am most confident Berecinthius will,
From the great King Prusias—in his goodness great—
Bring comfort to you.
Ant. I am prepared, however;
Lower I cannot fall. [*Flourish.*
3*rd Mer.* Ha! these are signs
Of a glorious entertainment, not contempt!

Enter BERECINTHIUS.

Bere. Bear up, sir. I have done you simple service;
I thank my eloquence and boldness for it.
When would a modest silent fool effect
What I have done? but such men are not born
For great employments. The fox that would confer
With a lion without fear must see him often.
O for a dozen of rubbers and a bath!
And yet I need no tub, since I drench myself
In mine own balsam.

1st Mer. Balsamum! it smells
Like a tallow-chandler's shop.

Bere. Does it so? thou thin-gut!
Thou thing without moisture! But I have no time
To answer thee. The great king—by my means, sir,
Ever remember that—in his own person,
With his fair consort and a gallant train, [*Flourish.*
Are come to entertain you.

Ant. Jove! if thou art
Pleased that it shall be so——

Bere. Change not you Jove's purpose
In your slowness to receive it; in your carriage
Express yourself. They come.

Enter PRUSIAS, *his* Queen, PHILOXENUS, *and* Attendants.

Pru. The strong assurance
You gave at Carthage to confirm you are
The King Antiochus (for so much from
My agent there I have heard) commands me to
Believe you are so; and however they,
Awed by the Roman greatness, durst not lend you
Aid or protection, in me you shall find
A surer guard: I stand on mine own bases,
Nor shall or threats or prayers deter me from
Doing a good deed in itself rewarded.
You are welcome to my bosom.

Ant. All that yet
I can return you, sir, is thanks, expressed
In tears of joy, to find here that compassion
Hath not forsook the earth.
Queen. Alas, good king,
I pity him!
Pru. This lady, sir, your servant,
Presents her duty to you.
Ant. Pray you forgive me:
Calamity, my too long rude companion,
Hath taught me, gracious madam, to forget
Civility and manners. [*Kisses her.*
Queen. [*Aside*] I ne'er touched
But the king my husband's lips, and, as I live,
He kisses very like him.
Pru. Here is one
I dare present to you for a knowing man
In politic designs. But he is present,
I should say more else.
Ant. Your assistance, sir,
To raise a trod-down king will well become you.
Phi. What man can do that is familiar with
The deep directions of Xenophon,
Or Aristotle's politics, besides
Mine own collections, which some prefer,
And with good reason, as they say, before them,
Your highness may expect.
Pru. We will at leisure
Consider of the manner and the means
How to restore you to your own.
Queen. And till then
Suppose yourself in your own court.
Ant. The gods
Be sureties for the payment of this debt
I stand engaged! Your bounties overwhelm me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* BERECINTHIUS *and the* Merchants.

Bere. Ay, marry, this is as it should be! Ha!
After these storms raised by this Roman devil,
Titus Flaminius—you know whom I mean—
Are we got into the port once. I must purge.
1st Mer. Not without cause.
Bere. Or my increasing belly
Will metamorphose me into the shape
Of a great tortoise, and I shall appear
A cipher, a round man, or what you will.
Now jeer at my bulk, and spare not.
1st Mer. You are pleasant.
Bere. Farce thy lean ribs with hope, and thou wilt grow to
Another kind of creature. When our king is
Restored, let me consider, as he must be,
And I the principal means, I'll first grow rich,
Infinite rich, and build a strange new temple
To the goddess that I worship, and so bind her
To prosper all my purposes.
2nd Mer. Be not rapt so.
Bere. Prithee, do not trouble me. First I will expel
The Romans out of Asia; and, so breaking
Their reputation in the world, we will
Renew our league with Carthage; then draw to
Our party the Egyptian Ptolemy,
And great Arsaces' issue. I will be
The general, and march to Rome, which taken,
I'll fill proud Tiber with the carcases
Of men, women, and children. Do not persuade me;
I'll show no mercy.
3rd Mer. Have the power to hurt first.
Bere. Then by the senators, whom I'll use as horses,
I will be drawn in a chariot, made for my bulk,
In triumph to the Capitol, more admired
Than Bacchus was in India; Titus Flaminius,
Our enemy, led like a dog in a chain,
As I descend or reascend in state,

Shall serve for my foot-stool. I will conjure him,
If revenge hath any spells.

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* DEMETRIUS.

Flam. Command the captain
To wait me with his galley at the next port;
I am confident I shall fraught him. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
1st Mer. You are conjuring,
And see what you have raised.
Bere. Cybele save me!
I do not fear thee, Pluto, though thou hast
Assumed a shape not to be matched in Cocytus!
Why dost thou follow me?
Flam. Art thou mad?
Bere. Thou comest
To make me so. How my jelly quakes! Avaunt!
What have I to do with thee?
Flam. You shall know at leisure;
The time is now too precious. [*Exit.*
Bere. 'Tis vanished:
Sure, 'twas an apparition.
1st Mer. I fear
A fatal one to us.
2nd Mer. We may easily guess at
The cause that brings him hither.
3rd Mer. Now, if ever,
Confirm the king.
1st Mer. Against this battery
New works are to be raised, or we are ruined.
Bere. What think you of this rampire?[1] 'twill hold out;
And he shall shoot through and through it but I'll cross him. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Rampart. He means his own body.

SCENE III.—*Bithynia. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* PHILOXENUS.

Flam. What we have said the consuls will make good,
And the glad Senate ratify.
Phi. They have so
Obliged me for this favour, that there is not
A service of that difficulty from which
I would decline. In this rest confident,
I am your own, and sure.
Flam. You shall do, sir,
A noble office in it; and, however
We thank you for the courtesy, the profit
And certain honours, the world's terror, Rome,
In thankfulness cannot but shower upon you,
Are wholly yours. How happy I esteem
Myself, in this employment, to meet with
A wise and provident statesman!
Phi. My good lord!
Flam. I flatter not in speaking truth. You are so,
And, in this prompt alacrity, confirm it;
Since a wise forecast in the managing
Worldly affairs is the true wisdom, rashness
The schoolmistress of idiots. You well know
Charity begins at home, and that we are
Nearest unto ourselves; fools build upon
Imaginary hopes, but wise men ever
On real certainties; a tender conscience,
Like a glowworm, shows a seeming fire in darkness,
But, set near to the glorious light of honour,
It is invisible. As you are a statesman,
And a master in that art, you must remove
All rubs, though with a little wrong sometimes,
That may put by the bias of your counsels
From the fair mark they aim at.
Phi. You are read well
In worldly passages.

Flam. I barter with you
Such trifles as I have; but, if you pleased,
You could instruct me that philosophy
And policy in states are not such strangers
As men o'er-curious and precise would have them.
But to the point. With speed get me access
To the king your pupil: and 'tis well for him
That he hath such a tutor; rich Bithynia
Was never so indebted to a patriot
And vigilant watchman, for her peace and safety,
As to yourself.
Phi. Without boast I may whisper
I have done something that way.
Flam. All in all;
Fame, filling her loud trump with truth, proclaims it:
But, when it shall be understood you are
The principal means by which a dangerous serpent,
Warmed in your sovereign's bosom, is delivered
To have his sting and venomous teeth pulled out,
And the ruin, in a willing grant, avoided,
Which in detaining him falls on the kingdom,
Not Prusias alone, but his saved people,
Will raise your providence altars.
Phi. Let me entreat
Your patience some few minutes: I'll bring the king
In person to you.
Flam. Do, and, this effected,
Think of the ring you are privileged to wear
When a Roman gentleman; and, after that,
Of provinces and purple. [*Exit* PHILOXENUS.] I must smile now
In my consideration with what glibness
My flatteries, oiled with hopes of future greatness,
Are swallowed by this dull pate. But it is not
Worth the observation. Most of our seeming statesmen
Are caught in the same noose.

Enter PRUSIAS *and* PHILOXENUS.

Returned so soon!
And the king with him! but his angry forehead
Furrowed with frowns. No matter, I am for him.
Pru. From the people of Rome? so quick? Hath he
brought with him
Letters of credence, and authority
To treat with us?
Phi. I read them.
Pru. What can he
Propound which I must fear to hear? I would
Continue in fair terms with that warlike nation,
Ever provided I wrong not myself
In the least point of honour.
Phi. To the full
He will instruct your majesty.
Flam. So may
Felicity, as a page, attend your person,
As you embrace the friendly counsel sent you
From the Roman Senate!
Pru. With my thanks to you
Their instrument, if the advice be such
As by this preparation you would have me
Conceive it is, I shall, and 'twill become me,
Receive it as a favour.
Flam. Know then, Rome,
In her pious care that you may still increase
The happiness you live in, and your subjects,
Under the shadow of their own vines, eat
The fruit they yield them, their soft musical feasts
Continuing, as they do yet, unaffrighted
With the harsh noise of war, entreats as low
As her known power and majesty can descend
You would return, with due equality,
A willingness to preserve what she hath conquered
From change and innovation.

Pru. I attempt not
To trouble her, nor ever will.
Flam. Fix there;
Or if, for your own good, you will move farther,
Make Rome your thankful debtor by surrendering
Into her hands the false impostor that
Seeks to disturb her quiet.
Pru. This I looked for,
And that I should find mortal poison wrapped up
In your candied pills. Must I, because you say so,
Believe that this most miserable king is
A false affronter, who, with arguments
Unanswerable, and near miraculous proofs,
Confirms himself the true Antiochus?
Or is it not sufficient that you Romans,
In your unsatisfied ambition, have
Seized with an unjust gripe on half the world,
Which you call conquest, if that I consent not
To have my innocence soiled with that pollution
You are willingly smeared o'er with?
Flam. Pray you, hear me.
Pru. I will be first heard. Shall I, for your ends,
Infringe my princely word; or break the laws
Of hospitality; defeat myself
Of the certain honour to restore a king
Unto his own, and what you Romans have
Extorted and keep from him? Far be it from me!
I will not buy your amity at such loss.
So it be to all after times remembered
I held it not sufficient to live
As one born only for myself, and I
Desire no other monument.
Flam. I grant
It is a specious thing to leave behind us
A fair report, though in the other world
We have no feeling of it; and to lend
A desperate, though fruitless, aid to such

As Fate, not to be altered, hath marked out
Examples of calamity, may appear
A glorious ornament: but here's a man,
The oracle of your kingdom, that can tell you,
When there's no probability it may be
Effected, 'tis mere madness to attempt it.
Phi. A true position.
Flam. Your inclination
Is honourable, but your power deficient
To put your purposes into act.
Pru. My power?
Flam. Is not to be disputed, if weighed truly
With the petty kings your neighbours; but, when balanced
With the globes and sceptres of my mistress Rome,
Will—but I spare comparisons. But you build on
Your strength to justify the fact. Alas!
It is a feeble reed, and leaning on it,
Will wound your hand much sooner than support you.
You keep in pay, 'tis true, some peace-trained troops,
Which awe your neighbours; but consider, when
Our eagles shall display their sail-stretched wings,
Hovering o'er our legions, what defence
Can you expect from yours?
Phi. Urge that point home.
Flam. Our old victorious bands are ever ready;
And such as are not our confederates tremble
To think where next the storm shall fall with horror:
Philoxenus knows it. Will you, to help one
You should contemn, and is not worth your pity,
Pull it on your own head? Your neighbour Carthage
Would smile to see your error. Let me paint
The danger to you ere it come. Imagine
Our legions, and the auxiliary forces
Of such as are our friends and tributaries,
Drawn up; Bithynia covered with our armies;
All places promising defence blocked up

With our armed troops; the siege continuing;
Famine within and force without disabling
All opposition; then, the army entered,
As victory is insolent, the rapes
Of virgins and grave matrons, reverend old men
With their last groans accusing you; your city
And palace sacked——

Phi. Dear sir!

Flam. And you yourself
Captived; and, after that, chained by the neck;
Your matchless queen, your children, officers, friends,
Waiting, as scorns of fortune, to give lustre
To the victor's triumph.

Phi. I am in a fever
To think upon't.

Flam. As a friend I have delivered,
And more than my commission warrants me,
This caution to you. But now, peace or war?
If the first, I entertain it; if the latter,
I'll instantly defy you.

Phi. Pray you say peace, sir.

Pru. On what conditions?

Flam. The delivery
Of this seductor and his complices;
On no terms else, and suddenly.

Pru. How can I
Dispense with my faith given?

Phi. I'll yield you reasons.

Pru. Let it be peace then—oh! Pray you call in
[*Exit* PHILOXENUS.
The wretched man; in the meantime I'll consider
How to excuse myself.

Flam. [*Aside.*] While I, in silence,
Triumph in my success, and meditate
On the reward that crowns it. A strong army
Could have done no more than I alone, and with
A little breath, have effected.

Enter Queen, ANTIOCHUS, BERECINTHIUS, *the three* Merchants, PHILOXENUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Goodness guard me!
Whom do I look on? Sir, come further from him.
He is infectious; so swollen with mischiefs
And strange impieties, his language too
So full of siren sorceries, if you hear him
There is no touch of moral honesty,
Though rampired in your soul, but will fly from you.
The mandrake's shrieks,[1] the aspic's deadly tooth,
The tears of crocodiles, or the basilisk's eye
Kill not so soon, nor with that violence,
As he, who, in his cruel nature, holds
Antipathy with mercy.

Pru. I am sorry——

Ant. Sorry! for what? That you had an intent
To be a good and just prince? Are compassion
And charity grown crimes?

Pru. The gods can witness
How much I would do for you; and but that
Necessity of state——

Ant. Make not the gods
Guilty of your breach of faith! From them you find not
Treachery commanded; and the state, that seeks
Strength from disloyalty, in the quicksands which
She trusteth in is swallowed. 'Tis in vain
To argue with you: if I am condemned,
Defences come too late. What do you purpose
Shall fall on poor Antiochus?

Pru. For my
Security—there being no means left else—
Against my will I must deliver you.

Ant. To whom?

[1] See note *ante*, p. 326.

Enter Guard.

Pru. To Rome's ambassador.

Ant. O, the Furies!
Exceed not him in cruelty! Remember
I am a king, your royal guest; your right hand
The pawn and pledge that should defend me from
My bloody enemy. Did you accuse
The Carthaginian senate for denying
Aid and protection to me, giving hope
To my despairing fortunes; or but now
Raise me to make my fall more terrible?
Did you tax them of weakness, and will you
So far transcend them in a coward fear,
Declaimed against by your own mouth? O sir,
If you dare not give me harbour, set me safe yet
In any desert, where this serpent's hisses
May not be heard; and to the gods I'll speak you
A prince both wise and honourable.

Pru. Alas!
It is not in my power.

Ant. As an impostor
Take off my head then; at the least, so far
Prove merciful; or with any torture ease me
Of the burthen of a life, rather than yield me
To this politic state hangman.

Flam. [*Aside.*] This to me is
A kind of ravishing music.

Queen. I have lived
For many years, sir, your obedient handmaid,
Nor ever in a syllable presumed
To cross your purposes; but now, with a sorrow
As great almost as this poor king's, beholding
Your poverty of spirit—for it does
Deserve no better name—I must put off
Obsequiousness and silence, and take to me

The warrant and authority of your queen,
And as such give you counsel.
Pru. You displease me.
Queen. The physic promising health is ever bitter.
Hear me. Will you that are a man—nay more,
A king of men—do that, forced to it by fear,
Which common men would scorn? I am a woman—
A weak and feeble woman—yet before
I would deliver up my bondwoman,
And have it told I did it by constraint,
I would endure to have these hands cut off,
These eyes pulled out——
Pru. I'll hear no more.
Queen. Do you, then,
As a king should.
Pru. Away with her! [*They bear off the* Queen.
Flam. My affairs
Exact a quick despatch.
Pru. He's yours. Conceive
What I would say. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* PRUSIAS *and* PHILOXENUS.
Ant. That I had been
Born dumb! I will not grace thy triumph, tyrant,
With one request of favour. [*Exit* ANTIOCHUS *guarded.*
Bere. My good lord!
Flam. Your will, dear flamen?
Bere. I perceive you are like
To draw a great charge upon you. My fat bulk,
And these my lions, will not be kept for a little,
Nor would we be chargeable; and, therefore, kissing
Your honoured hands, I take my leave.
Flam. By no means;
I have been busy, but I shall find leisure
To treat with you in another place.
Bere. I would not
Put your lordship to the trouble.

Flam. It will be
A pleasure rather.—Bring them all away.
Bere. The comfort is, whether I drown or hang
I shall not be long about it; I'll preserve
The dignity of my family.
Flam. 'Twill become you. [*Exeunt.*



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*Callipolis. A Room in the Proconsul's House.*

Enter METELLUS *and* SEMPRONIUS.

MET. A revolt in Asia?
Semp. Yes, on the report
The long-thought-dead Antiochus lives.
Met. I heard
Such a one appeared in Carthage, but suppressed
By Titus Flaminius, my noble friend,
Who, by his lettters, promised me a visit,
If his designs, as I desire they may,
Succeeded to his wishes.
Semp. Till you behold him
I can bring your honour, if you please, where you
May find fair entertainment.
Met. From whom, captain?
Semp. A new-rigged pinnace, that put off from Corinth,
And is arrived among us, tight and yare;
Nor comes she to pay custom for her fraught,
But to impose a tax on such as dare
Presume to look on her, which smock-gamesters offer
Sooner than she demands it.
Met. Some fresh courtezan,
Upon mine honour!

Semp. You are i' the right, my lord.
Met. And there lies your intelligence?
Semp. True, my good lord;
'Tis a discovery will not shame a captain
When he lies in garrison. Since I was a trader
In such commodities I never saw
Her equal: I was ravished with the object;
And, would you visit her, I believe you would write
Yourself of my opinion.
Met. Fie upon thee!
I am old.
Semp. And therefore have the greater use
Of such a cordial. All Medea's drugs,
And her charms to boot, that made old Æson young,
Were nothing to her touch; your viper wine,
So much in practice with grey-bearded gallants,
But vappa[1] to the nectar of her lip.
She hath done miracles since she came: a usurer,
Full of the gout, and more diseases than
His crutches could support, used her rare physic
But one short night, and, rising in the morning,
He danced a lavolta.
Met. Prithee, leave thy fooling,
And talk of something else.
Semp. The whole world yields not
Apter discourse. She hath all the qualities
Conducing to the sport: sings like a siren;
Dances as the gross element of earth
Had no part in her; her discourse so full
Of eloquence and prevailing, there is nothing
She asks to be denied her. Had she desired
My captain's place, I had cashiered myself;
And, should she beg your proconsulship, if you heard her,
'Twere hers, upon my life.
Met. She should be damned first,
And her whole tribe.

[1] Palled wine.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

My Lord Flaminius, welcome!
I have long been full of expectation
Of your great design, and hope a fair success
Hath crowned your travail in your bringing in
This dangerous impostor.
Flam. At the length,
I have him and his complices.
Met. I'll not now
Inquire how you achieved him, but would know,
Since 'tis referred to you, what punishment
Should fall upon him.
Flam. If you please, in private,
I will acquaint you.
Met. Captain, let me entreat you
To meditate on your woman in the next room;
We may have employment for you.
Semp. I had rather
She would command my service. [*Exit.*
Met. Pray you sit.
Flam. Now, my good lord, I ask your grave advice
What course to take.
Met. That, in my judgment, needs not
Long consultation. He is a traitor,
And, his process framed, must, as a traitor, suffer
A death due to his treason.
Flam. There's much more
To be considered, there being a beliet,
Dispersed almost through Asia, that he is
The true Antiochus; and we must decline
The certain scandal it will draw upon
The Roman government, if he die the man
He is by the most received to be; and therefore,
Till that opinion be removed, we must
Use some quaint practice, that may work upon
His hopes or fears, to draw a free confession

That he was suborned to take on him the name
He still maintains.
Met. That, torture will wrest from him;
I know no readier way.
Flam. If you had seen
His carriage in Carthage and Bithynia,
You would not think so. Since I had him in
My power I have used all possible means that might
Force him into despair, and so to do
A violence on himself. He hath not tasted
These three days any sustenance, and still
Continues fasting.
Met. Keep him to that diet
Some few hours more.
Flam. I am of opinion rather,
Some competence offered him, and a place of rest,
Where he might spend the remnant of his days
In pleasure and security, might do more
Than fear of death or torture.
Met. It may be;
There are such natures; and now I think upon't,
I can help you to a happy instrument
To motion it. Your ear. [*Whispers.*
Flam. 'Tis wondrous well,
And it may prove fortunate.
Met. 'Tis but a trial;
However, I will send for her.
Flam. Pray you do;
She shall have my directions.
Met. What botches
Are made in the shop of policy!
Flam. So they cover
The nakedness we must conceal, it skills not.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *i.e.* Matters not.

SCENE II.—*Callipolis. The Prison.*

Enter Jailor, *with a poniard and a halter.*

Jai. Why should I feel compunction for that
Which yields me profit? ha! a prisoner's tears
Should sooner pierce flint or Egyptian marble
Than move us to compassion. Yet I know not,
The sufferings of this miserable man
Work strangely on me. Some say he is a king:
It may be so; but, if they hold out thus,
I am sure he is like to die a beggar's death,
And starve for hunger. I am, by a servant
Of the Lord Flaminius, strictly commanded,
Before I have raised him out of the dungeon,
To lay these instruments in his view; to what end
I am not to inquire, but I am certain,
After his long fast, they are viands that
Will hardly be digested. Do you hear, sir?

Ant. [*Below.*] If thou art my deathsman, welcome!

Jai. I so pity you
That I wish I had commission, as you rise,
To free you from all future misery,
To knock your brains out.

Ant. Would thou hadst!

Jai. You have
The liberty to air yourself, and that
Is all I can afford you. Fast, and be merry;
I am elsewhere called on. [*Exit.*

Ant. [*Rising from below.*] Death! as far as faintness
Will give me leave to chide thee, I am angry
Thou comest not at me. No attendance? Famine,
Thy meagre harbinger, flatters me with hope
Of thy so wished arrival; yet thy coming
Is still deferred. Why? Is it in thy scorn
To take a lodging here? I am a king,
And, though I know the reverence that waits

Upon the potent sceptre, nor the guards
Of faithful subjects, neither threats, nor prayers
Of friends or kindred, nor yet walls of brass
Or fire, should their proud height knock at the moon,
Can stop thy passage, when thou art resolved
To force thy entrance: yet a king, in reason,
By the will of fate severed from common men,
Should have the privilege and prerogative,
When he is willing to disrobe himself
Of this cobweb garment, life, to have thee ready
To do thy fatal office. What have we here?

Enter FLAMINIUS, METELLUS, *and* SEMPRONIUS *above.*

A poniard, and a halter! From the objects
I am easily instructed to what end
They were prepared; either will serve the turn
To ease the burthen of a wretched life,
Or thus [*Lifts the dagger*], or thus [*Lifts the halter*], in death! I must commend
The Roman courtesy. How am I grown
So cheap and vile in their opinion that
I am denied an executioner?
Will not the loss of my life quit the cost?
O rare frugality! will they force me to
Be mine own hangman? Every slave, that's guilty
Of crimes not to be named, receives such favour
By the judge's doom, and is my innocence—
The oppressed innocence of a star-crossed king—
Held more contemptible? My better angel,
Though wanting power to alter fate, discovers
Their hellish purposes. Yes, yes, 'tis so:
My body's death will not suffice, they aimed at
My soul's perdition; and shall I, to shun
A few hours more of misery, betray her?
No, she is free still, and shall so return
From whence she came, and in her pureness triumph,
Their tyranny chained and fettered.

Flam. O, the devil!
Thou art weak. This will not do.
Met. Mark how he'll stand
The second charge.
Semp. The honour is reserved
For the pretty tempting friend I brought, my life on't.

Re-enter Jailor, *with brown bread, and a wooden dish of water.*

Jai. Here, sir, take this; though coarse, it will kill hunger;
It is your daily pittance; yet, when you please,
Your commons may be mended.
Ant. Show me the way.
Jai. Confess yourself to be a cozening knave;
The matter's feasible; but, if you will be
Still king of the crickets, feed on this and live:
You shall not say we starved you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Stay, I beseech thee,
And take thy cruel pity back again
To him that sent it. This is a tyranny
That doth transcend all precedents. My soul,
But even now, this lump of clay, her prison,
Of itself, in the want of nourishment, opening,
Had shook off her sick feathers, and prepared
Herself to make a noble flight, as set
At liberty, and now this reparation
Again immures. You, for whose curious palates
The elements are ransacked, look upon
This bill of fare, by my penurious steward,
Necessity, served to a famished king;
And, warned by my example, when your tables
Crack not with the weight of dear and far-fetched dainties,
Dispute not with Heaven's bounties. What shall I do?
If I refuse to touch and taste these coarse
And homely cates, I hasten my own fate,

And so, with willingness, embrace a sin
I hitherto have fled from. No, I'll eat;
And if, at this poor rate, life can continue,
I will not throw it off.
Flam. I pine with envy
To see his constancy.
Met. Bid your property enter,
And use her subtlest magic. [*A lute is heard.*
Semp. I have already
Acquainted her with her cue. The music ushers
Her personal appearance. [*A song within.*
Ant. From what hand
And voice do I receive this charity?
It is unusual at such a feast.
But I miscall it; 'tis some new-found engine
Mounted to batter me. Ha!

Enter Courtezan.

Cour. If I were not
More harsh and rugged in my disposition
Than thy tormentors, these eyes had outstripped
My tongue, and, with a shower of tears, had told you
Compassion brings me hither.
Ant. That I could
Believe so much, as, by my miseries!
(An oath I dare not break) I gladly would;
Pity, methinks, I know not how, appears
So lovely in you.
Cour. It being spent upon
A subject in each circumstance deserving
An universal sorrow, though 'tis simple,
It cannot be deformed. May I presume
To kiss your royal hand? for sure you are not
Less than a king.
Ant. Have I one witness living
Dares only think so much?
Cour. I do believe it,

And will die in that belief; and nothing more
Confirms it than your patience, not to be
Found in a meaner man. Not all the trim
Of the majesty you were born to, though set off
With pomp and glorious lustre, showed you in
Such full perfection as at this instant
Shines round about you, in your constant bearing
Your adverse fortune, a degree beyond
All magnanimity that ever was
Canonized by mankind.

Ant. Astonishment
And wonder seizes on me. Pray you what are you?

Cour. Without your pity, nearer to the grave
Than the malice of prevailing enemies
Can hurry you.

Ant. My pity! I will part with
So much from what I have engrossed to mourn
Mine own afflictions as I freely grant it.
Will you have me weep before I know the cause
In which I may serve you?

Cour. You already have
Spent too much of that stock. Pray you, first hear me,
And wrong not my simplicity with doubts
Of that I shall deliver. I am a virgin——

Semp. If I had not toyed with her myself, I should now believe her!

Cour. And though not of the eagle's brood, descended
From a noble family.

Semp. Her mother sold her
To a Corinthian lecher at thirteen,
As 'tis reported.

Met. Be silent, I command you.

Ant. To be a virgin, and so well derived,
In my opinion, fair one, are not things
To be lamented.

Cour. If I had not fallen
rom my clear height of chastity—I confess it—

In my too forward wishes . . . . that is
A sin I am guilty of. I am in love, sir,—
Impotently [1] mad in love, and my desires
Not to be stopped in their career.
Ant. With whom
Are you so taken?
Cour. With your own dear self, sir:
Behold me not with such a face of wonder;
It is too sad a truth. The story of
Your most deplorable fortune at the first warmed me
With more than modest heats; but, since I saw you,
I am all fire, and shall turn cinders, if
You show not mercy to me.
Ant. Foolish creature,
If I could suppose this true, and met your wishes
With equal ardour, as I am, what shadow
Of seeming hope is left you to arrive at
The port you long for?
Cour. If you will be good
Unto yourself, the voyage is accomplished:
It is but putting off a poisoned shirt,
Which in the wearing eats into your flesh,
And must, against your will, be soon forced from you,
The malice of your enemies tendering to you
More true security and safety than
The violence of your friends' and servants' wishes
Could heap upon you.
Ant. 'Tis impossible.
Clear this dark mystery, for yet, to me,
You speak in riddles.
Cour. I will make it easy
To your understanding, and thus sweeten it
[*Offers to kiss him.*
In the delivery. 'Tis but to disclaim,
With the continual cares that wait upon it,
The title of a king.

[1] Uncontrollably.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Devil Flaminius!
I find you here!
Cour. Why do you turn away?
The counsel that I offer, if you please
To entertain it, as long-wished companions,
In her right hand brings liberty, and a calm
After so many storms; and you no sooner
Shall, to the world, profess you were suborned
To this imposture—though I still believe
It is a truth—but, with a free remission
For the offence, I, as your better genius,
Will lead you from this place of horror to
A paradise of delight, to which compared,
Thessalian Tempe, or that garden where
Venus with her revived Adonis spend
Their pleasant hours, and make from their embraces
A perpetuity of happiness,
Deserve not to be named. There, in an arbour,
Of itself supported o'er a bubbling spring,
With purple hyacinths and roses covered,
We will enjoy the sweets of life, nor shall
Arithmetic sum up the varieties of
Our amorous dalliance; our viands such,
As not alone shall nourish appetite,
But strengthen our performance; and, when called for,
The quiristers of the air shall give us music;
And, when we slumber, in a pleasant dream
You shall behold the mountains of vexations
Which you have heaped upon the Roman tyrants
In your free resignation of your kingdom,
And smile at their afflictions.
Ant. Hence, you siren!
Cour. Are you displeased?
Ant. Were all your flatteries
Aimed at this mark? Will not my virtuous anger,
Assisted by contempt and scorn, yield strength
To spurn thee from me? But thou art some whore—

Some common whore—and, if thou hast a soul
(As in such creatures it is more than doubted),
It hath its being in thy wanton veins,
And will, with thy expense of blood, become
Like that of sensual beasts.

Met. This will not do.

Ant. How did my enemies lose themselves to think,
A painted prostitute with her charms could conquer
What malice, at the height, could not subdue!
Is all their stock of malice so consumed,
As, out of penury, they are forced to use
A whore for their last agent?

Cour. If thou wert
Ten times a king thou liest. I am a lady,
A gamesome lady of the last edition;
And, though I physic noblemen, no whore.

Met. He hath touched her freehold.

Semp. Now let her alone,
And she will worry him.

Cour. Have I lived to have
My courtesies refused? That I had leave
To pluck thy eyes out!
Are you so coy? Thou art a man of snow,
And thy father got thee in the wane of the moon!
But scorn me not. 'Tis true I was set on
By the higher powers; but now, for all the wealth
In Asia, thou shalt not have the favour,
Though, prostrate on the earth, thou wouldst implore it,
To kiss my shoestring.

Re-enter Jailor *and others.*

Flam. We lose time, my lord.

Cour. Foh! how he stinks! I will not wear a rag more
That he hath breathed on. [*Exit.*

Met. Without more ado
Let him have his sentence.

Flam. Drag him hence.
Ant. Are you there?
Nay, then——
Flam. I will not hear him speak. My anger
Is lost. Why linger you?
Ant. Death ends all, however! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Callipolis. A Street.*

Enter Officers, *leading in* BERECINTHIUS *and* 1*st* Merchant, *with halters.*

Bere. What a skeleton they have made of me! Starve me first,
And hang me after! Is there no conscience extant
To a man of my order? They have degraded me,
Ta'en away my lions, and to make me roar like them
They have pared the flesh off from my fingers' ends,
And then laughed at me; I have been kept in darkness
These five long days, no visitants but devils,
Or men in shapes more horrid, coming at me;
A chafing-dish of coals and a butcher's knife
I found set by me, and, inquiring why,
I was told that I had flesh enough of mine own,
And, if that I were hungry, I might freely
Eat mine own carbonadoes,[1] and be chronicled
For a cannibal never read of.
Off. Will you walk, sir?
Bere. I shall come too soon, though I creep, to such a breakfast.
I ever use to take my portion sitting:
Hanging in the air, 'tis not physical.
Off. Time flies away, sir.
Bere. Why, let him fly, sir. Or, if you please to stay him,

[1] Slices of broiled meat.

And bind up the bold knave's wings, make use of my collar;
There is substance in it, I can assure your worship,
And I thank your wisdom that you make distinction
Between me and this starveling. He goes to it
Like a greyhound for killing of sheep in a twopenny slip;
But here's a cable will weigh up an anchor,
And yet, if I may have fair play, ere I die
Ten to one I shall make it crack.

Off. What would you have, sir?

Bere. My ballast about me; I shall ne'er sail well else
To the other'world. My bark, you see, wants stowage;
But give me half a dozen of hens and a loin of veal
To keep it steady, and you may spare the trouble
Of pulling me by the legs, or setting the knot
Under mine ear. This drum, well braced, defies
Such foolish courtesies.

1*st Mer.* This mirth, good flamen,
Is out of season. Let us think of Elysium,
If we die honest men; or what we there
Shall suffer from the Furies.

Bere. Thou art a fool
To think there are or gods or goddesses:
For the latter, if that she had any power,
Mine, being the mother of them, would have helped me.
They are things we make ourselves. Or, grant there should be
A hell, or an Elysium, sing I cannot
To Orpheus' harp in the one, nor dance in the other:
But, if there be a Cerberus, if I serve not
To make three sops for his three heads, that may serve
For something more than an ordinary breakfast,
The cur is devilish hungry. Would I had
Ran away with your fellow merchants! I had then
Provided for my fame. Yet, as I am,
I have one request to make, and that, my friends,

Concerns my body, which I pray you grant,
And then I shall die in peace.
Off. What is it?
Bere. Marry,
That you would be suitors to the proconsul for me
That no covetous Roman, after I am dead,
May beg to have my skin flayed off, and stuff it
With straw like an alligator, and then show it
In fairs and markets for a monster. Though
I know the sight will draw more fools to gape on't
Than a camel or an elephant, aforehand
I tell you, if you do, my ghost shall haunt you.
Off. You shall have burial, fear not.
Bere. And room enough
To tumble in, I pray you, though I take up
More grave than Alexander. I have ill luck
If I stink not as much as he, and yield the worms
As large a supper.
1st Mer. Are you not mad to talk thus?
Bere. I came crying into the world, and am resolved
To go out merrily: therefore despatch me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Callipolis. A Room in the Proconsul's House.*

Enter METELLUS *and* FLAMINIUS.

Met. There never was such constancy.
Flam. You give it
Too fair a name: 'tis foolish obstinacy,
For which he shall, without my pity, suffer.
What we do for the service of the republic,
And propagation of Rome's glorious empire,
Needs no defence, and we shall wrong our judgments
To feel compunction for it. Have you given order,
According to the sentence, that the impostor,

Riding upon an ass, his face turned to
The hinder part, may in derision be
Brought through Callipolis?
Met. Yes; and a paper
Upon his head, in which, with capital letters,
His faults inscribed, and by three trumpeters
Proclaimed before him; and, that done, to have him
Committed to the galleys. Here comes Sempronius,

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

To whom I gave the charge.
Semp. I have performed it
In every circumstance.
Flam. How do the people
Receive it?
Semp. As an act of cruelty,
And not of justice: it drew tears from all
The sad spectators. His demeanour was
In the whole progress worth the observation,
But one thing most remarkable.
Flam. What was that?
Semp. When the city-clerk with a loud voice read the cause
For which he was condemned, in taking on him
The name of a king, with a settled countenance
The miserable man replied, "I am so:"
But when he touched his being a cheating Jew,
His patience moved, with a face full of anger
He boldly said, "'Tis false." I never saw
Such magnanimity.
Flam. Frontless impudence rather.
Semp. Or anything else you please.
Flam. Have you forced on him.
The habit of a slave?
Semp. Yes, and in that,
Pardon my weakness, still there does appear
A kind of majesty in him.

Flam. You look on it
With the eyes of foolish pity that deceives you.
Semp. This way he comes; and, I believe, when you see him,
You'll be of my opinion.
Off. [*Within.*] Make way there.

Enter Officers, *leading in* ANTIOCHUS, *his head shaved, in the habit of a slave.*

Ant. Fate! 'tis thy will it should be thus, and I
With patience obey it. Was there ever,
In all precedent maps of misery,
Calamity so drawn out to the life
As she appears in me? In all the changes
Of fortune, such a metamorphosis
Antiquity cannot show us. Men may read there
Of kings deposed, and some in triumph led
By the proud insulting Roman; yet they were
Acknowledged such, and died so; my sad fate
Is of a worse condition, and Rome
To me more barbarous than ere yet to any
Brought in subjection. Is it not sufficient
That the locks of this our royal head are shaved off;
My glorious robes changed to this slavish habit;
This hand that grasped a sceptre manacled;
Or that I have been, as a spectacle,
Exposed to public frown, if to make perfect
The cruel reckoning I am not compelled
To live beyond this, and, with stripes, be forced
To stretch my shrunk-up sinews at an oar,
In the company of thieves and murderers,
My innocence and their guilt no way distinguished,
But equal in our sufferings?
Met. You may yet
Redeem all, and be happy.
Flam. But, persisting
In this imposture, think but what it is

To live in hell on earth, and rest assured
It is your fatal portion.
Ant. Do what you please.
I am in your power, but still Antiochus,
King of the Lower Asia—no impostor—
That, four and twenty years since, lost a battle,
And challenge now mine own, which tyrannous Rome
With violence keeps from me.
Flam. Stop his mouth !
Ant. This is the very truth ; and, if I live
Thrice Nestor's years in torture, I will speak
No other language.
Met. I begin to melt.
Flam. To the galley with him !
Ant. Every place shall be
A temple to my penitence in me ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*Syracuse. An Apartment in a Palace.*

Enter MARCELLUS, *and the 2nd and 3rd* Merchants.

MAR. Upon your recantation this gallerien[1]
Was not Antiochus, you had your pardons
Signed by the senate?

2nd Mer. Yes, my lord.

Mar. Troth, tell me,
And freely—I am no informer—did you
Believe and know him such, or raised that rumour
For private ends of your own?

3rd Mer. May it please your excellence
To understand the fear of death wrought on us,
In a kind, to turn apostatas:[2] besides,
Having proved our testimonies could not help him,
We studied our safeties.

2nd Mer. A desire too
Of the recovery of our own, kept from us
With strong hand, by his violent persecutor,
Titus Flaminus, when he was at Carthage,
Urged us to seek redress; nor was it fit
We should oppose great Rome.

Mar. In worldly wisdom
You are excusable; but——

3rd Mer. We beseech your honour
Press us no further.

[1] Fr. *Galérien*, a galley-slave.

[2] See note *ante*, p. 326.

Mar. I do not purpose it.
Do you know what this contains? [*Holding up a letter.*
2nd Mer. No, my good lord.
3rd Mer. Perhaps we bring the warrant for our deaths,
As 'tis said of Bellerophon, yet we durst not
Presume to open it.
Mar. 'Twas manners in you;
But I'll discharge you of that fear. There is
No hurt intended to you.
3rd Mer. We thank your lordship.
Mar. How is the service of Flaminius spoke of
In Rome?
2nd Mer. With admiration, and many
Divine great honours to him.
Mar. The people's voice
Is not oraculous ever. Are you sure
The galley in which your supposed king is chained
Was bound for Syracusa?
3rd Mer. She is now
In the port, my lord.
Mar. Titus Flaminius in her?
3rd Mer. Upon my certain knowledge.
Mar. Keep yourselves
Concealed till you are called for. When least hoped for,
You shall have justice.
2nd Mer. Your honour's vassals ever.
[*Exeunt* Merchants.
Mar. Here, here, it is apparent that the poet
Wrote truth, though no proof else could be alleged
To make it good, that, though the Heavens lay open
To human wishes, and the Fates were bound
To sign what we desire, such clouds of error
Involve our reason, we still beg a curse,
And not a blessing. How many, born unto
Ample possessions, and, like petty kings,
Disposing of their vassals, sated with
The peace and quiet of a country life,

Carried headlong with ambition, contend
To wear the golden fetters of employment,
Presuming there's no happiness but in
The service of the state! but when they have tried,
By a sad experience, the burthen of them,
When 'tis not in their power, at any rate
They would redeem their calm security,
Mortgaged in wantonness. Alas! what are we,
That govern provinces, but preys exposed
To every subtle spy? and when we have,
Like sponges, sucked in wealth, we are squeezed out
By the rough hand of the law; and, failing in
One syllable of our commission, with
The loss of what we got with toil, we draw

Enter CORNELIA *and a* Moor-woman.

What was our own in question.—You come timely,
To turn my tired thoughts from a sad discourse
That I had with myself.

Corn. I rather fear, sir,
I bring an argument along with me
That will increase, not lessen, such conceptions
As I found with you.

Mar. Why, sweet? what's the matter?

Corn. When I but name Antiochus, though I spare
To make a brief relation how he died,
Or what he is, if he now live, a sigh,
And seconded with a tear, I know, must fall
As a due tribute to him.

Mar. Which I pay
Without compulsion; but why do you
Lance this old sore?

Corn. The occasion commands it,
And now I would forget it, I am forced,
In thankfulness, to call to memory
The favours for which we must ever owe him.
You had the honour, in his court at Sardis,

To be styled his friend, an honour Rome and Carthage
Were rivals for, and did deserve the envy
Of his prime minions and favourites;
His natural subjects planted in his favour
Or rooted up, as your dislike or praise
Reported them; the good king holding what
You spake to be oraculous, and not
To be disputed. His magnificent gifts
Confirmed his true affection, which you were
More weary to receive than he to give;
Yet still he studied new ones.

Mar. Pray you, no more.

Corn. Oh, 'tis a theme, sir, I could ever dwell on;
But, since it does offend you, I will speak
Of what concerns myself. He did not blush,
In the height of his felicity, to confess
Fabricius, my lord and father, for
His much-loved kinsman, and as such observed him
You may please to remember too, when, at
A public sacrifice made to the gods
After a long infection, in which
The Asian kings and queens were his assistants,
With what respect and grace he did receive me;
And, at a solemn tilting, when he had
Put on the richest armour of the world,
Smiling he said—his words are still, and shall be,
Writ in the tablet of my heart—"Fair cousin,"
So he began (and then you thought me fair too),
"Since I am turned soldier, 'twere a solecism,
In the language of the war, to have no mistress;
And therefore, as a prosperous omen to
My undertakings, I desire to fight,
So you with willingness give suffrage to it,
Under your gracious colours:" and then, loosening
A scarf tied to mine arm, he did entreat me
To fasten it on his. O, with what joy
I did obey him, rapt beyond myself

In my imagination to have
So great a king my servant!
Mar. You had too
Some private conference.
Corn. And you gave way to it
Without a sign of jealousy, and dispensed with
The Roman gravity.
Mar. Would I could again
Grant you like opportunity . . . .
Is this remembered now?
Corn. It does prepare
A suit I have, which you must not deny me,
To see the man, who, as it is reported,
In the exterior parts Nature hath drawn
As his perfect copy. There must be something in him
Remarkable in his resemblance only
Of King Antiochus' features.
Mar. 'Twas my purpose;

Enter FLAMINIUS *and* DEMETRIUS.

And so much, my Cornelia, Flaminius
Shall not deny us.
Flam. As my duty binds me,
My stay here being but short, I come unsent for
To kiss your lordship's hands.
Mar. I answer you
In your own language, sir.—And yet your stay here
May be longer than you think. [*Aside.*
Flam. Most honoured madam,
I cannot stoop too low in tendering of
My humblest service.
Corn. You disgrace your courtship
In overacting it, my lord: I look not
For such observance.
Flam. I am most unhappy,
If that your excellence make any scruple
Of doubt you may command me.

Corn. This assurance
Gives me encouragement to entreat a favour,
In which my lord being a suitor with me,
I hope shall find a grant.
Flam. Though all that's mine
Be comprehended in 't.
Mar. Your promise, sir,
Shall not so far engage you. In respect
Of some familiar passages between
The King Antiochus, when he lived, and us,
And, though it needs it not, for farther proof
That this is an impostor, we desire
Some conference with him.
Flam. For your satisfaction
I will dispense a little with the strictness
Of my commission.—Sirrah, will the captain
To bring him to the proconsul.
Corn. His chains took off;
That I entreat too, since I would not look on
The image of a king I so much honoured
Bound like a slave.
Flam. See this great lady's will
Be punctually obeyed. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Mar. Your wisdom, sir,
Hath done the state a memorable service,
In strangling in the birth this dreadful monster:
And, though with some your cruel usage of him
(For so they call your fit severity)
May find a harsh interpretation, wise men
In judgment must applaud it.
Flam. Such as are
Selected instruments for deep designs,
As things unworthy of them, must not feel
Or favours or affections. Though I know
The ocean of your apprehensions needs not
The rivulet of my poor cautions, yet,
Bold from my long experience, I presume

(As a symbol of my zeal and service to you)
To leave this counsel: when you are, my lord,
Graced or distasted by the state, remember
Your faculties are the state's, and not your own;
And therefore have a care the empty sounds
Of friend or enemy sway you not beyond
The limits are assigned you. We, with ease,
Swim down the stream; but to oppose the torrent
Is dangerous, and to go more or less
Than we are warranted, fatal.

Mar. With my thanks
For your so grave advice, I'll put in practice
On all occasions what you deliver,
And study them as aphorisms: in the meantime,
Pray you accept such entertainment as
Syracusa can present you. When the impostor
Arrives let us have notice. Pray you walk, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, Captain, *and* Soldiers.

Capt. Wait at the palace gate. There is no fear now
Of his escape; I'll be myself his guardian
Till you hear further from me. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Ant. What new engine
Hath cruelty found out to raise against
This poor demolished rampire? it is levelled
With the earth already. Will they triumph in
The ruins they have made; or is there yet
One masterpiece of tyranny in store
Beyond that I have suffered? If there be
A vial of affliction not poured out yet
Upon this sinful head, I am prepared,
And will look on the cloud before it break
Without astonishment. Scorn me not, captain,

As a vain braggart; I will make this good,
And I have strength to do it. I am armed
With such varieties of defensive weapons,
Lent to me from my passive fortitude,
That there's no torment of a shape so horrid
Can shake my constancy. Where lies the scene now?
Though the hangings of the stage were congealed gore,
The chorus flinty executioners,
And the spectators, if it could be, more
Inhuman than Flaminius, the cue given,
The principal actor's ready.

Capt. If I durst
I could show my compassion.

Ant. Take heed, captain;
Pity in Roman officers is a crime
To be punished more than murder in cold blood:
Bear up. To tell me where I am, I take it,
Is no offence.

Capt. You are in Syracusa,
In the court of the proconsul.

Ant. Who? Marcellus?

Capt. That noble Roman. By him you are sent for,
But to what end I am ignorant.

Ant. Ha! He was
My creature, and, in my prosperity, proud
To hold dependence of me, though I graced him
With the title of a friend; and his fair lady
In courtship styled my mistress. Can they be
Infected with such barbarism as to make me
A spectacle for their sport?

Enter MARCELLUS, FLAMINIUS, CORNELIA, Moor-woman, *and* Servants.

Capt. They are here, and soon
They will resolve you.

Mar. Be reserved, and let not
The near resemblance of his shape transport you

Beyond yourself; though I confess the object
Does much amaze me.
Corn. You impose, my lord,
What I want power to bear.
Mar. Let my example,
Though your fierce passions make war against it,
Strengthen your reason.
Ant. Have you taken yet
A full view of me? In what part do I
Appear a monster?
Corn. His own voice!
Mar. Forbear.
Ant. Though I were an impostor, as this fellow
Labours you to believe, you break the laws
Of fair humanity in adding to
Affliction at the height; and I must tell you
The reverence you should pay unto the shape
Of King Antiochus may challenge pity
As a due debt, not scorn. Wise men preserve
Dumb pictures of their friends, and look upon them
With feeling and affection, yet not hold it
A foolish superstition; but there is
In thankfulness a greater tie on you
To show compassion.
Mar. Were it possible
Thou couldst be King Antiochus——
Ant. What then?
Mar. I should both say and do——
Ant. Nothing for me
(As far as my persuasion could prevent it)
Not suiting with the quality and condition
Of one that owes his loyalty to Rome;
And since it is by the inscrutable will
Of fate determined that the royalties
Of Asia must be conferred upon her,
For what offence I know not, 'tis in vain
For men to oppose it. You express, my lord,

A kind of sorrow for me, in which, madam,
You seem to be a sharer. That you may
Have some proof to defend it, for your mirth's sake
I'll play the juggler, or more subtle gipsy,
And to your admiration reveal
Strange mysteries to you, which, as you are Romans,
You must receive for cunning tricks, but give
No farther credit to them,
Flam. At your peril
You may give him hearing; but to have faith in him
Neighbours to treason. Such an impudent slave
Was never read of.
Mar. I dare stand his charms
With open ears.—Speak on.
Ant. If so, have at you!
Can you call to your memory, when you were
At Sardis with Antiochus, before
His Grecian expedition, what he,
With his own hands, presented you as a favour,
No third man by to witness it?
Mar. Give me leave
To recollect myself. Yes—sure 'twas so—
He gave me a fair sword.
Ant. 'Tis true, and you
Vowed never to part from it. Is it still
In your possession?
Mar. The same sword I have,
And, while I live, will keep.
Ant. Will you not say,
It being four and twenty years since you
Were master of that gift, if now I know it,
Among a thousand others, that I have
The art of memory?
Mar. I shall receive it
As no common sleight.—Sirrah, fetch all the swords
For mine own use in my armoury; and, do you hear?
Do as I give directions. [*Whispers.*

Serv. With all care, sir. [*E*

Ant. To entertain the time until your servant
Returns, there is no syllable that passed
Between you and Antiochus which I could not
Articulately deliver. You must still
Be confident that I am an impostor,
Or else the trick is nothing.

Re-enter Servant, *with many swords.*

Corn. Can this be?

Ant. O, welcome, friend. Most choice and curi
swords,
But mine is not among them.

Mar. Bring the rest.

Enter another Servant, *with more swords.*

Ant. Ay, this is it: this is the sword I gave you
Before I went to Greece. Be not amazed,
Nor let this trifle purchase a belief
I am Antiochus. Here is one will assure you
These are but juggling tricks of an affronter.

Flam. They are no more. A contract's sealed betwe
The devil and this seducer, at the price
Of his damned soul, and his familiar dæmon
Acquaints him with these passages.

Mar. I know not,
But I am thunderstruck.

Corn. I can contain
Myself no longer.

Ant. Stay, dear madam; though
Credulity be excusable in your sex,
To take away all colour of guilt in you,
You shall have stronger proofs. The scarf you gave m
As a testimony you adopted me
Into your service, I ware on mine armour,
When I fought with Marcus Scaurus; and mine eye
Hath on the sudden found a precious jewel

You deigned to receive from me . . .
Which you wear on your . . .
Corn. I acknowledge
It was the King Antiochus' gift.
Ant. I will
Make a discovery of a secret in it
Of which you yet are ignorant. Pray you trust it,
For King Antiochus' sake, into my hands.
I thank your readiness. Nay, dry your eyes;
You hinder else the faculty of seeing
The cunning of the lapidary. I can
Pull out the stone, and under it you shall find
My name, and cipher I then used, engraven.
Corn. 'Tis most apparent. Though I lose my life for't,
These knees shall pay their duty.
Ant. By no means;
For your own sake be still incredulous,
Since your faith cannot save me. I should know
This Moorish woman. Yes, 'tis she.—Thou wert
One of my laundry, and thou wast called Zanthia
While thou wert mine. I am glad thou hast lighted on
So gracious a mistress.
Moor-wo. Mine own king!
O, let me kiss your feet. What cursèd villains
Have thus transformed you?
Flam. 'Tis not safe, my lord,
To suffer this.
Mar. I am turned statue, or
All this is but a vision.
Ant. Your ear, madam;
Since what I now shall say is such a secret
As is known only to yourself and me,
And must exclude a third, though your own lord,
From being of the counsel. Having gained
Access and privacy with you, my hot blood
(No friend to modest purposes) prompted me,

With pills of poisoned language, candied o'er
With hopes of future greatness, to attempt
The ruin of your honour. I enforced then
My power to justify the ill, and pressed you
With mountainous promises of love and service:
But when the building of your faith and virtue
Began to totter, and a kind of grant
Was offered, my then sleeping temperance
Began to rouse itself; and, breaking through
The obstacles of lust, when most assured
To enjoy a pleasant hour, I let my suit fall,
And, with a gentle reprehension, taxed
Your forward proneness, but with many vows
Ne'er to discover it, which Heaven can witness
I have and will keep faithfully.

Corn. This is
The King Antiochus, as sure as I am
The daughter of my mother.

Mar. Be advised.

Flam. This is little less than treason!

Corn. They are traitors,
Traitors to innocence and oppressed justice,
That dare affirm the contrary.

Mar. Pray you temper
The violence of your passion. . . .

. . . . . .

Corn. . . . . . but express
Your thankfulness for his so many . . .
And labour that the Senate may restore him
Unto his own; I'll die else.

Ant. Live long, madam,
To nobler and more profitable uses:
I am a falling structure, and desire not
Your honours should be buried in my ruins.
Let it suffice, my lord, you must not see
The sun, if, in the policy of state,
It is forbidden. With compassion

Of what a miserable king hath suffered,
Preserve me in your memory.
Flam. You stand as
This sorcerer had bewitched you.—Drag him to
His oar, and let his weighty chains be doubled.
Mar. For my sake, let the poor man have what favour
You can afford him.
Flam. Sir, you must excuse me.—
You have abused the liberty I gave you;
[*To* ANTIOCHUS.
But, villain, you pay dear for't.—I will trust
The execution of his punishment
To no man but myself; his cries and groans
Shall be my hourly music. So, my lord,
I take my leave abruptly.
Corn. May all plagues,
That ever followed tyranny, pursue thee!
Mar. Pray you stay a little.
Flam. On no terms.
Mar. Yield so much
To my entreaties.
Flam. Not a minute, for
Your government!
Mar. I will not purchase, sir,
Your company at such a rate; and yet
Must take the boldness upon me to tell you
You must and shall stay.
Flam. How!
Mar. Nay, what is more,
As a prisoner, not a guest. Look not so high;
I'll humble your proud thoughts.
Flam. You dare not do this
Without authority.
Mar. You shall find I have
Sufficient warrant, with detaining you,
To take this man into my custody.—
Though 'tis not in my power, whate'er you are,

To do you further favour, I thus free you
Out of this devil's paws.
Ant. I take it as
A lessening of my torments.
Flam. You shall answer
This in another place.
Mar. But you shall here
Yield an account without appeal for what
You have already done. You may peruse . . . .
[*Hands him a letter.*
Shake you already? Do you find I have
. . . . . Call in the Asian merchants.

Enter 2nd and 3rd Merchants *and* Guards.

. . . . . .
. . . . . now to be hanged
. . . . . him that pities thee
. . . . cusers
. . . die and will prove that you took bribes
Of the Carthaginian merchants, to detain
Their lawful prize; and, for your sordid ends,
Abused the trust, committed by the state,
To right their vassals. The wise Senate, as
They will reward your good and faithful service,
Cannot, in justice, without punishment
Pass o'er your ill. Guiltiness makes you dumb;
But, till that I have leisure, and you find
Your tongue, to prison with him.
Flam. I prove too late,
As Heaven is merciful, man's cruelty
Never escapes unpunished.
[*Exeunt* Guards *with* FLAMINIUS.
Ant. How a smile
Labours to break forth from me! But what is
Rome's pleasure shall be done with me.
Mar. Pray you think, sir,
A Roman, not your constant friend, that tells you

You are confined unto the Gyaræ[1]
With a strong guard upon you.

Re-enter Guard.

Ant. Then 'tis easy
To prophesy I have not long to live,
Though the manner how I shall die is uncertain.
Nay, weep not: since 'tis not in you to help me,
These showers of tears are fruitless. May my story
Teach potentates humility, and instruct
Proud monarchs, though they govern human things,
A greater power does raise, or pull down, kings!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

The end of epilogues is to inquire
The censure[2] of the play, or to desire
Pardon for what's amiss. In his intent
The maker vows that he is innocent;
And, for me and my fellows, I protest,
And you may believe me, we have done our best;
And reason too we should: but whether you
Conceive we have with care discharged what's due
Rests yet in supposition; you may
If you please resolve us. If our fate this day
Prove prosperous, and you too vouchsafe to give
Some sign your pleasure is this work shall live,
We will find out new ways for your delight,
And, to our power, ne'er fail to do you right.

[1] A penal settlement in the Ægean Sea.
[2] Judgment.



